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SCHILLER'S TRAGEDIES:
THE PICCOLOMINI;
AND
THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

Translated from the German,

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

WITH
AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THERE can be no doubt that this drama forms, in its original tongue, one of the most splendid specimens of tragic art the world has witnessed ; and none at all that the execution of the version, from which we have quoted so largely, places Mr. Coleridge in the very first rank of poetical translators. He is, perhaps, the solitary example of a man of very great original genius, submitting to *all* the labours, and reaping *all* the honours, of this species of literary exertion.—*Blackwood's Mag.*, vol. xiv.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

At the period of the Reformation, when the world awoke from a sleep of ages at the trumpet-toned summons of the intrepid Luther, the inhabitants of Bohemia were among the first to embrace the doctrines he promulgated. Bohemia suffered, in common with other Protestant states, from the persecution of the Catholics; but, adhering closely to their religion, they absolutely refused to march against the Protestant princes who had associated together under the title of the Smalcaldic League, and, taking arms against their sovereign, Ferdinand of Austria, prepared to join their fellow Protestants; but so many delays took place, that the decisive battle of Muhlberg, fought in 1547, and in which Charles V. entirely defeated the princes of the League, occurred before the Bohemian troops had joined the army. They immediately dispersed, and supplicated the mercy of their incensed sovereign, but in vain. Ferdinand gladly seized the opportunity of establishing his power, and he abolished many of their privileges, abridged others, and new-modelled the constitution according to his pleasure. He punished many of the insurgents with death, others with confiscation of their goods, or perpetual banishment. He disarmed the whole population, established oppressive garrisons, and loaded his people with taxes; all which, although it produced the alliance of terror, by no means served to extinguish the fire of freedom.

The peace of Augsburg, which was finally ratified by the Emperor in 1555, put an end for a time to the contest between the Protestants and Catholics, but only to break out again with redoubled violence. Tranquillity was maintained throughout the reigns of Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, the successor of Charles V., and Maximilian II., whose mild sway went far to calm the stormy spirits of the age; but under the feeble administration of his son Rudolph, disputes again ran high, and the princes again began to band themselves together. Frederick IV., Elector of the Palatinate, headed the Protestant "Union," and Maximilian of Havaria was the chief of the Catholic league. The better to strengthen himself against his brother Matthias, who had rebelled against him, and who possessed himself of all the power of the empire, Rudolph granted to the Bohemians a charter, known as the Letter of Majesty, "confirming all their ancient privileges and granting them entire freedom in their religion." He succeeded to the titles of emperor and king, on the death of Rudolph, (the power he was already possessed of, having no children, adopted Ferdinand of Gratz, Archduke of Carniola and Styria—a disciple of the Jesuits, a staunch Catholic—as his successor on the throne of Bohemia; and he succeeded in persuading the people to his choice, but not before Ferdinand had signed a document, freeing them from their allegiance as sub-sequent to the event of his infringing any of those rights which the coronation oath would call upon him to maintain. This agreement produced "the Thirty Years' War."

After granted by Rudolph to the Bohemians provided that "the Protestants should have the full right to schools and churches, not only in the towns, but in the country." Two new churches, built at Brunnau and Prag, were violently seized upon by the Catholic clergy, who pulled down one and shut up the other. This was made to the Lords of the Council, the Emperor's representatives at Prague, who threw the Emperor into prison. The Protestant members of the states, then assembled at Prague, upon this sent a remonstrance to the Emperor, who refused all redress, and declared that the states had abused the charter, and that the rebels and traitors. A copy of the imperial letter, and permission to return the next day and deliver a remonstrance to the Emperor, who proceeded to hold a meeting at the Thurn, where it was resolved to inform the Lords of the Council, "that after the signature of the Emperor, no order or decree, tending to endanger the liberties of the Protestant religion, could be issued; and eight of the principal members were deputed to deliver this answer.

On the morning, the 23rd of May, 1618, the deputation, each man in full armour, proceeded to the castle, where a large multitude, all in arms, calling aloud for vengeance, many of whom thrust themselves into the way with the deputies. The discussion, although begun in a temperate tone, soon became violent. Present at the board two members particularly obnoxious, Slavata and Martinex, whom it had been determined to remove, should they appear. Reproaches were showered upon them, which were met by the fiery Neuzel of Raupowna exclaimed, "Wherefore all this delay? Let them be thrown out of the window according to the good old Bohemian fashion." The words were no sooner spoken than the deed was done. Slavata and Martinex, but Fabricius the secretary, who had crept under the table, were saved by their friends, who hurried them into the courtyard where there was a large mound of loose rubbish under the windows, and the unlucky counsellors were from their tumble, and notwithstanding they were fired at, they all escaped. This was a very injurious to the Protestant cause, and gave its enemies a handle against them which they have since used.

A justification was sent to Vienna, but the states were careful to put themselves in a position to defend themselves. The Catholic clergy were banished, and all the Jesuits were expelled. Count Thurn was appointed commander of the army, and alliances were formed with Silesia and Lusatia, and application made to other

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states; negotiations were attempted without success, and hostilities commenced. The Catholics of Bohemia, being equally interested with the Protestants in the maintenance of the charter, joined in opposing the Emperor; and Count Mansfeld, the celebrated Condottieri leader, brought 4000 men to their aid, and captured Pilsen, the second town in the country, and the last which adhered to the Austrians. They endeavoured to persuade the famous Wallenstein, the favourite hero of the Germans, and whose fortunes form the subject of the beautiful drama to which these remarks are introductory, and who at this time was in command of the provincial militia of Moravia, to declare in their favour, but he remained steadfast to the Emperor, and was in consequence obliged to withdraw from Olmutz, carrying with him, however, the public treasure, which he delivered to the Emperor at Vienna.

Here we must pause for a moment to take a retrospect of the career of this extraordinary man, of whose earlier life very little is known, and who had at this period only just begun to be known and esteemed as a commander. Albrecht Eusebius Wenzelslaus of Waldstein or Wallenstein, was born at Humanie in Bohemia, on the 15th of September 1583, of an ancient and noble but impoverished family; and as he was the youngest of six sons, his share of patrimony was but small. He was originally bred a Protestant, but the early loss of his parents threw him upon the protection of a maternal uncle, a Catholic, who placed him at the College of Nobles at Olmutz, established by the Jesuits, who found him an easy convert. He was from his boyhood averse to learning, fond of arms, and ambitious of command; his active, powerful, and inquiring mind was incessantly occupied in procuring a knowledge of men and manners, and before entering on any profession he was able to gratify this disposition by foreign travel. He early entered the army, in what capacity is not known, but he met with little encouragement; and served several campaigns against the Turks, before he attained the command of a company of foot. The want of money was probably the cause of his bad success, for at that period military rank could, as with us at this day, be purchased. His first step to fortune was the marriage of a wealthy widow, somewhat advanced in years. He lived retired with her, upon her estates, which devolved to him upon her death, which happened within a few years, but at what precise time is not ascertained. He is entirely lost to history for ten years, from 1607 to 1617, when, in his thirty-third year, he reappeared, and raised at his own expense a corps of horsemen, whom he led to the assistance of Ferdinand of Gratz, who was then at war with the Venetians. His successful conduct on this occasion, the splendour of his troops, the liberality of their pay, and the magnificence of his style of living, drew all eyes upon him. The Emperor invited him to Vienna, created him a count, gave him a chamberlain's key, and the important command of the Moravian militia. He now married his second wife, Isabella Catherine, Countess of Harrach, daughter of Count Harrach the Imperial minister; a lady who not only brought him a great accession of fortune, but of influence also. We may here remark that Mr. Coleridge has in his translation fallen into an error in making it appear that the Countess Tertaky was the sister of this lady. She was the sister of Wallenstein himself; and the mistake appears to have crept into the manuscript copy used by Mr. Coleridge, by some inadvertency, as in the printed copies, which were not published when the translation was made, the fact is correctly stated.

Wallenstein had now begun his career of glory. On his return from Olmutz he raised a troop of cuirassiers, and joining General Bocquiol, took an active part in the contest.

Ferdinand of Gratz succeeded to the Austrian dominions on the 20th March 1618, but it was a troubled inheritance. The Bohemians had now two armies: one under Count Mansfeld, the other under Count Thurn; which latter was closely investing Vienna, when news arrived of the total defeat of Mansfeld by Bocquiol and Wallenstein, which forced Thurn to withdraw, and Ferdinand was delivered from great jeopardy. On the 29th of August, Ferdinand was elected emperor, and about the same time the Bohemians openly renounced their allegiance to him, and called Frederick V., the Elector Palatine, and husband of Elizabeth of England, to the throne. His story is well known. Abandoned by the allies, who, by the treaty of Ulm, agreed to give him no assistance except in defence of his native dominions, Maximilian, the chief of the League, who had entered into strict alliance with Ferdinand, turned all his forces against him; and the defeat of Bethlem Gabor by Bocquiol and Wallenstein left their troops at liberty to attack Bohemia, and their united forces routed the army of Prince Christian of Anhalt, on the 8th November, 1620, and drove Frederick from his throne, and the battle of Prague restored Ferdinand to his dominions, when he commenced a dreadful persecution of the Protestants.

Wallenstein retired to his estates, and occupied himself in the acquisition of the enormous wealth for which he was afterwards distinguished, and which he effected by the purchase of confiscated estates. The deaths of Bocquiol and Dampier, the two best generals in the Austrian service, again called Wallenstein to the field, and in 1621 and 1623 he distinguished himself by defeating the armies of Bethlem Gabor. In reward of his services he was created Count Palatine and Duke of Friedland, with the right of striking coin and granting patents of nobility. In possession of vast estates, he occupied himself incessantly with their improvement; and although he lived with princely magnificence, every detail of his expense was managed with the most scrupulous economy. Meantime Tilly was occupied in the reduction of the Palatinate, but when this had been effected, and Mansfeld and the Duke of Brunswick driven out, the states began to take the alarm at the growing power of Ferdinand, and taking arms, an army of 60,000 men was quickly brought together. They entered into an alliance with the King of Denmark, and called, though vainly, upon England for assistance. The war began, but with small success. Tilly called for reinforcements, but the Emperor could not respond. His resources were utterly exhausted, and Bethlem Gabor found employment for every man he could command. At this crisis Wallenstein came forward, and offered to raise and equip an army of 60,000 men at his own expense. His offer was accepted; and it was stipulated that he should be allowed to nominate his own officers, and was besides empowered to reward himself and his followers out of the property that might be confiscated in the conquered countries,—powers that necessarily gave him a wonderful ascendancy over his troops. Adventurers hastened to the standard of the princely general, and 20,000 were collected in a month; and he marched from Eger on the 3rd of September 1625, at the head of 30,000 men, upon the frontiers of Lower Saxony. This extraordinary achievement excites our surprise, and it seems hard to believe how a private individual could command sufficient means to raise, support, and pay such a body of troops. It is true they lived at free quarters and levied very heavy contributions wherever they went; yet Wallenstein's private advances were also enormous, especially for the provision of supplies and military stores, to every detail of which he himself gave the most minute attention.

It is impossible here to give a history of the Thirty Years' War. Our object has been merely to recal to the recollection of the reader, such of its events as led to the position in which the Empire was at the opening of Schiller's drama, and to show the steps by which Wallenstein attained his perilous elevation. Our notice of the passing events can therefore only be cursory. The efforts of Wallenstein cleared Germany of hostile armies, and rendered Ferdinand sole master of the country. He pushed his conquests to the sea; state after state submitted,

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and were compelled to support the troops, who tyrannized over them and levied the most unsparing contributions. A thick crop of confiscations was reaped by the conquerors, and their chief was rewarded by the rich duchy of Mecklenburg, whose legitimate sovereign was expelled to make way for the haughty soldier. He now prepared to prosecute the war by sea, and tempted the king of Sweden with the offer of both Denmark and Norway, if he would join the Emperor; but he was above temptation. A peace with Denmark was at length concluded at Lubeck, in January 1629, and peace might also have been enjoyed by Germany if Ferdinand had not issued a decree commanding all property formerly belonging to the church to be restored. The grievance also of supporting the lawless bands of troops scattered over the country, lax in discipline and accustomed to free quarters, was dreadful. Their excesses led to complaints against their chief, and a diet assembled at Ratisbon strongly urged the Emperor to deprive Wallenstein of his command. Ferdinand was extremely anxious to obtain the election of his son as King of Hungary, and prevailed on Wallenstein to comply. He retired in 1630 to Gitchen, where he resided in princely state and attended by a large retinue.

Meantime war was declared by Gustavus Adolphus, who entered Germany and was opposed by Tilly with various success. At length Tilly lost the famous battle of Breitenfeld, fought on the 7th December 1631, and was soon afterwards slain in another battle near Augsburg, and Gustavus traversed Germany victoriously. Wallenstein was now once more summoned to the field. He again came forward, but limited his service to three months, in which space he promised to raise an army, and his name gathered one amounting to 40,000 men in that short time. He then resigned his command, and the Emperor was reduced to entreaties, before he would comply with his request and lead the troops to action. At length, upon the terms that he should be made commander-in-chief, with absolute power over all the Austrian and Spanish troops in Germany; that neither the King of Hungary nor the Emperor were to appear with the army, still less to exercise over it any act of authority; that the Emperor was to dispose of no military appointment, to confer no reward; that no pardon which he might grant should be valid without the sanction of the Duke of Friedland; that whatever might be conquered and confiscated was to be appropriated at the sole will and pleasure of the commander-in-chief, without the interference of any other authority; that as a certain reward of his services one of the hereditary provinces of the house of Austria, as an extraordinary reward one of the provinces of the empire, should be conferred upon him; that all the Austrian dominions were to be open for the reception of the army, in case retreat should become necessary; that on the conclusion of a peace, he was to be confirmed in the possession of the duchy of Mecklenburg; and that timely notice was to be given him, should it again be thought expedient to remove him from the command, he consented to lead the troops to action.

Never before were such terms dictated by a subject to a sovereign; and deeply humiliated must Ferdinand have felt, when necessity compelled him to assent to them, and thus to render himself almost a cipher in the empire. Wallenstein was in very ill-health, suffering most severely from the gout, and there is little reason to doubt that his reluctance to assume the command was not feigned, although Schiller viewed his conduct in a different light. The very extravagance of his demands may have arisen from the hope that they would be denied. But when they were granted, he at once exerted himself with all his accustomed vigilance and energy. On the 4th of May 1632, he attacked Arnheim's army before Prague, defeated him, and, following up his successes, quickly drove out all the enemy's forces from Bohemia. He wished now to carry the war into Saxony, and thus draw Gustavus from the centre of Germany; but at the earnest request of the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria, the haughty Maximilian, whose machinations had been the chief cause of his former dismissal from command, he consented to seek the Swedes instead of forcing the Swedes to seek him. At Egra he experienced a proud triumph; Maximilian joined him with his army, which was put under the sole command of Wallenstein, and a formal instrument was executed by which both parties bound themselves to forget and forgive the past.

Wallenstein conducted the campaign with extraordinary prudence; and Gustavus first experienced defeat before Nuremberg, where he suffered a reverse in an attempt to escape from the blockade by which Wallenstein attempted to subdue him in his lines by starvation. After a campaign conducted with masterly skill on both sides, Gustavus took up a position at Naumberg, and Wallenstein judging that he intended to remain there, as he had before Nuremberg, ventured to dispatch Pappenheim to the relief of Cologne, and to distribute many other of his troops in distant quarters; and in consequence, he was but ill prepared to meet Gustavus when he advanced to the famous field of Lutzen. His energy was taxed to its uttermost, and the hard-fought battle of Lutzen (6th November 1632) was, although he experienced defeat, glorious rather than dishonourable. After rallying his troops, he took up winter quarters and occupied his time so diligently, that by the spring his army amounted to 40,000 men well equipped. In the course of the ensuing campaign, Wallenstein appears to have endeavoured to effect a peace by detaching Saxony from the Swedes; and he proposed to Arnheim the Saxon general to join with him in expelling the Swedes, "and then," said he, "we shall be able to make a peace among ourselves."

The transactions of this period are involved in much obscurity, and our knowledge of them a good deal depends upon the statements of Arnheim, "in whom," said Cardinal Richelieu, "the court of Rome lost a most accomplished Jesuit." It is certain that Arnheim reported to Oxenstiern, the Swedish commander, that Wallenstein was determined to take vengeance on the house of Austria, for the affront he had suffered when he was deprived of his command; that he intended to seize on Bohemia, restore the ancient privileges of the people, and then march to Vienna, and compel the Emperor to make peace,—a story altogether improbable, and so treated by Oxenstiern; who said, if it was a jest, it was a very bad one. With the hope of effecting a peace, Wallenstein consented to repeated truces, and his communication with the enemy caused his fidelity to be suspected; the emperor was perhaps afraid of a peace which would leave his too powerful subject unemployed. Reports of his ambitious designs became so prevalent, that applications and offers of assistance were made to him from France, to which he returned no answer. The last truce expired, and hostilities were again actively commenced, and successfully carried on, by Wallenstein. He drove the Swedes into a corner, and was in a fair way of reducing them altogether, when he was recalled to the defence of Bavaria, which was attacked by the Duke of Weimar. The reports which had been circulated to the prejudice of Wallenstein were given credit to by Ferdinand, although, when Wallenstein complained of them, he denied having heard them. He began to interfere with the arrangements of the army, and by so doing caused not only Wallenstein, but the officers, to complain. They began to be discontented, and forwarded a remonstrance against the measures adopted by the court, referring to their own sacrifices, and the want of pay. The rest of the story it is needless to detail; it is the subject of Schiller's drama, and all the attendant circumstances are fully detailed there. He however gives credit to the reality of Wallenstein's guilt, and also to the substitution of the false paper at the banquet of Lillo, both which circumstances are very doubtful, and are certainly not borne out by any sufficient evidence; and it should be remembered that it was at the earnest

request of his officers, who without his aid thought their just claims would never be admitted, that he consented to abide by them, upon the condition that they would abide by him; a compact certainly not unjustifiable, under the very peculiar relations in which both army and general stood with their sovereign.

It is not our purpose here to enter into a discussion upon Wallenstein's designs or conduct; we have merely detailed the leading facts of his career, our only intention being to point out his position at the time the drama of "The Piccolomini" opens. Neither is it our province to proceed farther with an outline of the war. It is sufficient here to state, that upon the death of Wallenstein, the King of Hungary took the command of the forces, whose murmurings were pacified with money, whilst the active agents in the destruction of the dreaded chieftain were richly rewarded. After a continued struggle, in which each party alternately gained and lost the advantage, and in which both France and Spain took part, the disastrous war of thirty years, which reduced Germany from plenty and prosperity to the brink of ruin, and the miseries of disorder and poverty, was at length closed by the treaty of peace concluded at Munster on the 24th of October 1648, by which liberty of conscience was secured to the Protestants, and the states of Europe were settled, as respects territory, in nearly the same manner as they remained until the commencement of the French Revolution.

PREFACE.

THE two Dramas,—PICCOLOMINI, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine-syllable verse, in the same *litting* metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This prelude possesses a sort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false idea both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been inadvisable, from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragodies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions, of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from *The Robbers*, and *The Cabal and Love*, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the Dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are Historical Dramas, taken from a popular German History; that we must, therefore, judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or, by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar Dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from *Lear* or *Othello*, but from *Richard the Second*, or the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*. We scarcely expect rapidity in an Historical Drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages whose excellence will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the Astrological Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the Scene in the first Act of the first Play, between Questenberg, Max. and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the Scene of the setting sun in the Robbers, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the first Scene of the fifth Act of the concluding Play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A Translator stands connected with the original Author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellences than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labour will mingle with the feelings that arise from an after-view of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the Translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the Translator of a living Author is encumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his original faithfully, as to the *sense* of each passage, he must, necessarily, destroy a considerable portion of the *spirit*; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of *compensation*, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible.

A. T. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years' War.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLomini, *Lieutenant-General*

MAX. PICCOLomini, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.*

ILLO, *Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*

ISOLANI, *General of the Croats.*

BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

TIEFENBACH,
DON MARADAS,
GÖTZ,
KOLATTO, } *Generals under Wallenstein.*

NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky.*

VON QUESTENBERG, *the War Commissioner, Imperial Envoy.*

GENERAL WRANGEL, *Swedish Envoy.*

BAPTISTA SENI, *an Astrologer.*

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

THEKLA, *her daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *sister of the Duchess.*

A CORNET.

COLONELS and GENERALS (*several*).

PAGES and ATTENDANTS *belonging to Wallenstein.*

ATTENDANTS and HONOURS *belonging to Tertsky.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR, *to Count Tertsky.*

VALET DE CHAMBRE *of Count Piccolomini.*

THE PICCOLOMINI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An old Gothic Chamber in the Council House at Pilsen, decorated with Colours and other War Insignia.

ILLO with BUTLER and ISOLANI.

ILLO.

Ye have come too late—but ye are come! The Count Isolani, excuses your delay. [distance,

ISOLANI.

Add this too, that we come not empty-handed. At Donauwerth¹ it was reported to us, A Swedish caravan was on its way Transporting a rich cargo of provision, Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!— We bring it hither—

ILLO.

Just in time to banquet The illustrious company assembled here.

BUTLER.

'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

ISOLANI.

Ay!

The very churches are all full of soldiers.

[Casts his eye round.

And in the Council-house too, I observe, You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we sol-Must shift and suit us in what way we can. [diers

ILLO.

We have the colonels here of thirty regiments. You'll find Count Tertaky here, and Tiefenbach, Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam, The Piccolomini, both son and father— You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUTLER.

Expect not Galas.

ILLO (*hesitating*).

How so! Do you know—

ISOLANI (*interrupting him*).

Max. Piccolomini here!—O bring me to him. I see him yet 'tis now ten years ago, We were engaged with Mansfeldt hard by Dessau), I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him, Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown, And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,

Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe. The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear He has made good the promise of his youth, And the full hero now is finish'd in him.

ILLO.

You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess² From Cärnthen. We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER.

Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither! He crowds in visitants from all sides.

ISOLANI.

Hin!

So much the better! I had framed my mind To hear of nought but warlike circumstance, Of marches, and attacks, and batteries: And lo! the Duke provides, that something too Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present To feast our eyes.

ILLO (*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to BUTLER, whom he leads a little on one side*).

And how came you to know That the Count Galas joins us not?

BUTLER.

Because

He importuned me to remain behind.

ILLO (*with warmth*).

And you!—You hold out firmly?

[Grasping his hand with affection.

Noble Butler!

BUTLER.

After the obligation which the Duke Had laid so newly on me—

ILLO.

I had forgotten

A pleasant duty—Major General, I wish you joy!

ISOLANI.

What, you mean, of his regiment?

I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter, The Duke has given him the very same In which he first saw service, and since then, [ment, Work'd himself, step by step, through each prefer- From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives A precedent of hope, a spur of action To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance An old deserving soldier makes his way.

² The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princesses.

¹ A town about twelve German miles N.E. of Ulm.

BUTLER.

I am perplex'd and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirm'd the appointment.

ISOLANI.

Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!

ILLO.

Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would *all* of us consider it so!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

ISOLANI (to ILLO).

My noble brother! did I tell you how
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?
Will be himself my banker for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man!—
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.

ILLO.

O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
But at Vienna, brother!—here's the grievance.—
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
His arm, and where they can, to clip his pinions.
Then these new dainty requisitions! these,
Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—

BUTLER.

Ay!

These requisitions of the Emperor,—
I too have heard about them; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a single inch!

ILLO.

Not from his right most surely, unless first
—From office!

BUTLER (*shocked and confused*).

Know you *ought* then? You alarm me.

ISOLANI (*at the same time with BUTLER, and in a hurrying voice*).

We should be ruin'd, every one of us!

ILLO.

No more!

Yonder I see *our worthy friend*¹ approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

BUTLER (*shaking his head significantly*).

I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI and QUESTENBERG.

OCTAVIO (*still in the distance*).

Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.

[Approaching nearer.]

Welcome, Count Isolani!

ISOLANI.

My noble brother,
Even now am I arrived; it had been else my duty—

OCTAVIO.

And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honour.

¹ Spoken with a sneer.

See, see, my friend!

There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—

[To QUESTENBERG, presenting BUTLER and ISOLANI at the same time to him.]

These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.

QUESTENBERG (to OCTAVIO).

And lo! betwixt them both experienced Prudence!

OCTAVIO (*presenting QUESTENBERG to BUTLER and ISOLANI*).

The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questen-
The bearer of the Emperor's behests, [berg,
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,
We honour in this noble visitor. [Universal silence.

ILLO (*moving towards QUESTENBERG*).

'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,
You have shown our camp this honour.

QUESTENBERG.

Once before

I stood before these colours.

ILLO.

Perchance too you remember *where* that was.
It was at Znäim^{*} in Moravia, where
You did present yourself upon the part
Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
That he would straight assume the chief command.

QUESTENBERG.

To *supplicate*? Nay bold General!
So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Well, well, then—to *compel* him, if you choose.
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had suffer'd total rout upon the Lech.
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
At that time you and Werdenberg appear'd
Before our General, storming him with prayers,
And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

ISOLANI (*steps up to them*).

Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,
Wherefore with your commission of to-day
You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.

QUESTENBERG.

Why not, Count Isolani?

No contradiction sure exists between them.
It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

ILLO.

A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
To be swept out of it is all our thanks,
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

QUESTENBERG.

Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.

ILLO.

What! 'Twas a favourable year; the boors
Can answer fresh demands already.

^{*} A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high
road from Vienna to Prague.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay,
If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—

ISOLANI.

The war maintains the war. Are the hoors ruin'd!
The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

QUESTENBERG.

And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

ISOLANI.

Poh! we are all his subjects.

QUESTENBERG.

Yet with a difference, General! The one fill
With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skill'd to empty it.
The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
Must reinvigorate his resources.

ISOLANI.

Sure!

Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see

[Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments
of QUESTENBERG.]

Good store of gold that still remains uncoin'd.

QUESTENBERG.

Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to
Some little from the fingers of the Croats. [hide

ILLO.

There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favour, those court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no
Save in the general calamity— [harvests
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—these,
Let these, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone eakindled!

BUTLER.

And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dogs' hunger—they, forsooth, [ing!
Would pare the soldier's bread, and cross his reckon-

ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragg'd me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fatten'd slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for me!
This was the man, this capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning the army horses:
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplish'd. Afterwards
The Duke procured me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their
way to us:

Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

ILLO.

War is a violent trade: one cannot always

Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blacken'd into sacrilege.

If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected

The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I' faith we should wait long.—

“Dash! and through with it!”—That's the better
watch-word.

Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past.

A bitter and perplex'd “what shall I do?”
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke *does* spare us
The troublesome task of choosing.

BUTLER.

Yes, the Duke

Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

QUESTENBERG.

His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUESTENBERG (with a sneer).

Count! this comparison you make, not I.

BUTLER.

Why, were we all the Court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

QUESTENBERG.

You have taken liberty—it was not given you.
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.

OCTAVIO (interposing and addressing QUESTENBERG).

My noble friend,

This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.
Could he act daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so! One runs into the other.
The boldness of this worthy officer,

[Pointing to BUTLER.

Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
Preserved, when nought but boldness could pre-

serve it,

To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny

Of the whole garrison. [Military music at a distance.

Hah! here they come!

ILLO.

The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

OCTAVIO (to QUESTENBERG).

Then my son Max. too has returned. 'Twas he
Fetch'd and attended them from Carinthia hither.

ISOLANI (to ILLO).

Shall we not go in company to greet them?

ILLO.

Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.

[To OCTAVIO.

You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

[Execute all but QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

QUESTENBERG (*with signs of aversion and astonishment*).

What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio !
 What sentiments ! what fierce, uncurb'd defiance !
 And were this spirit universal—

OCTAVIO.

Hm ! [army.

You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the

QUESTENBERG.

Where must we seek then for a second host
 To have the custody of this ! That Illo
 Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
 This Butler too—he cannot even conceal
 The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickness of temper—irritated pride ;
 'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
 I know a spell that will soon dispossess
 The evil spirit in him.

QUESTENBERG (*walking up and down in evident disquiet*).

Friend, friend !

O ! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffer'd
 Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
 We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
 Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.
 We had not seen the War-chief, the Commander,
 The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
 'T is quite another thing.
 Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
 Alas, my friend ! alas, my noble friend !
 This walk which you have ta'en me through the
 Strikes my hopes prostrate. [camp

OCTAVIO.

Now you see yourself

Of what a perilous kind the office is,
 Which you deliver to me from the Court.
 The least suspicion of the General
 Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
 But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
 This madman with the sword, and placed such
 In such a hand ! I tell you, he 'll refuse, [power
 Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.
 Friend, he *can* do 't, and what he can, he will.
 And then the impunity of his defiance—
 Oh ! what a proclamation of our weakness !

OCTAVIO.

D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and daughter
 Without a purpose hither ? Here in camp !
 And at the very point of time, in which
 We 're arming for the war ! That he has taken
 These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
 Away from out the Emperor's domains—
 This is no doubtful token of the nearness
 Of some eruption !

QUESTENBERG.

How shall we hold footing
 Beneath this tempest, which collects itself
 And threatens us from all quarters ! The enemy
 Of the empire on our borders, now already
 The master of the Danube, and still farther,
 And farther still, extending every hour !

In our interior the alarm-bells
 Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—
 All orders discontented—and the army,
 Just in the moment of our expectation
 Of aidance from it—lo ! this very army
 Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,
 Loosen'd, and rent asunder from the state
 And from their sovereign, the blind instrument
 Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
 Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields !

OCTAVIO.

Nay, nay, friend ! let us not despair too soon.
 Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds :
 And many a resolute, who now appears
 Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden
 Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,
 Let but a single honest man speak out
 The true name of his crime ! Remember too,
 We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
 Counts Altringer and Galas have maintain'd
 Their little army faithful to its duty,
 And daily it becomes more numerous.
 Nor can he take us by surprise : you know
 I hold him all encompass'd by my listeners.
 Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 't is doing—
 No step so small, but instantly I hear it ;
 Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUESTENBERG.

'T is quite

Incomprehensible, that he detects not
 The foe so near !

OCTAVIO.

Beware, you do not think,

That I by lying arts, and complaisant
 Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces :
 Or with the substance of smooth professions
 Nourish his all-confiding friendship ! No—
 Compell'd alike by prudence, and that duty
 Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
 To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
 Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits !

QUESTENBERG.

It is the visible ordinance of Heaven.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that so attracts
 And links him both to me and to my son.
 Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
 Adventurous deeds performed in company,
 And all those many and various incidents
 Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
 Had bound us long and early to each other—
 Yet I can name the day, when all at once
 His heart *rose* on me, and his confidence
 Shot out into sudden growth. It was the morning
 Before the memorable fight at Lütznauer.
 Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
 To press him to accept another charger.
 At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
 I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,
 And had related all my bodings to him,
 Long time he stared upon me, like a man
 Astounded : thereon fell upon my neck,
 And manifested to me an emotion
 That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
 Since then his confidence has follow'd me
 With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

QUESTENBERG.

You lead your son into the secret !

OCTAVIO.

No !

QUESTENBERG.

What ! and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has placed him in ?

OCTAVIO.

I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits ! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrass'd sense and light free spirit,
That make the Duke secure.

QUESTENBERG (*anxiously*).

My honour'd friend ! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if—
Reflect a little—

OCTAVIO.

I must venture it.

Hush !—There he comes !

SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

Ha ! there he is himself. Welcome, my father !
[*He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes QUESTENBERG, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*]

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max. ! Look closer at this visitor.
Attention, Max. an old friend merits—Reverence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.

MAX. (*drily*).

Von Questenberg !—Welcome—if you bring with
Aught good to our head-quarters. [you

QUESTENBERG (*seizing his hand*).

Nay, draw not

Your hand away, Count Piccolomini !
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.

[*Taking the hands of both.*]

Octavio—Max. Piccolomini !
O saviour names, and full of happy omen !
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX.

Heh !—Noble minister ! You miss your part.
You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO (*to MAX.*).

He comes from court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the Duke, as here.

MAX.

What now have they contrived to find out in him !
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone doth understand !
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in 't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammer'd out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He 'll not dance
To every tune of every minister :

It goes against his nature—he can't do it.
He is possess'd by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command.
And well for us it is so ! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein ; and if
Another better suits the court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.

QUESTENBERG.

The army ! Doubtless !

OCTAVIO (*to QUESTENBERG*).

Hush ! Suppress it friend !

Unless *some* end were answer'd by the utterance.—
Of *him* there you 'll make nothing.

MAX. (*continuing*).

In their distress

They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they
dread him

More than the ills for which they call'd him up.
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Ay, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.

The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son ! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what
it reaches.

My son ! the road, the human being travels,
That, on which blessing comes and goes, doth
follow

The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property !
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

QUESTENBERG.

O hear your father, noble youth ! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCTAVIO.

My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee !
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witness'd ! There exists
An higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,

Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and
quarrel

The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hur-
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly, [ries!
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

MAX.

O let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet! of the leafless spring,
Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have journey'd!

OCTAVIO.

What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

MAX.

Peace have I ne'er beheld! I *have* beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape,
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, Life has charms
Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

OCTAVIO, (*attentive, with an appearance of
unsusiness*).

And so your journey has reveal'd this to you?

MAX.

'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robb'd me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary,
A spirit uninform'd, unornamented!
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
The unvaried, still returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this,
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!

OCTAVIO.

Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

MAX.

O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.

¹ In the original,

Don blut'gen Lorbeer geb'ich hin mit Freuden
Fürs erste Veilchen, das der März uns bringt,
Das dürrt'ge Pfand der neuerjüngten Erde.

The colours are unfurl'd, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hush'd, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers,
The caps and helmets are all garlanded [home!
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG (*apparently much affected*).

O that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX. (*turning round to him, quick and vehement*).

Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna!
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and press'd my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye!—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
Which yet's the only way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, *how* then
And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues
fall on you!

Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas, alas! and stands it so!

[*Then in pressing and impatient tones.*

What friend! and do we let him go away
In this delusion—let him go away?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the spot!

OCTAVIO (*recovering himself out of a deep study*).

He has now open'd mine,
And I see more than pleases me.

QUESTENBERG.

What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Curse on this journey!

QUESTENBERG.

But why so? What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are open'd now, and I must use them. Come!

[*Draws QUESTENBERG on with him.*

QUESTENBERG.

What now? *Where* go you then?

OCTAVIO.

To her herself.

QUESTENBERG.

To—

OCTAVIO (*interrupting him, and correcting himself*).
To the Duke. Come let us go—"Tis done, 'tis done,
I see the net that is thrown over him.
Oh! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay, but explain yourself.

OCTAVIO.

And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
Did I keep it from him!—You were in the right.
I should have warn'd him! Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.

But *what's* too late! Bethink yourself, my friend,
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

OCTAVIO (*more collected*).

Come! to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[*He leads QUESTENBERG off.*]

SCENE VI.

Changes to a spacious Chamber in the House of the Duke of Friedland.—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heavens.

FIRST SERVANT.

Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I
hear the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!"
They will be here in a minute.

SECOND SERVANT.

Why were we not told before that the audience
would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders
—no instructions.

THIRD SERVANT.

Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber counter-
manded, that with the great worked carpet—
there one can look about one.

FIRST SERVANT.

Nay, that you must ask the mathematician
there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

SECOND SERVANT.

Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a
hum. A chamber is a chamber; what much can
the place signify in the affair?

SENI (*with gravity*).

My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

FIRST SERVANT (*to the second*).

Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself
must let him have his own will.

SENI (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low
voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats*).

Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.
Twelve! twelve signifieth the zodiac: five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

SECOND SERVANT.

And what may you have to object against eleven?
I should like to know that now.

SENI.

Eleven is transgression; eleven oversteps
The ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT.

That's good! and why do you call five an holy
number?

SENI.

Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

SECOND SERVANT.

The foolish old coxcomb!

FIRST SERVANT.

Ay! let him alone though. I like to hear him;
there is more in his words than can be seen at first
sight.

THIRD SERVANT.

Off, they come.

SECOND SERVANT.

There! Out at the side-door.

[*They hurry off. SENI follows slowly. A Page
brings the staff of command on a red cushion,
and places it on the table near the Duke's chair.
They are announced from without, and the wings
of the door fly open.*]

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary?

DUCHESS.

Yes; and to the Empress too,
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

WALLENSTEIN.

And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter-time?

DUCHESS.

I did even that
Which you commission'd me to do. I told them,
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,
And wish'd, ere yet you went into the field,
To show the elected husband his betrothed.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they guess the choice which I had made?

DUCHESS.

They only hoped and wish'd it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.

Your will, you know, was always mine.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause*).

Well then?
And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?

[*The Duchess casts her eyes on the ground, and
remains silent.*]

Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

DUCHESS.

O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.

A canker-worm, my lord, a canker-worm
Has stolen into the bud.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay ! is it so !

What, they were lax ! they fail'd of the old respect !

DUCHESS.

Not of respect. No honours were omitted,
No outward courtesy ; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.
Ah ! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity not of favour. [wife,
No ! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—
Not wholly so should she have been received.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes ; they have ta'en offence. My latest
They rail'd at it, no doubt. [conduct,

DUCHESS.

O that they had !

I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distemper'd spirits.
No ; no one rail'd at you. They wrapp'd them up,
O Heaven ! in such oppressive, solemn silence !—
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over ;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—

WALLENSTEIN.

Now she omitted it ?

DUCHESS (*wiping away her tears after a pause*).

She did embrace me,

But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And press'd me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.

WALLENSTEIN (*seizes her hand soothingly*).

Nay, now collect yourself.

And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there ?

DUCHESS (*shaking her head*).

I saw none.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me !—

DUCHESS.

Silent, silent !

WALLENSTEIN.

These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCHESS.

And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which moved about the court in buzz and whis-
But in the country let itself be heard [per,
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and—

WALLENSTEIN (*eagerly*).

Lamormain ! what said he ?

DUCHESS.

That you 're accused of having daringly
O'erstepp'd the powers entrusted to you, charged

With traitorous contempt of the Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirl'd you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of—Ah !—

[*Shifting extreme emotion.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed !

DUCHESS.

I cannot utter it !

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed !

DUCHESS.

They talk—

WALLENSTEIN.

DUCHESS.

Of a second—(*catches her voice and hesitates*).

WALLENSTEIN.

Second—

DUCHESS.

More disgraceful

—Dismission.

WALLENSTEIN.

Talk they !

[*Strides across the Chamber in vehement agitation.*]

O ! they force, they thrust me
With violence, against my own will, onward !

DUCHESS (*presses near to him, in entreaty*).

O ! if there yet be time, my husband ! if
By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way !
Win down your proud heart to it ! Tell that heart,
It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor
Before whom you retreat. O let no longer
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
With abhorr'd venomous glosses. Stand you up
Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,
And drive before you into uttermost shame [we—
These slanderous liars ! Few firm friends have
You know it !—The swift growth of our good for-
It hath but set us up a mark for hatred. [tune,
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour
Stand not before us !

SCENE VIII.

*Enter the Countess TERTSKY, leading in her hand the
Princess THEKLA, richly adorned with Brilliants.*

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

COUNTESS.

How, sister ! What, already upon business ;

[*Observing the countenance of the DUCHESS.*]

And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladden'd at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland ! father !
This is thy daughter.

[*THEKLA approaches with a shy and timid air, and
bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives
her in his arms, and remains standing for some
time lost in the feeling of her presence.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes ! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me :
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.

'T was but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you return'd home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remain'd till now.

WALLENSTEIN.

The while

We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestow'd on the beloved child
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorn'd
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCHESS (to THEKLA).

Thou wouldst not have recognised thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child! She counted scarce eight
When last she saw your face. [years,

THEKLA.

O yes, yes, mother!

At the first glance!—My father is not alter'd.
The form that stands before me falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!

WALLENSTEIN.

The voice of my child!

[Then after a pause.

I was indignant at my destiny,
That it denied me a man-child to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illumine my soon extinguish'd being
In a proud line of princes.
I wrong'd my destiny. Here upon this head,
So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it,
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows,

[He clasps her in his arms as PICCOLOMINI enters.

SCENE IX.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, and some time after COUNT
TERTSKY, the others remaining as before.

COUNTESS.

There comes the Paladin who protected us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys!

MAX.

My General—

WALLENSTEIN.

Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

MAX.

My prince!

You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce deliver'd
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry

A splendid richly-plated hunting dress
So to remunerate me for my troubles—
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favour
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 't was not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good-fortune!

[TERTSKY enters, and delivers letters to the DUKE,
which he breaks open hurriedly.

COUNTESS (to MAX.).

Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompense. 'T is not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseems
To show himself for ever great and princely.

THEKLA.

Then I too must have scruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

MAX.

Yes; 't is his nature ever to be giving
And making happy.

[He grasps the hand of the DUCHESS with still in-
creasing warmth.

How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him! O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

COUNTESS (who during this time has been anxiously
watching the DUKE, and remarks that he is lost
in thought over the letters.)

My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

WALLENSTEIN (turns himself round quick, collects
himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the
DUCHESS).

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[MAX. PICCOLOMINI offers the DUCHESS his arm; the
COUNTESS accompanies the PRINCESS.

TERTSKY (calling after him).

Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN (in deep thought, to himself).

She hath seen all things as they are—It is so,
And squares completely with my other notices.
They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already;
It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,
The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their saviour,
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceased, the heir already
Is entering on possession—Therefore—despatch!

[As he turns round he observes TERTSKY, and gives
him a letter.

Count Altringer will have himself excused,
And Galas too—I like not this!

TERTSKY.

And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.

WALLENSTEIN.

Altringer

Is master of the Tyrol passes. I must forthwith
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
—Well, and the old Sasin, that ancient trader
In contraband negotiations, he
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?

TERTSKY.

The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why so?

TERTSKY.

He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches;
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them;
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,
Off, off! away! we want no such neighbours.

TERTSKY.

Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it!

WALLENSTEIN.

Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcell'd
My native land away, dismember'd Germany,
Betray'd it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away
My own share of the plunder—Never! never!
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all, these Goths! these hunger-wolves!
Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances
Toward the rich blessings of our German lands!
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a single fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.

TERTSKY.

You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? they lose patience
While you shift ground and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.
There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim—neither knows
What he should think of your procrustinations.
And in the end I prove the liar; all
Passes through me. I have not even your hand-
writing.

WALLENSTEIN.

I never give my hand-writing; thou knowest it.

TERTSKY.

But how can it be known that you're in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word!
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy,
You might have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For the Emperor's service.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause, during which he looks
narrowly on TERTSKY*).

And from whence dost thou know
That I'm not gulling him for the Emperor's service?
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
Dost thou know me so well? When made I thee
The intendant of my secret purposes?
I am not conscious that I ever open'd
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I would, [true;
I could repay him with usurious interest
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my power; but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst
No wiser than thy fellows. [speak

TERTSKY.

So hast thou always played thy game with us.

[Enter ILLO.

SCENE XI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

How stand affairs without? Are they prepared!

ILLO.

You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

WALLENSTEIN.

How hath Isolan

Declared himself!

ILLO.

He's your's, both soul and body,
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

ILLO.

What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN.

You mean, then, I may venturesomewhat with them?

ILLO.

—If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not more assured of mine own self.

TERTSKY.

And yet
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou teachest me to know my man!
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old
Besides, I have his horoscope: [warrior.
We both are born beneath like stars—in short,
[With an air of mystery.

To this belongs its own peculiar aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——

ILLO.

There is among them all but this one voice,
You *must* not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.

WALLENSTEIN.

If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.

ILLO.

Of course.

WALLENSTEIN.

Their words of honour they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service *unconditional*.

ILLO.

Why not?

TERTSKY.

Devotion *unconditional*?

The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve——

WALLENSTEIN (*shaking his head*).
All *unconditional*!

No premises, no reserves.

ILLO.

A thought has struck me.

Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet
This evening?

TERTSKY.

Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.

ILLO (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,
Even as you wish.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain me their signatures!

How you come by them, that is *your* concern.

ILLO.

And if I bring it to you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you *then—then* will you show yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Make trial of your luck!

WALLENSTEIN.

The signatures!

Gain me the signatures.

ILLO.

Seize, seize the hour,

Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
To make a great decision possible,
O! many things, all transient and all repaid,
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforced to pause
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you
Their king-like leader! On your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous
Hath woven together in one potent web [fortune
Instinct with destiny, O let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit

These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitudes. Behold
They are still here, here still! But soon the war
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,
Will become sober, seeing but himself.
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERTSKY.

So you say always.

But *when* will it be time?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I shall say it.

ILLO.

You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you, is Doubt.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan
Lead-colour'd shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,
With servicable cunning knit together
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministeries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[*He walks across the Chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.*]

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strew'd on the dark land of futurity
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
What I shall do—only, give way I will not.

Depose me too they shall not. On these points
You may rely.

PAGE (*entering*).

My Lords, the Generals.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let them come in.

SCENE XII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTIUM, ILLO.—*To them enter QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals. WALLENSTEIN motions QUESTENBERG, who in consequence takes the chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.*

WALLENSTEIN.

I have understood, 't is true, the sum and import
Of your instructions, Questenberg; have weighed
And formed my final, absolute resolve: [them,
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals
Should hear the will of the Emperor from your
mouth.

May't please you then to open your commission
Before these noble Chieftains?

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready

To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,
The Imperial dignity and sovereign right [tion.
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

WALLENSTEIN.

We excuse all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

When his Majesty

The Emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienced and renown'd commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favourable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons, [lands
The Swede's career of conquest check'd! These
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forced hither
The scattered armies of the enemy;
Hither invoked as round one magic circle
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstein,
Yea, and that never-conquer'd King himself;
Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

May't please you, to the point.

QUESTENBERG.

In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
March'd toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
And vanish'd from the theatre of war!
While the young Weimar hero forced his way
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
Makes its own channel, with such sudden speed
He marched, and now at once 'fore Regensburg
Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince

Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need; [land,
The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Fried-
Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty:
He superadds his own, and supplicates
Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
In vain his supplication! At this moment
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
Barters the general good to gratify
Private revenge—and so falls Regensburg.

WALLENSTEIN.

MAX., to what period of the war alludes he?
My recollection fails me here.

MAX.

He means

When we were in Silesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so!

But what had we to do there?

MAX.

To beat out

The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WALLENSTEIN.

True;

In that description which the Minister gave,
I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

[To QUESTENBERG.

Well, but proceed a little.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes; at length

Beside the river Oder did the Duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
Deliver'd that long-practised stirrer-up
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands;
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his Emperor.

WALLENSTEIN (*laughs*).

I know,

I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and balconies all forestall'd
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retain'd your graces—
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me!

QUESTENBERG.

So Silesia

Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke
Into Bavaria, now press'd hard on all sides.
And he *did* put his troops in motion: slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter-quarters.

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitifully destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? An't we men! subjected
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity!

O miserable lot of the poor soldier !
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away, the general curse
Follows him on his route. All must be seized,
Nothing is given him. And compell'd to seize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa !
Count Deodate ! Butler ! Tell this man
How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.

BUTLER.

Already a full year.

WALLENSTEIN.

And 't is the hire
That constitutes the hiring's name and duties,
The soldier's *pay* is the soldier's *covenant* !

QUESTENBERG.

Ah ! this is a far other tone from that,
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes ! 't is my fault, I know it : I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war march'd on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time !
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honour'd with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown !
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regensburg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 't was laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
And what was now my thank, what had I now,
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I !
What ! I was offer'd up to their complaints,
Dismiss'd, degraded !

QUESTENBERG.

But your Highness knows
What little freedom he possess'd of action
In that disastrous diet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and hell !

I had that which could have procured him freedom.
No ! Since 't was proved so inauspicious to me
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.
From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general—
For the common weal, the universal interest,

¹ The original is not translatable into English :

—Und sein Sold

Muss dem Soldaten werden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered :

And that for which he sold his services,

The soldier must receive—

but a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

And no more for that one man's aggrandizement !
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me !

QUESTENBERG.

First, his Imperial Majesty hath will'd
That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

In this season !

And to what quarter wills the Emperor
That we direct our course !

QUESTENBERG.

To the enemy.

His Majesty resolves, that Regensburg
Be purified from the enemy ere Easter,
That Lutheranism may be no longer preach'd
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement desecrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.

WALLENSTEIN.

My generals,

Can this be realised ?

ILLO.

'T is not possible.

BUTLER.

It can't be realised.

QUESTENBERG.

The Emperor

Already hath commanded colonel Suys
To advance toward Bavaria.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did Suys !

QUESTENBERG.

That which his duty prompted. He advanced !

WALLENSTEIN.

What ! he advanced ? And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
Not to desert his station ! Stands it thus
With my authority ! Is this the obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside,
No war can be conducted ! Chieftains, speak !
You be the judges, generals ! What deserves
That officer who, of his oath neglectful,
Is guilty of contempt of orders !

ILLO.

Death.

WALLENSTEIN (*raising his voice, as all, but ILLO
had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous*).
Count Piccolomini ! what has he deserved ?

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (*after a long pause*).

According to the letter of the law,
Death.

ISOLANI.

Death.

BUTLER.

Death, by the laws of war.

[QUESTENBERG rises from his seat, WALLENSTEIN follows ; all the rest rise.]

WALLENSTEIN.

To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I show him favour, 't will arise
From the reverence that I owe my Emperor.

QUESTENBERG.

If so, I can say nothing further—*here !*

WALLENSTEIN.

I accepted the command but on conditions :
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warranter of the event,
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What render'd this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquer'd upon earth ?
This—that he was the monarch in his army !
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point ! The best is yet to come.
Attend now, generals !

QUESTENBERG.

The Prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese ; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis the Emperor's will you grant him a detachment,
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes ! I understand !—Eight regiments ! Well,
Right well concerted, father Lamornain !
Eight thousand horse ! Yes, yes ! 'Tis as it should
I see it coming. [be !

QUESTENBERG.

There is nothing coming.
All stands in front : the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity !—

WALLENSTEIN.

What then ?
What, my Lord Envoy ! May I not be suffer'd
To understand, that folks are tired of seeing
The sword's hilt in my grasp : and that your court
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unsubjected to my control ! To throw me
Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you
To venture that. My stipulation runs,
That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
Where'er the German is the native language.
Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals
That take their route as visitors, through the empire,
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
No syllable ! And so the politic court
Steals in a tiptoe, and creeps round behind it ;
First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
And make short work with me.
What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy !
Straight-forward, man ! His compact with me pinches
The Emperor. He would that I moved off !—
Well !—I will gratify him !

[Here there commences an agitation among the
Generals, which increases continually.

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes !
I see not yet, by what means they will come at
The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
The recompense their services demand.
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
And prior merit superannuates quickly.
There serve here many foreigners in the army,
And were the man in all else brave and gallant,

I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise, i' the time to come.
Well—me no longer it concerns. [He seats himself.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Forbid it Heaven, that it should come to this !
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be ; all goes to instant wreck.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani !
What we with toil and foresight have built up,
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then ! another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it !)
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor,
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[During this speech, ISOLANI, TERTSKY, ILLO, and
MARADAS talk confusedly with great agitation.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (*busily and passionately going
from one to another, and soothing them*).

Hear, my commander ! Hear me, generals !
Let me conjure you, Duke ! Determine nothing,
Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer ! Friends !
I hope all may yet be set right again.

TERTSKY.

Away ! let us away ! in the antechamber
Find we the others. [They go.

BUTLER (*to QUESTENBERG*).

If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy !
You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from mal-treatment.
[Comotions heard from without.

WALLENSTEIN.

A salutary counsel—Thou, Octavio !
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
Farewell, Von Questenberg !

[QUESTENBERG is about to speak.

Nay, not a word.
Not one word more of that detected subject !
You have perform'd your duty—We know how
To separate the office from the man.

[As QUESTENBERG is going off with OCTAVIO ; GOETZ,
TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, press in ; several other
Generals following them.

GOETZ.

Where's he who means to rob us of our general ?
TIEFENBACH (*at the same time*).
What are we forced to hear ! That thou wilt leave us !

KOLATTO (*at the same time*).

We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WALLENSTEIN (*with stateliness, and pointing to
ILLO*).

There ! the Field-Marshal knows our will. [Exit.
[While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A small Chamber.

ILLO and TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet!

ILLO.

Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided
So doing we infringe no oath or duty,
We may be under to the Emperor.—Mark!
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear! this formula so framed and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.

TERTSKY.

How? think you then
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we had trick'd them into by a juggle!

ILLO.

We shall have caught and caged them! Let them
then
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
Loud as they may against our treachery;
At court their signatures will be believed
Far more than their most holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.

TERTSKY.

Well, well, it shall content me; let but something
Be *done*, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.

ILLO.

Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The Duke that they are his—Let him but act
In his determined mood, as if he had them,
And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

TERTSKY.

His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when I have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesia
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans.
And when I think I have him—off at once—
He has slipp'd from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

ILLO.

He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
His soul is occupied with nothing else, [dreams,
Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his
That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets—

TERTSKY.

Ay! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with SENI
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

ILLO.

Come! be we bold and make despatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below—
Mark what I say—the right stars too will show
themselves.

Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TERTSKY.

Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay
And *wait* here for the Countess Tertskey. Know,
That we too are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.

ILLO.

Yes! yes!
I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind!

TERTSKY.

A secret. Hush! she comes.
[Exit ILLO.]

SCENE II.

(The Countess steps out from a Closet.)

COUNT and COUNTESS TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Well—is she coming—I can keep him back
No longer.

COUNTESS.

She will be here instantly,
You only send him.

TERTSKY.

I am not quite certain
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You
know,
No ray has broke out from him on this point.
You have o'er-ruled me, and yourself know best,
How far you dare proceed.

COUNTESS.

I take it on me.
[Talking to herself while she is advancing.]
Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first *he*, and no other, should be chosen

To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,¹ whom no one knows—No! no!
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!
But it becometh thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely delivered up to my finessing—
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke
In her who is thy sister.—— [Friedland!]

SERVANT (*enters*).

The commanders!

TERTSKY (*to the COUNTESS*).

Take care you heat his fancy and affections—
Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the signature.

COUNTESS.

Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.

TERTSKY.

All rests upon his undersigning.

COUNTESS (*interrupting him*).

Go to your guests! Go——

ILLO (*comes back*).

Where art staying, Tertsky!
The house is full, and all expecting you.

TERTSKY.

Instantly! instantly! [To the COUNTESS.

And let him not
Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man——

COUNTESS.

A truce with your precautions!

[*Exit TERTSKY and ILLO.*]

SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX, PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*peeping in on the stage shily*).

Aunt Tertsky! may I venture?

[*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.*]

Where is she?
She's not here!

COUNTESS.

Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Conceal'd behind that screen.

MAX.

There lie her gloves!
[*Snatches at them, but the COUNTESS takes them herself.*]
You unkind Lady! You refuse me this—
You make it an amusement to torment me.

COUNTESS.

And this the thank you give me for my trouble!

MAX.

O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—
With such poor stealth to hazard words and
These, these are not my habits! [glances—

COUNTESS.

You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!
But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.

MAX.

But wherefore comes she not?
Where is she!

COUNTESS.

Into my hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest!
No soul on earth must know it—not your father.
He must not, above all.

MAX.

Alas! what danger!
Here is no face on which I might concentrate
All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
O Lady! tell me. Is all changed around me?
Or is it only I?

I find myself,
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanish'd to! There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world, as this,
I was not discontented. Now how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!

COUNTESS.

But, gentle friend!
I must entreat it of your condescension,
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour
With one short glance or two this poor stale world,
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX.

Something,
I can't but know, is going forward round me.
I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
Where think you I have been, dear lady! Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
Oppress'd and stifled me. I gasp'd for air—
I could not breathe—I was constrain'd to fly,
To seek a silence out for my full heart;
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.
There is a cloister here to the heaven's gate,²
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy mother;
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendour, 'mid ecstatic worshippers;
Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

¹ In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

² I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original.—Es ist ein Kloster hier zur Himmelfahrt.

COUNTESS.

Enjoy your fortune and felicity !
 Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
 Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
 Only be manageable when that friendship
 Points you the road to full accomplishment.
 How long may it be since you declared your
 passion !

MAX.

This morning did I hazard the first word.

COUNTESS.

This morning the first time in twenty days !

MAX.

"T was at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
 And Nepomuck, where *you* had join'd us, and—
 That was the last relay of the whole journey !
 In a balcony we were standing mute,
 And gazing out upon the dreary field :
 Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
 The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
 The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
 And trembling ventured I at length these words :
 This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
 To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
 A few hours more, and you will find a father,
 Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
 And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
 Lost in the many—"Speak with my aunt Tertsky !"
 With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
 She falter'd. I beheld a glowing red
 Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
 Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
 Did I control myself.

[The Princess THEKLA appears at the door, and
 remains standing, observed by the COUNTESS,
 but not by PICCOLOMINI.]

With instant boldness

I caught her in my arms, my mouth touch'd hers ;
 There was a rustling in the room close by ;
 It parted us—"Twas you. What since has hap-
 You know. [pen'd,

COUNTESS (after a pause, with a stolen glance at
 THEKLA).

And is it your excess of modesty ;
 Or are you so incurious, that you do not
 Ask me too of my secret ?

MAX.

Of your secret ?

COUNTESS.

Why, yes ! When in the instant after you
 I stepp'd into the room, and found my niece there,
 What she in this first moment of the heart
 Ta'en with surprise—

MAX. (with eagerness).

Well !

SCENE IV.

THEKLA (hurries forward), COUNTESS, MAX, PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (to the COUNTESS).

Spare yourself the trouble :
 That hears he better from myself.

MAX. (stepping backward).

My Princess !

What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky !

THEKLA (to the COUNTESS).

Has he been here long !

COUNTESS.

Yes ; and soon must go.
 Where have *you* stay'd so long !

THEKLA.

Alas ! my mother
 Wept so again ! and I—I see her suffer,
 Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.

Now once again I have courage to look on you.
 To-day at noon I could not.
 The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you
 Hid the beloved from me.

THEKLA.

Then you saw me
 With your eye only—and not with your heart !

MAX.

This morning, when I found you in the circle
 Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
 Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
 O ! what an impulse felt I in that moment
 To fall upon his neck, to call him *father* !
 But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling passion,
 It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
 That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
 They scared me too ! O wherefore, wherefore should
 At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban [he
 Of excommunication round you,—wherefore
 Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
 And cast upon the light and joyous heart
 The mournful burthen of *his* station ! Fitly
 May love dare woo for love ; but such a splendour
 Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEKLA.

Hush ! not a word more of this mummery ;
 You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.

[To the COUNTESS.]

He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not !
 'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy !
 He had quite another nature on the journey—
 So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent. [To MAX.
 It was my wish to see you always so,
 And never otherwise !

MAX.

You find yourself
 In your great father's arms, beloved lady !
 All in a new world, which does homage to you,
 And which, were't only by its novelty,
 Delights your eye.

THEKLA.

Yes ; I confess to you
 That many things delight me here : this camp,
 This motley stage of warriors, which renews
 So manifold the image of my fancy,
 And binds to life, binds to reality,
 What hitherto had but been present to me
 As a sweet dream !

MAX.

Alas ! not so to me.
 It makes a dream of my reality.
 Upon some island in the ethereal heights
 I've lived for these last days. This mass of men
 Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
 That, reconducting to my former life,
 Divides me and my heaven.

THEKLA.

The game of life
 Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart

The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once review'd, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

[*Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.*]

In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen !
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUNTESS (*recollecting*).

And what
Can this be then ? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.

THEKLA (*smiling*).

Ay, but the road thereto is watch'd by spirits,
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

COUNTESS (*laughs*).

The astrological tower !— How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach ?

THEKLA.

A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, open'd me the doors.

MAX.

That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

THEKLA.

He question'd me on many points ; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

COUNTESS.

He wish'd

To erect a figure for your horoscope.

THEKLA.

My hand too he examined, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

COUNTESS.

Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower ?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away !

THEKLA.

It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepp'd in ; and now
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after
The closing door, was gone ; and all about me
'T was pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star ;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars : all seem'd to come from them.
" These are the planets," said that low old man,
" They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars ;
And both these bring but little luck to man."
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
On that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
And the left hand, lo ! Mercury, with wings.

Quite in the middle glitter'd silver bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien ;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star :
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

MAX.

O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels ! 'T is not merely
The human being's Pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance ;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow ; yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place :
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits ; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths ; all these have
vanish'd.

They live no longer in the faith of reason !
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend ; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down : and even at this day
'T is Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair !

THEKLA.

And if this be the science of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.

COUNTESS.

Not only roses,
But thorns too hath the heaven, and well for you
Leave thee your wreath of love inviolate :
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

MAX.

Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.
Blest be the General's zeal : into the laurel
Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remain'd for his great heart ! Enough
Has he perform'd for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains
Will he retire ; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitschin ; Reichenberg,
And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests :
His ruling passion, to create the splendid
He can indulge without restraint ; can give
A princely patronage to every art,

¹ No more of talk, where god or angel guest
With man, as with his friend familiar, used
To sit indulgent. *Paradise Lost*, B. IX.

And to all worth a Sovereign's protection.
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

COUNTESS.

Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend !
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX.

O, that the sword could win her !

COUNTESS.

What was that ?

Did you hear nothing ? Seem'd, as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[Exit COUNTESS.]

SCENE V.

THEKLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (*as soon as the COUNTESS is out of sight, in
a quick low voice to PICCOLOMINI*).

Don't trust them ! They are false !

MAX.

Impossible !

THEKLA.

Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
They had a purpose.

MAX.

Purpose ! but what purpose ?
And how can we be instrumental to it !

THEKLA.

I know no more than you ; but yet believe me :
There's some design in this ! to make us happy,
To realise our union—trust me, love !
They but pretend to wish it.

MAX.

But these Tertskys—
Why use we them at all ! Why not your mother ?
Excellent creature ! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.

THEKLA.

She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

MAX.

Why any secret ?
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him
Decide upon my fortunes !—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble !

THEKLA (*falls on his neck*).

That are you !

MAX.

You knew him only since this morn ! but I
Have lived ten years already in his presence.
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us !
You are silent !—
You look at me with such a hopelessness !
What have you to object against your father ?

THEKLA.

I ! Nothing. Only he's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two. [*Taking his hand tenderly.*]

Follow me !

Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Tertskys—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve ;—and in all else rely—
On our own hearts !

MAX.

O ! shall we e'er be happy !

THEKLA.

Are we not happy now ! Art thou not mine !
Am I not thine ! There lives within my soul
A lofty courage—'t is love gives it me !
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates :
But where in this place couldst thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou didst not find it !

SCENE VI.

To them enters the Countess TERTSKY.

COUNTESS (*in a pressing manner*).

Come !

My husband sends me for you—It is now
The latest moment.

[*They not appearing to attend to what she says, she
steps between them.*]

Part you !

THEKLA.

O, not yet !

It has been scarce a moment.

COUNTESS.

Ay ! Then time
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece !

MAX.

There is no hurry, aunt.

COUNTESS.

Away ! away !

The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has ask'd for him.

THEKLA.

Ha ! his father !

COUNTESS.

You understand that, niece !

THEKLA.

Why needs he

To go at all to that society !
'T is not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he suits not such society.

COUNTESS.

You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here !

THEKLA (*with energy*).

Yes ! you have hit it, aunt ! That is my meaning.
Leave him here wholly ! Tell the company—

COUNTESS.

What ! have you lost your senses, niece !—
Count, you remember the conditions. Come !

MAX. (*to THEKLA*).

Lady, I must obey, Farewell, dear lady !

[*THEKLA turns away from him with a quick motion.*]
What say you then, dear lady !

THEKLA (*without looking at him*).

Nothing. Go!

MAX.

Can I, when you are angry—

(*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.*)

COUNTRESS.

Off! Heavens! if any one should come!

Hark! What's that noise! It comes this way.—Off!

(*MAX. tears himself away out of her arms, and goes.*)

The COUNTRESS accompanies him. THEKLA follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played a while an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow!

I found it not in my power to translate this song with literal fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic movement; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA (*spielt und singt*).

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün;
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe gemossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebt.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discoloured with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of "The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Margaret" has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threat'ning,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan!
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,

Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

SCENE VII.

COUNTRESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

COUNTRESS.

Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought,
It had been more becoming to have shown your—
More chary of your person. [scf]

THEKLA (*rising*).

And what mean you!

COUNTRESS.

I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
Who you are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occur'd to you.

THEKLA.

What then!

COUNTRESS.

That you're daughter of the Prince Duke Friedland.

THEKLA.

Well—and what farther!

COUNTRESS.

What! a pretty question!

THEKLA.

He was *born* that which we have but *become*.
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princess.

COUNTRESS.

Are you dreaming!

Talking in sleep! An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall no doubt right courteously *entreat* him
To honour with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.

THEKLA.

That will not be necessary.

COUNTRESS.

Methinks 't were well though not to run the hazard.

THEKLA.

His father loves him; Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty—

COUNTRESS.

His!

His father! his! But yours niece, what of yours!

THEKLA.

Why I begin to think you fear his father.
So anxiously you hide it from the man!
His father, *his*, I mean.

COUNTRESS (*looks at her as scrutinising*).

Niece, you are *false*.

THEKLA.

Are you then wounded! O, be friends with me!

COUNTRESS.

You hold your game for now already. Do not
Triumph too soon!—

THEKLA (*interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her*).

Nay now, be friends with me.

COUNTRESS.

It is not yet so far gone.

THEKLA.

I believe you.

COUNTESS.

Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banish'd slumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happier pair of you! At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man [thinks,
That chanced to please your eyes! All this, me—
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.

That which he did not plant for me might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

COUNTESS.

Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepp'd,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou
That all these thousands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding!
Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
O trust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—his
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annex'd and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self,
Meet and disarm necessity by choice;
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

THEKLA.

Such over was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, waken'd in my soul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

COUNTESS.

That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.

My fate hath shown me him, to whom behoves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
//him will I follow.

COUNTESS.

Not thy fate hath shown him!
Thy heart, say rather—'t was thy heart, my child!

THEKLA.

Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all his! His present—his alone,
Is this new life, which lives in me! He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me!

COUNTESS.

Thou wouldst oppose thy father then, should he
Have otherwise determined with thy person!
[THEKLA remains silent. The Countess continues.

Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking!—Child,
His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.

My name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.

What! he has vanquish'd all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him! Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me: 't is possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

[Exit COUNTESS.]

THEKLA (*who during the last speech had been
standing evidently lost in her reflections*).

I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides:
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here;
And Love himself, as he were arm'd in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[Music from the banquet-room is heard.]

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a scraph's shape,
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws it pulls me with a god-like power—
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!

[The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.]

O when a house is doom'd in fire to perish,
Many and dark heaven drives his clouds together,
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,
'And fiends and angels, mingling in their fury,
Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.

[Exit THEKLA.]

SCENE VIII.

*A large Saloon lighted up with festal Splendour; in the
midst of it, and in the centre of the Stage, a Table richly
set out, at which eight Generals are sitting, among whom
are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, and MARADAS.
Right and left of this, but farther back, two other Tables,
at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle
Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a*

¹ There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh
at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer.
I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed
to shudder, had I given a faithful translation. For the
readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pochkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

fourth Table, with the same number of Persons. More forward stands the Sideboard. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in motion. The Band of Music belonging to TERTSKY's Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage, MAX. PICCOLOMINI appears. TERTSKY advances towards him with a Paper, ISOLANI comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

Here, brother, what we love ! Why, where hast been !

Off to thy place—quick ! Tertsy here has given The mother's holiday wine up to free booty. Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle. Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving At yonder table ducal crowns in shares ; There's Strnberg's lands and chattels are put up, With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's, And all the great Bohemian feudalities. Be nimble, lad ! and something may turn up For thee—who knows ? off—to thy place ! quick ! march !

TIEFENBACH and GOETZ (*call out from the second and third tables*).
Count Piccolomini !

TERTSKY.

Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth, The wording satisfies you. They've all read it, Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe His individual signature.

MAX. (*reads*).

"Ingratis servire nefas."

ISOLANI.

That sounds to my ears very much like Latin, And being interpreted, pray what may't mean ?

TERTSKY.

No honest man will serve a thankless master.

MAX.

"Inasmuch as our supreme Commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as our oath to the Emperor will permit it. (*These last words are repeated by ISOLANI.*) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

TERTSKY.

Now !—are you willing to subscribe this paper ?

ISOLANI.

Why should he not ? All officers of honour Can do it, ay, must do it.—Pen and ink here !

TERTSKY.

Nay, let it rest till after meal.

ISOLANI (*drawing MAX. along*).

Come, MAX.

[*Both seat themselves at their table.*]

SCENE IX.

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

TERTSKY (*beckons to NEUMANN who is waiting at the side table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage*).

Have you the copy with you, Neumann ? Give it. It may be changed for the other !

NEUMANN.

I have copied it Letter by letter, line by line ; no eye Would e'er discover other difference, Save only the omission of that clause, According to your Excellency's order.

TERTSKY.

Right ! lay it yonder, and away with this— It has performed its business—to the fire with it—
[NEUMANN *lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side-table.*]

SCENE X.

ILLO (*comes out from the second Chamber*), TERTSKY.

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini !

TERTSKY.

All right, I think. He has started no objection.

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about— He and his father. Have an eye on both !

TERTSKY.

How looks it at your table : you forget not To keep them warm and stirring !

ILLO.

O, quite cordial, They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.

And 'tis as I predicted too. Already It is the talk, not merely to maintain The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all Together and unanimous, why not," Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward, And make conditions with the Emperor There in his own Vienna !" Trust me, Count, Were it not for these said Piccolomini, We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

TERTSKY.

And Butler ?

How goes it there ? Hush !

SCENE XI.

To them enter BUTLER from the second table.

BUTLER.

Don't disturb yourselves. Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly. Good luck be to the scheme ; and as to me,
[*With an air of mystery.*]
You may depend upon me.

ILLO (*with vivacity*).

May we, Butler ?

BUTLER.

With or without the clause, all one to me !
 You understand me ! My fidelity
 The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him !
 Tell him so ! I'm the Emperor's officer,
 As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
 The Emperor's general ! and Friedland's servant,
 As soon as it shall please him to become
 His own lord.

TERTSKY.

You would make a good exchange.
 No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
 Is he to whom you plight your services.

BUTLER (*with a haughty look*).

I do not put up my fidelity
 To sale, Count Tertsky ! Half a year ago
 I would not have advised you to have made me
 An overture to that, to which I now
 Offer myself of my own free accord.—
 But that is past ! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
 I bring myself together with my regiment.
 And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
 The example which I give will not remain
 Without an influence.

ILLO.

Who is ignorant,
 That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
 As to a light that moves before them !

BUTLER.

Ey ?

Then I repent me not of that fidelity
 Which for the length of forty years I held,
 If in my sixtieth year my old good name
 Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
 Start not at what I say, sir Generals !
 My real motives—they concern not you.
 And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect [or
 That this your game had crook'd my judgment—
 That fickleness, quick blood, or such like cause,
 Has driven the old man from the track of honour,
 Which he so long had trodden. Come, my friends !
 I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
 Because I know and have looked steadily
 At that on which I have determined.

ILLO.

Say,

And speak roundly, what are we to deem you ?

BUTLER.

A friend ! I give you here my hand ! I'm yours
 With all I have. Not only men, but money
 Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs !
 I've earn'd and laid up somewhat in his service,
 I lend it him ; and is he my survivor,
 It has been already long ago bequeathed him.
 He is my heir. For me, I stand alone
 Here in the world ; nought know I of the feeling
 That binds the husband to a wife and children.
 My name dies with me, my existence ends.

ILLO.

'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
 Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down
 millions !

BUTLER.

I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
 To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
 From lowest stable duty I climb'd up,
 Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,

The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
 And Wallenstein too is a child of luck ;
 I love a fortune that is like my own.

ILLO.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

BUTLER.

This is an awful moment ! to the brave,
 To the determined, an auspicious moment.
 The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine
 To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
 That Mansfeldt, wanted but a longer life
 To have mark'd out with his good sword a lordship
 That should reward his courage. Who of these
 Equals our Friedland ! there is nothing, nothing
 So high, but he may set the ladder to it !

TERTSKY.

That's spoken like a man !

BUTLER.

Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
 I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
 Come, to the company !

TERTSKY.

Where is the master of the cellar ! Ho !
 Let the best wines come up. Ho ! cheerly, boy !
 Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[*Each, each to his table.*]

SCENE XII.

*The MASTER OF THE CELLAR advancing with NEUMANN,
 Servants passing backwards and forwards.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The best wine ! O : if my old mistress, his lady
 mother, could but see these wild goings on, she
 would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes,
 sir officer ! 'tis all down the hill with this noble
 house ! no end, no moderation ! And this marriage
 with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a
 very splendid connection ! but I will tell you, sir
 officer, it looks no good.

NEUMANN.

Heaven forbid ! Why, at this very moment the
 whole prospect is in bud and blossom !

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

You think so !—Well, well ! much may be said
 on that head.

FIRST SERVANT (*comes*).

Burgundy for the fourth table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Now, sir lieutenant, if this an't the seventieth
 flask—

FIRST SERVANT.

Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefen-
 bach, sits at that table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*continuing his discourse
 to NEUMANN*).

They are soaring too high. They would rival
 kings and electors in their pomp and splendour ;
 and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does
 my gracious master, the count, loiter on the brink
 —(*to the Servants*)—What do you stand there
 listening for ! I will let you know you have legs
 presently. Off ! see to the tables, see to the flasks !

Look there ! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him !

RUNNER (*comes*).

The great service-cup is wanted, sir ; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Ay ! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

RUNNER.

The same !—a health is to go round in him.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups*).

This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

NEUMANN.

Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed ! How heavy ! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it ! how natural and elegant they look !—There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies ?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man ; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

NEUMANN.

But what is the cup there on the banner ?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege : for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup ; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEUMANN.

And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all ?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

That signifies the Bohemian letter-royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermark has ruled over us, that is at an end ; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders ; but the letter-royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissars.

NEUMANN.

Why, my good Master of the Cellar ! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country !

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius

and Ziaska. Peace be with their ashes ! Well, well ! they fought for a good cause though—There ! carry it up !

NEUMANN.

Stay ! let me but look at this second quarter. Look *there* ! That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so ! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

[*Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*]

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three-and-twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drank aloud at the second table.*]

The Prince of Weimar ! Hurra !

[*At the third and fourth table.*]

Long live Prince William ! Long live Duke Bernard ! Hurra !

[*Music strikes up.*]

FIRST SERVANT.

Hear 'em ! Hear 'em ! What an uproar !

SECOND SERVANT (*comes in running*).

Did you hear ? They have drank the Prince of Weimar's health.

THIRD SERVANT.

The Swedish Chief Commander !

FIRST SERVANT (*speaking at the same time*).

The Lutheran !

SECOND SERVANT.

Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Po, po ! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not !—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called to.

SECOND SERVANT.

[*To the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner.*]

Quick, Thomas ! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac !—Snapped it up at the third table—Canst go off with it !

RUNNER (*hides it in his pocket*).

All right !

[*Exit the Second Servant.*]

THIRD SERVANT (*aside to the First*).

Be on the hark, Jack ! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

FIRST SERVANT.

For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with !

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*to NEUMANN*).

Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats ?

NEUMANN.

Ay ! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*impatiently*).

Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these outlandish fellows! are little better than rogues.

NEUMANN.

Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

[*Taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket.*
My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[*TERTSKY hurries in, fetches away the Paper and calls to a Servant for Pen and Ink, and goes to the back of the Stage.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*to the Servants*).

The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms.

[*They rise at all the tables, the Servants hurry off the front of the Stage to the Tables; part of the guests come forward.*

SCENE XIII.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI enters in conversation with MARADAS, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the Stage on one side of the Proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the Stage, is filled up by BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, and KOLATTO.

ISOLANI (*while the Company is coming forward*).

Good-night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

GOETZ (*to TIEFENBACH*).

Noble brother! (*making the usual compliment after meals*).

TIEFENBACH.

Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

GOETZ.

Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, Heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

TIEFENBACH.

There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCTAVIO (*aside to MARADAS*).

Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. (*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*)

ISOLANI (*on the point of going*).

Lights! lights!

! There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. "Die Welschen alle," &c. which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the vulgar use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish nuts*—Walle nüsse, in German "Welsche Nüsse."

TERTSKY (*advances with the Paper to ISOLANI*).

Noble brother; two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

ISOLANI.

Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

TERTSKY.

There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

[*ISOLANI hands over the Paper to OCTAVIO respectfully.*

TERTSKY.

Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here. (*OCTAVIO runs over the Paper with apparent indifference. TERTSKY watches him at some distance.*)

GOETZ (*to TERTSKY*).

Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

TERTSKY.

Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*To the Servants*).—Ho!

GOETZ.

Excuse me—am't able.

TERTSKY.

A thimble-full!

GOETZ.

Excuse me.

TIEFENBACH (*sits down*).

Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

TERTSKY.

Consult only your own convenience, General!

TIEFENBACH.

Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISOLANI (*pointing at his corpulence*).

Poor legs! how should they! Such an unmerciful load! (*OCTAVIO subscribes his name, and reaches over the Paper to TERTSKY, who gives it to ISOLANI; and he goes to the table to sign his name.*)

TIEFENBACH.

'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ.

Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice inquiries about the season.

TERTSKY (*observing ISOLANI, whose hand trembles excessively so that he can scarce direct his pen.*

Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother!—Dispatch it.

ISOLANI.

The sins of youth! I have already tried the chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[*TERTSKY gives the Paper to MARADAS; he steps to the table to subscribe.*

OCTAVIO (*advancing to BUTLER*).

You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

BUTLER.

I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

OCTAVIO (*stepping nearer to him friendly*).

Nor in mine either, I can assure you ; and I am not a little glad, my much-honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste !

BUTLER.

And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to TIEFENBACH, who glances over it at the same time with GOETZ and KOLATTO. MARADAS in the mean time returns to OCTAVIO. All this takes place, the conversation with BUTLER proceeding uninterrupted.*]

OCTAVIO (*introducing MARADAS to BUTLER*).

Don Balthasar Maradas ! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer.

[*BUTLER bows.*]

OCTAVIO (*continuing*).

You are a stranger here—'t was but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'T is a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings !—Come, be my visitor. (*BUTLER makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment !—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER (*coldly*).

Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant General !

[*The paper comes to BUTLER, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the PICCOLOMINIS, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*]

OCTAVIO (*after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him*).

You were long absent from us, friend !

MAX.

I—urgent business detained me.

OCTAVIO.

And, I observe, you are still absent !

MAX.

You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

OCTAVIO (*advancing still nearer*).

May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you ? *Tertsky* knows it without asking !

MAX.

What does *Tertsky* know ?

OCTAVIO.

He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISOLANI (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up*).

Well done, father ! Rout out his baggage ! Beat up his quarters ! there is something there that should not be.

TERTSKY (*with the paper*).

Is there none wanting ? Have the whole subscribed !

OCTAVIO.

All.

TERTSKY (*calling aloud*).

Ho ! Who subscribes !

BUTLER (*to TERTSKY*).

Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

TERTSKY.

Here is a cross.

TIEFENBACH.

That 's my mark.

ISOLANI.

He cannot write ; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

OCTAVIO (*presses on to MAX.*).

Come, general ! let us go. It is late.

TERTSKY.

One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISOLANI (*pointing to MAX.*).

Look ! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening. (*MAX. receives the paper from TERTSKY, which he looks upon vacantly.*)

SCENE XIV.

To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand a golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking ; GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.

ILLO.

What do you want ! Let me go.

GOETZ and BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo ! For Heaven's sake, drink no more.

ILLO (*goes up to OCTAVIO, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks*).

Octavio ! I bring this to you ! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl ! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me !—and I never loved you !—I am always even with people in that way !—Let what 's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten ! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I 'll strangle him !—my dear friend !

TERTSKY (*whispering to him*).

Art in thy senses ? For Heaven's sake, Illo, think where you are !

ILLO (*aloud*).

What do you mean ?—There are none but friends here, are there ? (*Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneaker among us, thank Heaven !

TERTSKY (*to BUTLER, eagerly*).

Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler !

BUTLER (*to ILLO*).

Field Marshal ! a word with you. (*Leads him to the side-board.*)

ILLO (*cordially*).

A thousand for one ; Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health !

ISOLANI (*to MAX. who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes*). Slow and sure, my noble brother !—Hast parsed it all yet ?—Some words yet to go through !—Ha !

MAX. (*waking as from a dream*).

What am I to do ?

TERTSKY, *and at the same time* ISOLANI.

Sign your name. (OCTAVIO directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.)

MAX. *(returns the paper.)*

Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

TERTSKY.

Nay, collect yourself a little.

ISOLANI.

Awake man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What! Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldst be wiser than all of us together! Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

TERTSKY *(to OCTAVIO)*.

Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCTAVIO.

My son is at the age of discretion.

ILLO *(leaves the service-cup on the side-board)*.

What's the dispute!

TERTSKY.

He declines subscribing the paper.

MAX.

I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

ILLO.

It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

MAX.

Illo, good night!

ILLO.

No! You come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends. *(All collect round ILLO and MAX.)*

MAX.

What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff!

ILLO.

This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

TERTSKY *(in extreme embarrassment, to the Commanders, who at ILLO's words give a sudden start, as preparing to resent them)*.

It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISOLANI *(with a bitter laugh)*.

Wine invents nothing: it only tattles.

ILLO.

He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso—

TERTSKY *(interrupting him)*.

He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

ILLO *(raising his voice to the highest pitch)*.

Unless they can slip out by a proviso.—What of the proviso! The devil take this proviso!

MAX. *(has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper)*.

What is there here then of such perilous import! You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

TERTSKY *(in a low voice to ILLO)*.

What are you doing, Illo! You are ruining us.

TIEFENBACH *(to KOLATTO)*.

Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

GOETZ.

Why, I seemed to think so too.

ISOLANI.

What do I care for that! Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

TIEFENBACH.

Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or short clause, concerning our duties to the Emperor.

BUTLER *(to one of the Commanders)*.

For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here! The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

ISOLANI *(to one of the Generals)*.

Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment!

TERTSKY *(to GOETZ)*.

Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

ILLO.

He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,—I am his man.

TIEFENBACH.

Softly, softly! 'T was but a word or two.

MAX. *(having read the paper gives it back)*.

Till to-morrow, therefore!

ILLO *(stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to MAX. with one hand, and his sword in the other)*.

Subscribe—Judas!

ISOLANI.

Out upon you, Illo!

OCTAVIO, TERTSKY, BUTLER *(all together)*.

Down with the sword!

MAX. *(rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to COUNT TERTSKY)*.

Take him off to bed.

[MAX. leaves the stage. ILLO cursing and raving is held back by some of the Officers, and amidst a universal confusion the Curtain drops.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in Piccolomini's Mansion.—It is Night.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A Valet de Chambre with Lights.*

OCTAVIO.

—And when my son comes in, conduct him
What is the hour ? [hither.

VALET.

'T is on the point of morning.

OCTAVIO.

Set down the light. We mean not to undress.
You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit Valet. OCTAVIO paces, musing, across the chamber; MAX. PICCOLOMINI enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.*

MAX.

Art thou offended with me ! Heaven knows
That odious business was no fault of mine.
'T is true, indeed, I saw thy signature,
What thou hadst sanction'd, should not, it might
seem,
Have come amiss to me. But—'t is my nature—
Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

OCTAVIO (*goes up to him and embraces him*).

Follow it,

O follow it still further, my best son !
To-night, dear boy ! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

MAX.

Declare thyself less darkly.

OCTAVIO.

I will do so.

For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[*Both seat themselves.*

Max. Piccolomini ! what thinkest thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures ?

MAX.

I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Although I love not these set declarations.

OCTAVIO.

And on no other ground hast thou refused
The signature they fain had wrested from thee ?

MAX.

It was a serious business—I was absent—
The affair itself seem'd not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion ?

MAX.

Suspicion ! what suspicion ? Not the least.

OCTAVIO.

Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini :
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

MAX.

I know not what thou meanest.

OCTAVIO.

I will tell thee.

Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villany ;

Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour !

MAX. (*rises*).

Octavio !

OCTAVIO.

Patience ! Seat yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to hear from me, friend !—hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is Treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom :
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

MAX.

My father !

Yet, ere thou speakest, a moment's pause of
If your disclosures should appear to be [thought !
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
They will be nothing further—spare them ! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.

The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted
With calm assurance—but I see the net [thee
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,
[*Fixing his eye steadfastly on his son's face.*
Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.

[*MAX. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground embarrassed.*

OCTAVIO (*after a pause*).

Know, then, they are duping thee !—a most foul
game

With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
The Duke even now is playing. He assumes
The mask, as if he would forsake the army ;
And in this moment makes his preparations
That army from the Emperor to steal,
And carry it over to the enemy !

MAX.

That low Priest's legend I know well, but did not
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

That mouth,
From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no Priest's legend.

MAX.

How mere a mania they supposed the Duke ;
What, he can meditate !—the Duke !—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thousand
Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,
More than a thousand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure
And make them all unanimous to do [them,
A deed that brands them scoundrels !

OCTAVIO.

Such a deed,

With such a front of infamy, the Duke
No ways desires—what he requires of us

Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.
And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it.
All parts of the Empire will he pacify,
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia !

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we should think so vilely of him ?

OCTAVIO.

What *we would* think is not the question here,
The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs !
Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
In what ill credit with the Court we stand.
But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp ! All hands are loosed—
Loosed all the bands, that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
Affectionately to the citizen.
Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles ;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitors' poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring—
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No ! from his own troops hide and hurry them !

MAX.

Cease, cease ! thou torturest, shatterest me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror ;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

OCTAVIO.

It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over ;
The subalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
To foreigners our strongholds are entrusted ;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up : to Tertaky
Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX.

Likewise to both of us.

OCTAVIO.

Because the Duke
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the princedom, Glatz
And Sagan ; and too plain I see the angel
With which he doubts not to catch *thee*.

MAX.

No ! no !

I tell thee—no !

OCTAVIO.

O open yet thine eyes !

And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us
Hither to Pilsen !—to avail himself
Of our advice !—O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice !—Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves as we called hither, and
Decline we that—to be his hostages.

Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof ;
Thy father, too, thou wouldst not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him fetter'd.

MAX.

He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us ; and 'tis but fair
That we too should do somewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.

And know'st thou what it is which we must do !
That Illo's drunken mood betray'd it to thee.
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen !
The counterfeited paper—the omission
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
To nothing good ?

MAX.

That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great men's interests ever use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
A faith so specious ; but I may not spare thee !
For this is not a time for tenderness.
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
I therefore will confess to thee, that all
Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee—(a pause)—Max. ! I
had it all
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I
had it.

MAX. (in excessive agitation).

No !—no !—never !

OCTAVIO.

Himself confided to me
What I, 'tis true, had long before discover'd
By other means—himself confided to me,
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes ;
And, at the head of the united armies,
Compel the Emperor—

MAX.

He is passionate,
The Court has stung him—he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts ; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself ! He's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me :
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he showed me
His written evidences—showed me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defined the amount.

MAX.

It cannot be !—can *not* be !—*can* not be !
Dost thou not see, it cannot !
Thou wouldst of necessity have shown him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had taken thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

OCTAVIO.

I have laid open my objections to him,
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness ;
But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment
Of my *whole* heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.

MAX.

And *thou* hast been
So treacherous ! That looks not like my father !
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him ; much less can I *now* do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

OCTAVIO.

I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

MAX.

Uprightness merited his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

MAX.

Disimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio !

OCTAVIO.

Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honour !

MAX.

That he did not, evinced his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart,
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men : e'en Virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms :
I but perform my orders ; the Emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obey'd the heart at all times ; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor ;
By what means he can best be served—the heart
May whisper what it will—this is our call !

MAX.

It seems a thing appointed, that to-day
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
The Duke, thou say'st, did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose ;
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
For a good purpose ! Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend, thou stealest not from me—
Let me not lose my father !

OCTAVIO (*suppressing resentment*).

As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee. [*After a pause.*]

Duke Friedland

Hath made his preparations. He relies
Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,
And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.
Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs,
We too have been in action—he but grasps
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious !

MAX.

O nothing rash, my sire ! By all that's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation !

OCTAVIO.

With light tread stole he on his evil way, [him.
And light tread hath Vengeance stolen on after
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp !
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
Thou know'st but his ostensible commission :
He brought with him a *private* one, my son !
And that was for me only.

MAX.

May I know it ?

OCTAVIO (*seizes the patent*).

Max !

[*A pause.*]

—In this disclosure place I in thy hands
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life:
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein :
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.
Thou nourishest the *wish*,—O let me still
Anticipate thy loitering confidence !
The *hope* thou nourishest to knit thyself
Yet closer to him—

MAX.

Father—

OCTAVIO.

O my son !

I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
Equally sure of thy collectedness ?
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
To enter this man's presence, when that I
Have trusted to thee his whole fate ?

MAX.

According

As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

[OCTAVIO takes a paper out of his escrutoire, and
gives it to him.]

MAX.

What ! how ! a full Imperial patent !

OCTAVIO.

Read it.

MAX. (*just glances on it*).

Duke Friedland sentenced and condemn'd !

OCTAVIO.

Even so.

MAX. (*throws down the paper*).

O this is too much ! O unhappy error !

OCTAVIO.

Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. (*after he has read further, with a look of
affright and astonishment on his father.*)

How ! what ! Thou ! thou !

OCTAVIO.

But for the present moment, till the King,
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assign'd to me.

MAX.

And think'st thou,

Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him !
O never hope it !—Father ! father ! father !
An inauspicious office is enjoin'd thee.
This paper here—this ! and wilt thou enforce it !
The mighty in the middle of his host,

Surrounded by his thousands, him wouldst thou
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all
OCTAVIO. [of us.

What hazard I incur thereby, I know.

In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The Emperor hath true servants still; and even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warn'd—the dangerous
Are closely watch'd. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately—

MAX.

What! on suspicion?

Immediately!

OCTAVIO.

The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displaced from office,
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
An honourable exile to his castles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step—

MAX.

What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily,
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly, permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly unforced
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of high-treason, without doubt or plea,
And that shall sentence him.

MAX.

But who the judge?

OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

OCTAVIO.

Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with us;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition,
Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced
marches

To the Bohemian forests. What this purports
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

MAX.

I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

OCTAVIO.

Is it possible! Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence!

MAX. (with enthusiasm).

Thy judgment may mistake; my heart can not.
[Moderates his voice and manner.

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes at once will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The Unapproachable glide out in splendour.

OCTAVIO.

I will await it.

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO and MAX. as before. To them the Valet of the
Chamber.

OCTAVIO.

How now, then?

VALET.

A despatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early! From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VALET.

That he refused to tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Lead him in:

And, hark you—let it not transpire.

[Exit Valet; the cornet steps in.

OCTAVIO.

Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas!
Give me your letters.

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general

Trusted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO.

And what is it?

CORNET.

He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

OCTAVIO.

My son knows all.

CORNET.

We have him.

OCTAVIO.

Whom?

CORNET.

Sesina,

The old negotiator.

OCTAVIO (eagerly).

And you have him?

CORNET.

In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand
Found and secured him yester morning early:
He was proceeding then to Regensburg,
And on him were despatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.

And the despatches—

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general

Sent them that instant to Vienna, and

The prisoner with them.

OCTAVIO.

This is, indeed, a tidings!

That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on
him!

CORNET.

I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.

OCTAVIO.

None in the Duke's own hand!

CORNET.

No; that I know.

OCTAVIO.

And old Sesina!

CORNET.

He was sorely frighten'd,
When it was told him he must to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession.

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Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard
That he lay sick at Linz.

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He's with my master, the Lieutenant-general,
At Frauenburg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men;
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.

In a few days may great events take place.
And when must you return?

CORNET.

I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.

Remain till evening.

Cornet signifies his assent and obedience, and is going.

No one saw you—ha!

CORNET.

No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.

Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself conceal'd
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall despatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.

[Exit Cornet.]

SCENE III.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear;
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

MAX. (*who through the whole of the foregoing scene
has been in a violent and visible struggle of feelings,
at length starts as one resolved*).

I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Where now!—Remain here.

MAX.

To the Duke.

OCTAVIO (*alarmed*).

What—

MAX. (*returning*).

If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play—

Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.

My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,

False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
With such low pleas as these:—"I ask him not—
He did it all at his own hazard—and
My mouth has never lied to him."—No, no!
What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended
Will I demand of him that he do save
His good name from the world, and with one stride
Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
He can, he will!—I still am his believer.
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.
How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded—
What may not he himself too have permitted
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
The laws of war excusing! Nothing, save
His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!
And face to face will I go question him.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt!

MAX.

I will, as sure as this heart beats.

OCTAVIO.

I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have bless'd the hand beneficent
That pluck'd him back from the abyss—and lo!
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty!—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of Heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprise, annihilates
My toilsome labours and state-policy.

MAX.

Ay—this state-policy? O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state-policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are determined that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll make him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, ye,—ye force him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starr'd, unluckiest catastrophe.
For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fix'd and mortised to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.

[During his exit the curtain drops.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room fitted up for astrological labours, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments.—Seven Colossal Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Colour on its Head, stand in a semi-circle in the Back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye.—The Remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on occasions.

[In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.]

WALLENSTEIN at a black Table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with Chalk. SENI is taking Observations through a window.

WALLENSTEIN.

All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come, The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour. We must give o'er the operation. Come, We know enough.

SENI.

Your Highness must permit me Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising: Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at present in her perigee, And shoots down now her strongest influences.

[Contemplating the figure on the table.]

Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Silly-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into my service that old mischief-founder:
For long he view'd me hostilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquer'd the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI (*who has come down from the window*).
And in a corner house, your Highness—think of that!

That makes each influence of double strength.

WALLENSTEIN.

And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the vehement—so I love it.
SOL is the heart, LUNA the head of heaven,
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.

And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficous affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.

WALLENSTEIN.

The empire of Saturnus is gone by;
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.

The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance,
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious posture
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

[There are knocks at the door.
There's some one knocking there. See who it is.]

TERTSKY (*from without*).

Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay—'t is Tertsky.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

TERTSKY (*from without*).

Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.
It suffers no delaying.

WALLENSTEIN.

Open, Seni!

[While SENI opens the door for TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN draws the curtain over the figures.]

TERTSKY (*enters*).

Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
Galas has given him up to the Emperor.

[SENI draws off the black table, and exits.]

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Who has been taken! Who is given up!

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The man who knows our secrets, who knows every
Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,
Through whose hands all and every thing has
pass'd—

WALLENSTEIN (*drawing back*).

Nay, not Sesina!—Say, No! I entreat thee.

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He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

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To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know

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ILLO (to TERTSKY).

Has he heard it ?

TERTSKY.

He has heard it.

ILLO (to WALLENSTEIN).

Thinkest thou still

To make thy peace with the Emperor, to regain His confidence !—E'en were it now thy wish To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know

What thou hast wish'd : then forwards thou must
Retreat is now no longer in thy power. [press ;

TERTSKY.

They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which show beyond all power of contradiction—

WALLENSTEIN.

Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.

ILLO.

And thou believest,
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning ?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna ?

TERTSKY.

In writing thou gavest nothing—But bethink thee,
How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth
With this Sesina ! And will he be silent ?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them ?

ILLO.

Thyself dost not conceive it possible ;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak !—tell us,
What art thou waiting for ? thou canst no longer
Keep thy command ; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

WALLENSTEIN.

In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO.

The army, Duke, is thine now—for this moment—
'T is thine : but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow ; but grant'st thou them a
respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after the other—

WALLENSTEIN.

'T is a cursed accident !

ILLO.

Oh ! I will call it a most blessed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision—
The Swedish General—

WALLENSTEIN.

He's arrived ! Know'st thou
What his commission is—

ILLO.

To thee alone
Will he entrust the purpose of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.

A cursed, cursed accident ! Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.

TERTSKY.

He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it ?
And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough—

WALLENSTEIN (*lost in thought*).

Their confidence is lost—irreparably !
And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me—

ILLO.

Ruin thee,
That it will do ! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deem'd the sole occasion—
WALLENSTEIN (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation*).

What ! I must realize it now in earnest,
Because I toy'd too freely with the thought ?
Accursed he who dallies with a devil !
And must I—I must realize it now—
Now, while I have the power, it must take place !

ILLO.

Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it !
WALLENSTEIN (*looking at the paper of signatures*).
I have the Generals' word—a written promise !
Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that ?

TERTSKY.

It was—he fancied—

ILLO.

Mere self-willedness.
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

WALLENSTEIN.

He is quite right—there needeth no such thing.
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the imperial orders.
The first step to revolt's already taken.

ILLO.

Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy
To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO (*eagerly to TERTSKY*).

Go, call him !
He stands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.

Stay !

Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me ;
'T is wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.

ILLO.

First hear him only,
And after weigh it. [Exit TERTSKY and ILLO.

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN (*in soliloquy*).

Is it possible ?

Is't so ! I can no longer what I would ?
No longer draw back at my liking ! I
Must do the deed, because I thought of it !
And fed this heart here with a dream ! Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,

Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open!
By the great God of Heaven! It was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me!
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty close beside me—but
One little step, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I mutter'd
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

[*Pauses and remains in deep thought.*]

A punishable man I seem; the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanour of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party.
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the coverings thick and double round
Been calm and chary of my utterance; [me,
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humours, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were not.
Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'er-flowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge—
So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Nought but a sudden rent can liberate me.

[*Pauses again.*]

How else! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct
Impell'd me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self-preservation, orders.
Stern is the On-look of Necessity,
Not without shudder may a human hand
Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom:
Once suffer'd to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place,
Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs
For ever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.

[*Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy.*]

What is thy enterprise! thy aim? thy object?
Hast honestly confess'd it to thyself?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou 'dst shake,
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fix'd to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That fear'd I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,

Who, full himself of courage, kindles courage
In me too. 'T is a foe invisible,
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being; that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday,
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 't was sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers! For time consecrates;
And what is grey with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

[*To the PAGE, who here enters.*]

The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.

[*The PAGE exits. WALLENSTEIN fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.*]

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN and WRANGEL.

WALLENSTEIN (*after having fixed a searching look on him.*)

Your name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL.

Gustave Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian Blues.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was a Wrangel
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of the opposition which that sea-port made.

WRANGEL.

It was the doing of the element [merit.
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom:
The sea and land, it seem'd, were not to serve
One and the same.

WALLENSTEIN (*makes the motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself.*)

And where are your credentials?
Come you provided with full powers, Sir General!

WRANGEL.

There are so many scruples yet to solve—

WALLENSTEIN (*having read the credentials.*)

An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
His late departed Sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

WRANGEL.

He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven,
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
Pro-eminent sense and military genius;
And always the commanding Intellect,
He said, should have command, and be the King.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, he *might* say it safely.—General Wrangel,
[*Taking his hand affectionately.*]

Come, fair and open.—Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Eh! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremberg;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back-door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

WRANGEL.

Confidence will come
Has each but only first security.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;
And, I confess—the gain does not lie wholly
To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks,
If I can play false with the Emperor,
Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like
With the enemy, and that *the one* too were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the *other*.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

WRANGEL.

I have here an office merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost:
I can no longer honourably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

WRANGEL.

That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forced to it. [After a pause.]

What may have impell'd

Your princely Highness in this wise to act
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
Beseems not us to expound or criticise.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
With his good sword and conscience. This con-
currence,

This opportunity, is in our favour,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning;
And if all have its due and just proportions——

WALLENSTEIN.

Of what then are ye doubting! Of my will?
Or of my power! I pledged me to the Chancellor,
Would he trust *me* with sixteen thousand men,
That I would instantly go over to them
With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

WRANGEL.

Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,
To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
How some years past, beyond all human faith,
You call'd an army forth, like a creation:
But yet——

WALLENSTEIN.

But yet?

WRANGEL.

But still the Chancellor thinks,
It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them——

WALLENSTEIN.

What now! Out with it, friend!

WRANGEL.

To break their oaths.

WALLENSTEIN.

And he thinks *so*?—He judges like a Swede,
And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
Fight for your Bible. You are interested
About the cause; and with your *hearts* you follow
Your banners.—Among *you*, whoe'er deserts
To the enemy, hath broken covenant [fancies.
With two Lords at one time.—We've no such

WRANGEL.

Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here
No house and home, no fire-side, no altar!

WALLENSTEIN.

I will explain that to you, how it stands:—
The Austrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,
And has good cause to love it—but this army,
That calls itself the Imperial, this that houses
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;
This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
Uncclaim'd by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing, except the universal sun.

WRANGEL.

But then the Nobles and the Officers?
Such a desertion, such a felony,
It is without example, my Lord Duke,
In the world's history.

WALLENSTEIN.

They are all mine——

Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.
Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

[He gives him the paper containing the written oath.

WRANGEL reads it through, and, having read it,
lays it on the table, remaining silent.

So then?

Now comprehend you?

WRANGEL.

Comprehend who can!

My Lord Duke; I will let the mask drop—yes!
I've full powers for a final settlement.
The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from
With fifteen thousand men, and only waits [here
For orders to proceed and join your army.
Those orders I give out, immediately
We're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

What asks the Chancellor?

WRANGEL (*considerately*).

Twelve regiments, every man a Swede—my head
The warranty—and all might prove at last
Only false play——

WALLENSTEIN (*starting*).

Sir Swede!

WRANGEL (*calmly proceeding*).

Am therefore forced

T' insist thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with the Emperor,
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come, brief, and open! What is the demand!

WRANGEL.

That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments
Attached to the Emperor, that he seize Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The strong pass Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is much indeed !
 Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!—
 I give you every security [T'won't do.
 Which you may ask of me in common reason—
 But Prague—Bohemia—these, sir General,
 I can myself protect.

WRANGEL.

We doubt it not.
 But 'tis not the protection that is now
 Our sole concern. We want security,
 That we shall not expend our men and money
 All to no purpose.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis but reasonable.

WRANGEL.

And till we are indemnified, so long
 Stays Prague in pledge.

WALLENSTEIN.

Then trust you us so little?

WRANGEL (*rising*).

The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,
 Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been call'd
 Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire
 From ruin—with our best blood have we sealed
 The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.
 But now already is the benefaction
 No longer felt, the load alone is felt.—
 Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
 As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
 And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
 Of money, home again to our old forests.
 No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was
 For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
 That we did leave our King by the Great Stone'.
 No, not for gold and silver have there bled
 So many of our Swedish Nobles—neither
 Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
 Hoist sail for our own country. *Citizens*
 Will we remain upon the soil, the which
 Our Monarch conquer'd for himself, and died.

WALLENSTEIN.

Help to keep down the common enemy,
 And the fair border land must needs be yours.

WRANGEL.

But when the common enemy lies vanquish'd,
 Who knits together our new friendship then?
 We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the
 Swede
 Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on
 Secret negotiations with the Saxons.
 Who is our warranty, that we are not
 The sacrifices in those articles
 Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WALLENSTEIN (*rises*).

Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
 Of Prague no more.

WRANGEL.

Here my commission ends.

WALLENSTEIN.

Surrender up to you my capital!
 Far liefer would I face about, and step
 Back to my Emperor.

¹ A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

WRANGEL.

If time yet permits—

WALLENSTEIN.

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRANGEL.

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer;
 No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.

[WALLENSTEIN is struck, and silenced.]

My lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you
 At present do mean honourably by us.
 Since *yesterday* we're sure of that—and now
 This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
 Stands in the way of our full confidence.
 Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor
 Contents himself with Albstadt; to your Grace
 He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.
 But Egra above all must open to us,
 Ere we can think of any junction.

WALLENSTEIN.

You,

You therefore must I trust, and you not me?
 I will consider of your proposition.

WRANGEL.

I must entreat, that your consideration
 Occupy not too long a time. Already
 Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke!
 Crept on into the second year. If nothing
 Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
 Consider it as broken off for ever.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye press me hard. A measure such as this,
 Ought to be *thought* of.

WRANGEL.

Ay! but think of this too,
 That sudden action only can procure it
 Success—think first of this, your Highness.

[Exit WRANGEL.]

SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, and ILLO (*re-enter*).

ILLO.

Is't all right?

TERTSKY.

Are you compromised?

ILLO.

This Swede

Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed)
 I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

TERTSKY.

How? What is that?

WALLENSTEIN.

Come on me what will come,

The doing evil to avoid an evil
 Cannot be good!

TERTSKY.

Nay, but bethink you, Duke.

WALLENSTEIN.

To live upon the mercy of these Swedes! [it.
 Of these proud-hearted Swedes!—I could not bear

ILLO.

Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
 Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

SCENE VII.

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who sent for you! There is no business here
For women.

COUNTESS.

I am come to bid you joy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Use thy authority, Tertsky; bid her go.

COUNTESS.

Come I perhaps too early! I hope not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you:
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me:
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.

COUNTESS.

I had already
Given the Bohemians a king.

WALLENSTEIN (*sarcastically*).

They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.

COUNTESS (*to the others*).

Ha! what new scruple?

TERTSKY.

The Duke will not.

COUNTESS.

He will not what he must!

ILLO.

It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
And of fidelity.

COUNTESS.

How! then, when all
Lay in the far-off distance, when the road
Stretch'd out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realised,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertain'd,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Plann'd merely, 't is a common felony;
Accomplish'd, an immortal undertaking:
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;
For all event is God's arbitrement.

SERVANT (*enters*).

The colonel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS (*hastily*).

—Must wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

I cannot see him now. Another time.

SERVANT.

But for two minutes he entreats an audience:
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who knows what he may bring us! I will hear him.

COUNTESS (*laughs*).

Urgent for him, no doubt? but thou mayst wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

COUNTESS.

Thou shalt be inform'd hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

[Exit Servant.]

WALLENSTEIN.

If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder
Way of escape were possible—I still
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

COUNTESS.

Desirest thou nothing further? Such a way
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
All thy past life; determine to commence
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,
Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

ILLO.

For that too 't is too late. They know too much;
He would but bear his own head to the block.

COUNTESS.

I fear not that. They have not evidence
To attain him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary
Makes his appearance, and 't will of itself
Be understood, that then the Duke retires.
There will not want a formal declaration:
The young King will administer the oath
To the whole army; and so all returns
To the old position. On some morrow morning
The Duke departs; and now 't is stir and bustle
Within his castles. He will hunt, and build;
Superintend his horses' pedigrees,
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
And introduceth strictest ceremony
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;
Keeps open table with high cheer: in brief,
Commenceeth mighty King—in miniature.
And while he prudently demeanes himself,
And gives himself no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes:
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty Prince to his last dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others,
A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised
To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favour,
Which with an undistinguishable ease
Makes Baron or makes Prince.

WALLENSTEIN (*in extreme agitation*).

Take her away.

Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUNTESS.

Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such an height
To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil;
But to become a nothing, having been —

WALLENSTEIN (*starts up in violent agitation*).

Show me a way out of this stifling crowd,
Ye powers of Aidance! Show me such a way
As I am capable of going.—I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;
I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me,

Magnanimously : " Go ; I need thee not."
 Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
 Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
 If so I may avoid the last extreme ;
 But ere I sink down into nothingness,
 Leave off so little, who began so great,
 Ere that the world confuses me with those
 Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
 This age and after ages' speak my name
 With hate and dread ; and Friedland be redemp-
 For each accursed deed ! [tion

COUNTESS.

What is there here, then,
 So against nature ! Help me to perceive it !
 O let not Superstition's nightly goblins
 Subdue thy clear bright spirit ! Art thou bid
 To murder !—with abhorr'd accursed poniard,
 To violate the breasts that nourish'd thee !
 That *were* against our nature, that might aptly
 Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken².
 Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
 Have ventured even this, ay, and perform'd it.
 What is there in thy case so black and monstrous !
 Thou art accused of treason—whether with
 Or without justice is not now the question—
 Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
 Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland !
Duke !

Tell me where lives that thing so meek and tame,
 That doth not all his living faculties
 Put forth in preservation of his life !
 What deed so daring, which necessity
 And desperation will not sanctify !

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me :
 He loved me ; he esteem'd me ; I was placed
 The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
 We like familiar friends, both at one table,
 Have banqueted together. He and I—
 And the young kings themselves held me the bason
 Wherewith to wash me—and is 't come to this !

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preservest thou each small favour,
 And hast no memory for contumelies !
 Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg
 This man repaid thy faithful services !
 All ranks and all conditions in the empire
 Thou hadst wrong'd, to make him great,—hadst
 loaded on thee,
 On *thee*, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
 No friend existed for thee in all Germany,
 And why ? because thou hadst existed only
 For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone
 Clung Friedland in that storm which gather'd
 round him
 At Regensburg in the Diet—and he dropp'd thee !
 He let thee fall ! he let thee fall a victim
 To the Bavarian, to that insolent !
 Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity
 And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,

¹ Could I have hazarded such a Germanism, as the use
 of the word *after-world*, for posterity,—“ *Ea sprecho Welt*
 und *Nachwelt* meinen Namen”—might have been rendered
 with more literal fidelity :—Let world and after-
 world speak out my name, etc.

² I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy
 of our age with a literal translation of this line,

worth
 Die Eingeweide schauernd aufzuregen.

Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—
 Say not, the restoration of thy honour
 Has made atonement for that first injustice.
 No honest good-will was it that replaced thee ;
 The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
 Which they had fain opposed, but that they could
 [not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
 Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
 For this high office ; and if I abuse it,
 I shall therein abuse no confidence.

COUNTESS.

Affection ! confidence !—they *needed* thee.
 Necessity, impetuous remonstrant !
 Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
 Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol
 Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
 And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though
 She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
 She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee
 In this high office ; it was she that gave thee
 Thy letters patent of inauguration.
 For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
 This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
 With slavish souls, with puppets ! At the approach
 Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
 Is found a hollow image and no more,
 Then falls the power into the mighty hands
 Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,
 Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
 Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
 And, like the emancipated force of fire,
 Unmaster'd scorches, ere it reaches them,
 Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

WALLENSTEIN.

'T is true ! they saw me always as I am—
 Always ! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
 I never held it worth my pains to hide
 The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

COUNTESS.

Nay rather—thou hast ever shown thyself
 A formidable man, without restraint ;
 Hast exercised the full prerogatives
 Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
 Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*
 Who hast still remain'd consistent with thyself,
 But *they* are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
 Entrusted such a power in hand they fear'd.
 For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right
 Is every individual character
 That acts in strict consistence with itself.
 Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
 Wert thou another being, then, when thou
 Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire,
 And sword, and desolation, through the Circles
 Of Germany, the universal scourge,
 Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
 The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
 Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
 All to extend thy Sultan's domination !
 Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
 Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
 But no, the Emperor felt no touch of conscience ;
 What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
 He stamp'd his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
 What at that time was right, because thou didst it
 For *him*, to day is all at once become
 Opprobrious, foul because it is directed
 Against *him*.—O most flimsy superstition !

WALLENSTEIN (*rising*).

I never saw it in this light before,
'T is even so. The Emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderedly.
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanors 'gainst the empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (confess it Friedland!)
The point can be no more of right and duty,
Only of power and the opportunity.
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes;
It is already here, when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry
courses

Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose?
The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings!

[*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*]

The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed
These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
That even to thyself it doth avail
Nothing, and has no influence over thee
In the great moment of decision?—

WALLENSTEIN (*during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passion; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the Countess*).

Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly
Despatch three couriers—

ILLO (*hurrying out*).

God in heaven be praised!

WALLENSTEIN.

It is *his* evil genius and *mine*.
Our evil genius! It chastises *him*
Through me, the instrument of his ambition;
And I expect no less, than that Revenge
E'en now is whetting for *my* breast the poniard.
Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.
He can no longer trust me—Then no longer
Can I retreat—so come that which must come.—
Still destiny preserves its due relations,
The heart within us is its absolute
Vicegerent.

[*To TERTSKY.*]

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to
The couriers.—And despatch immediately
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[*To the Countess, who cannot conceal her triumph.*]

No exultation! woman, triumph not!
For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.
Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,
Encroach upon their rights and privileges.
We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

[*While he is making his exit the curtain drops.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Scene, as in the preceding Act.

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

WALLENSTEIN (*coming forward in conversation*).

He sends me word from Linz, that he lies sick;
But I have sure intelligence, that he
Secretes himself at Frauenburg with Galas.
Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
Remember, thou takest on thee the command
Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
Make preparation, and be never ready;
And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
Still answer YES, and stand as thou wert fetter'd.
I know, that it is doing thee a service
To keep thee out of action in this business.
Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances;
Steps of extremity are not thy province,
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
What is to do.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Now go, Octavio.

This night must thou be off, take my own horses:
Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—

Trust me, I think we all shall meet again
In joy and thriving fortunes.

OCTAVIO (*to his son*).

I shall see you

Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*advances to him*).

My General!

WALLENSTEIN.

That am I no longer, if
Thou stylest thyself the Emperor's officer.

MAX.

Then thou wilt leave the army, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

MAX.

And thou wilt leave the army!

WALLENSTEIN.

Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me.

[*He seats himself.*]

Yes, Max., I have delay'd to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily

The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof ;
But where it happens, that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favour.
—This is now present : do not look behind thee,—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards !
Think not ! judge not ! prepare thyself to act !
The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are
And our good friends. [they,

[He stops himself, expecting PICCOLOMINI's answer.
I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[He rises, and retires at the back of the stage. MAX.
remains for a long time motionless, in a trance
of excessive anguish. At his first motion WAL-
LENSTEIN returns, and places himself before him.

MAX.

My General, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I follow'd
With most implicit unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I follow'd thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to day ;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

MAX.

War ! is that the name !

War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence.
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army !
O God of heaven ! what a change is this.
Becoms it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fix'd star of the pole
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean !
O ! what a rent thou makest in my heart !
The ingrain'd instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obedience,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name !
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was as a god looking at me !
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed :
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max. hear me.

MAX.

O ! do it not, I pray thee, do it not !
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,

It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-aving aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone,
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WALLENSTEIN.

The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
The extreme, can he by going round avoid it !
But here there is no choice. Yea—I must use
Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX.

O that is never possible for thee !
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name
Is their poor saving, their last worthless keep,
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
And glorious ; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems
But he, who once hath acted infamy, [highest !
Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN (*grasps his hand*).

Calmly, Max. !

Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All, that the powers divine
Send from above, are universal blessings :
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enrich'd by them :
In their eternal realm no property
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light.
Not without sacrifices are they render'd
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

MAX.

Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
The excess of action ; but to thee, my General !
Above all others make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then ! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel :
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the traitor—yes !—the word
Is spoken out—

Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.

That is no mere excess ! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly doing,
O that is black, black as the pit of hell !

[WALLENSTEIN betrays a sudden agitation.
Thou canst not hear it named, and wilt thou do it !

O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna :
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke ! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late. Thou knowest not what has happen'd.

MAX.

Were it too late, and were things gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall ! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st,
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late ! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[MAX. stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. Thou—no—thou canst not forsake me !
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had deliver'd to him !
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarm'd myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit ;
Give me his luck, that other thing I'll bear.

[MAX. quits him abruptly. WALLENSTEIN, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when TERTSKY enters.

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Max. Piccolomini just left you ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is Wrangel ?

TERTSKY.

He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN.

In such a hurry ?

TERTSKY.

It is as if the earth had swallow'd him.
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
I wish'd some words with him—but he was gone.
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,
I half believe it was the devil himself ;
A human creature could not so at once
Have vanish'd.

ILLO (enters).

Is it true that thou wilt send

Octavio !

TERTSKY.

How, Octavio ! Whither send him !

WALLENSTEIN.

He goes to Frauenburg, and will lead hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.

ILLO.

No !

Nay, Heaven forbid !

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should Heaven forbid !

ILLO.

Him !—that deceiver ! Wouldst thou trust to him
The soldiery ! Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now, in the very instant that decides us—

TERTSKY.

Thou wilt not do this !—No ! I pray thee, no !

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye are whimsical.

ILLO.

O but for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning ! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should I not trust him only this time,
Who have always trusted him ? What, then, has
happen'd,

That I should lose my good opinion of him ?
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trust'd him
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TERTSKY.

Must it be he—he only ? Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It must be he, whom I myself have chosen ;
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.

ILLO.

Because he's an Italian—

Therefore is he well fitted for the business !

WALLENSTEIN.

I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns !
Are they the worse to me because you hate them ?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings ;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.

Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN.

It happen'd with my knowledge and permission.

ILLO.

I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas—

WALLENSTEIN.

That's not true.

ILLO.

O thou art blind,

With thy deep-seeing eyes !

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not shake

My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If't is false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false ;
For know, I have a pledge from Fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO.

Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false ?

WALLENSTEIN.

There exist moments in the life of man,
 When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
 Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
 The power of questioning his destiny :
 And such a moment 't was, when in the night
 Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
 Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
 I look'd out far upon the ominous plain.
 My whole life, past and future, in this moment
 Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
 And to the destiny of the next morning
 The spirit, fill'd with anxious presentiment,
 Did knit the most removed futurity.
 Then said I also to myself, "So many
 Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,
 And as on some great number set their All
 Upon thy single head, and only man
 The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
 Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter
 All these in many a several direction :
 Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."
 I yearn'd to know which one was faithfullest
 Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,
 Give me a sign ! And he shall be the man,
 Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
 To meet me with a token of his love :
 And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
 Then midmost in the battle was I led
 In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult !
 Then was my horse kill'd under me : I sank ;
 And over me away all unconcernedly,
 Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
 I lay, and panted like a dying man ;
 Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm :
 It was Octavio's—I awoke at once,
 'T was broad day, and Octavio stood before me.
 "My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day
 The dapple, as you're wont ; but mount the horse
 Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother !
 In love to me. A strong dream warn'd me so."
 It was the swiftness of this horse that snatch'd me
 From the hot pursuit of Banner's dragoons.
 My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
 And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN (*significantly*).

There's no such thing as chance.
 In brief, 't is sign'd and seal'd that this Octavio
 Is my good angel—and now no word more.

[*He is retiring.*]

TERTSKY.

This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

ILLO.

And he shall never stir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN (*stops and turns himself round*).
 Are ye not like the women, who for ever
 Only recur to their first word, although
 One had been talking reason by the hour !
 Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
 Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.
 The inner world, his microcosmos, is
 The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.
 They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
 No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
 Have I the human kernel first examined ?
 Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.

*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Dwelling-House.*OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, *entering*.

ISOLANI.

Here am I—Well ! who comes yet of the others !

OCTAVIO (*with an air of mystery*).

But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI (*assuming the same air of mystery*).

Will it explode, ha !—Is the Duke about
 To make the attempt ! In me, friend, you may place
 Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.

That may happen.

ISOLANI.

Noble brother, I am

Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
 And when it comes to action skulk away.
 The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.
 God knows it is so ; and I owe him all—
 He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen hereafter.

ISOLANI.

Be on your guard,

All think not as I think ; and there are many
 Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
 That those stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced to hear it.

ISOLANI.

You rejoice !

OCTAVIO.

That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants,
 And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.

They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am assured already. God forbid
 That I should jest !—In very serious earnest,
 I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
 So strong.

ISOLANI.

The Devil !—what !—why, what means this !
 Are you not, then—For what, then, am I here !

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether
 You will be call'd the friend or enemy
 Of the Emperor.

ISOLANI (*with an air of defiance*).

That declaration, friend,

I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
 To put that question to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether, Count,

That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISOLANI (*stammering*).

Why,—why,—what ! this is the Emperor's hand
 and seal !

[*Reads.*]

"Whereas, the officers collectively
 Throughout our army will obey the orders
 Of the Lieutenant-general Piccolomini.

As from us ourselves."—*Hem!*—Yes! so!—

Yes! yes!—

I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

And you submit you to the order!

ISOLANI.

I—

But you have taken me so by surprise—

Time for reflection one *must* have—

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes.

ISOLANI.

My God! But then the case is—

OCTAVIO.

Plain and simple.

You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

ISOLANI.

Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of
treason?

OCTAVIO.

That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy [full—
The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and
Say, will you break your oath to the Emperor?
Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?

ISOLANI.

What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,
To his Imperial Majesty?

Did I say so!—When, when have I said that?

OCTAVIO.

You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you *will* say it.

ISOLANI.

Ay! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

And you renounce the Duke then?

ISOLANI.

If he's planning

Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCTAVIO.

And are determined, too, to fight against him?

ISOLANI.

He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubb'd off.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced that you are so well disposed.
This night, break off in the utmost secrecy
With all the light-arm'd troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.
At Frauenburg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.

ISOLANI.

It shall be done.—But you'll remember me
With the Emperor—how well-disposed you found
me.

OCTAVIO.

I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[Exit ISOLANI. A Servant enters.

What, Colonel Butler!—Show him up.

ISOLANI (returning).

Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.

OCTAVIO.

No excuses!

ISOLANI.

I am a merry lad, and if at time
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the Court
Amidst my wine—You know no harm was meant.
[Exit.

OCTAVIO.

You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us
With all the others only but as much.

SCENE V.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

BUTLER.

At your command Lieutenant-general.

OCTAVIO.

Welcome, as honour'd friend and visitor.

BUTLER.

You do me too much honour.

OCTAVIO (after both have seated themselves).

You have not [day—
Return'd the advances which I made you yester—
Misunderstood them as mere empty forms.
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.

BUTLER.

'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCTAVIO.

True! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track. [Galas
You came through Frauenburg. Did the Count
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

BUTLER.

His words were lost on me.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me sorely,
To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.

BUTLER.

Spare

Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious—let us talk openly.
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
Meditates treason—I can tell you further
He has committed treason; but few hours
Have past, since he a covenant concluded
With the enemy. The messengers are now
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
To-morrow he intends to lead us over
To the enemy. But he deceives himself;
For Prudence wakes—The Emperor has still
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
In closest union, mighty though unseen.
This manifesto sentences the Duke—
Recalls the obedience of the army from him,
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
To join and recognize in me their leader.

Choose—will you share with us an honest cause!
Or with the evil share an evil lot.

BUTLER (*risés*).

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

Is that your last resolve?

BUTLER.

It is.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
That rashly utter'd word remains interr'd.
Recall it, Butler! choose a better party:
You have not chosen the right one.

BUTLER (*going*).

Any other

Commands—for me, Lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

See your white hairs: Recall that word!

BUTLER.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

What! Would you draw this good and gallant
In such a cause? Into a curse would you [sword]
Transform the gratitude which you have earn'd
By forty years' fidelity from Austria!

BUTLER (*laughing with bitterness*).

Gratitude from the House of Austria. [*He is going.*
OCTAVIO (*permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him*).

Butler!

BUTLER.

What wish you?

OCTAVIO.

How was't with the Count?

BUTLER.

Count! what?

OCTAVIO (*coldly*).

The title that you wish'd, I mean.

BUTLER (*starts in sudden passion*).
Hell and damnation!

OCTAVIO (*coldly*).

You petition'd for it—

And your petition was repell'd—Was it so?

BUTLER.

Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunish'd.
Draw!

OCTAVIO.

Nay! your sword to 't's sheath! and tell me calmly,
How all that happen'd. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!

BUTLER.

Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness
For which I never can forgive myself.
Lieutenant-general! Yes—I have ambition.
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.
It stung me to the quick, that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in the army.
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,
So in an evil hour I let myself
Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!
But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.
It might have been refused; but wherefore barb
And venom the refusal with contempt?
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn
The grey-hair'd man, the faithful veteran?

Why to the baseness of his parentage
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm
Which wanton Power treads on in sport and insult.

OCTAVIO.

You must have been calumniated. Guess you
The enemy who did you this ill service!

BUTLER.

Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earn'd honours!

OCTAVIO.

But tell me! did the Duke approve that measure?

BUTLER.

Himself impell'd me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

OCTAVIO.

Ay! are you sure of that?

BUTLER.

I read the letter.

OCTAVIO.

And so did I—but the contents were different.

[BUTLER is suddenly struck.

By chance I'm in possession of that letter—
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

[He gives him the letter.

BUTLER.

Ha! what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler,

An infamous game have they been playing with
you.

The Duke, you say, impell'd you to this measure?
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
Concerning you, counsels the minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
For so he calls it.

[BUTLER reads through the letter, his knees tremble,
he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.

You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you received to the Duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wish'd
To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you, as means of most abandon'd ends.
He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!

BUTLER (*his voice trembling*).

Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me!

OCTAVIO.

More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustain'd by a deserving, gallant veteran.
From his free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.
The regiment, which you now command, is your's.

[BUTLER attempts to rise, sinks down again. He
labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to
speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword
from the belt, and offers it to Piccolomini.

OCTAVIO.

What wish you! Recollect yourself, friend.

BUTLER.

Take it.

OCTAVIO.

But to what purpose! Calm yourself.

BUTLER.

O take it!

I am no longer worthy of this sword.

OCTAVIO.

Receive it then anew from my hands—and
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

BUTLER.

—Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!

OCTAVIO.

You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the
Duke!

BUTLER.

Break off from him!

OCTAVIO.

What now! Bethink thyself.

BUTLER (*no longer governing his emotion*).

Only break off from him! He dies! he dies!

OCTAVIO.

Come after me to Frauenburg, where now
All who are loyal, are assembling under
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty:
This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen.BUTLER (*strides up and down in excessive agitation,
then steps up to OCTAVIO with resolved counte-
nance*).Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth.

OCTAVIO.

He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.

BUTLER.

Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!

OCTAVIO.

What's your design?

BUTLER.

Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.

I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding!

BUTLER.

That the deed will tell you.

Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.
Ye may trust safely. By the living God
Ye give him over, not to his good angel!
Farewell.

[Exit BUTLER.]

SERVANT (*enters with a billet*).

A stranger left it, and is gone.

The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below.

[Exit SERVANT.]

OCTAVIO (*reads*)."Be sure make haste! Your faithful Isolan."
—O that I had but left this town behind me.
To split upon a rock so near the haven!—
Away! This is no longer a safe place for me!
Where can my son be tarrying!

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. *enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.*OCTAVIO (*advances to him*).

I am going off, my son.

[Receiving no answer, he takes his hand.]

My son, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt soon follow me!

MAX.

I follow thee!

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

[OCTAVIO drops his hand, and starts back.]

O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.
He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
The virtuous had retain'd their influence o'er him:
He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice
Didst creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?
O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!
Thou misery-making demon, it is thou
That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,
Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!
Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee!
Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully!
But thou hast acted not much better.

OCTAVIO.

Son!

My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

MAX. (*rises, and contemplates his father with looks
of suspicion*).Was't possible? Hadst thou the heart, my father,
Hadst thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
With cold pre-meditated purpose? Thou—
Hadst thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,
Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.
Octavio, 'twill not please me.

OCTAVIO.

God in Heaven!

MAX.

O, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.
How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all
Lied to me, all that I e'er loved or honour'd.
No! no! not all! She—she yet lives for me,
And she is true, and open as the Heavens!
Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy,
Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:
The single holy spot is our love,
The only unprofaned in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max!—we will go together. 'Twill be better.

MAX.

What! ere I've taken a last parting leave,
The very last—no never!

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself
The pang of necessary separation.
Come with me! Come, my son!
[Attempts to take him with him.]

MAX.

No! as sure as God lives, no!

OCTAVIO *(more urgently)*.

Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max! In the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No Emperor has power to prescribe *[me]*
Laws to the heart; and wouldst thou wish to rob
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
Her sympathy! Must then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty! The unalterable
Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,
With stealthy coward flight forsake her! No!
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
Hear the complaints of the disparted soul,
And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race
Have steeley souls—but she is as an angel.
From the black deadly madness of despair
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt not tear thyself away; thou canst not.
O, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.

MAX.

Squander not thou thy words in vain.
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

OCTAVIO *(trembling, and losing all self-command)*.

Max! Max! if that most damned thing could be,
If thou—my son—my own blood—*(dare I think it?)*
Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

MAX.

O hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curs't suspicion!
Unholy miserable doubt! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrench'd and firm,
Who has no faith.

OCTAVIO.

And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

MAX.

The heart's voice *thou* hast not o'erpower'd—as
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it. *[little]*

OCTAVIO.

O, Max! I see thee never more again!

MAX.

Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

OCTAVIO.

I go to Frauenburg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Toskana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

MAX.

Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

OCTAVIO.

Farewell, my son!

MAX.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

How! not one look
Of filial love! No grasp of the hand at parting?
It is a bloody war to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So used we not to part—it was not so!
Is it then true! I have a son no longer!

*[MAX. falls into his arms, they hold each other for
a long time in a speechless embrace, then go
away at different sides.]*

(The curtain drops.)

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years' War.*
 DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*
 THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*
 THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*
 LADY NEUBRUNN.
 OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant General.*
 MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*
 COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.*
 ILLO, *Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*
 BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

GORDON, *Governor of Egra.*
 MAJOR GERALDIN.
 CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.
 CAPTAIN MACDONALD.
 NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky.*
 SWEDISH CAPTAIN.
 SENI.
 BURGOMASTER of Egra.
 ANSPRESSADE of the Cuirassiers.
 GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, } *Belonging to the Duke.*
 A PAGE, }
 Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Servants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in the House of the Duchess of Friedland.

COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN (*the two latter sit at the same table at work*).

COUNTESS (*watching them from the opposite side*).
 So you have nothing to ask me—nothing!
 I have been waiting for a word from you.
 And could you then endure in all this time
 Not once to speak his name!

[THEKLA remaining silent, the COUNTESS rises and advances to her.

Why, how comes this!

Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,
 And other ways exist, besides through me!
 Confess it to me, Thekla: have you seen him!

THEKLA.

To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUNTESS.

And not heard from him, either! Come, be open.

THEKLA.

No syllable.

COUNTESS.

And still you are so calm!

THEKLA.

I am.

COUNTESS.

May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn.

[Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.]

SCENE II.

THE COUNTESS, THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

It does not please me, Princess, that he holds
 Himself so still, exactly at *this* time.

THEKLA.

Exactly at *this* time!

COUNTESS.

He now knows all:

'Twere now the moment to declare himself.

THEKLA.

If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

COUNTESS.

'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.
 Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart
 Is now no more in nonage: for you love,
 And boldness dwells with love—that *you* have
 proved.

Your nature moulds itself upon your father's
 More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may
 you
 Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.

THEKLA.

Enough: no further preface, I entreat you.
 At once, out with it! Be it what it may,
 It is not possible that it should torture me
 More than this introduction. What have you
 To say to me? Tell me the whole, and briefly!

COUNTESS.

You'll not be frighten'd—

THEKLA.

Name it, I entreat you.

COUNTESS.

It lies within your power to do your father
A weighty service—

THEKLA.

Lies within my power !

COUNTESS.

Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indissolubly to your father.

THEKLA.

I !

What need of me for that ? And is he not
Already link'd to him ?

COUNTESS.

He was.

THEKLA.

And wherefore

Should he not be so now—not be so always ?

COUNTESS.

He cleaves to the Emperor too.

THEKLA.

Not more than duty

And honour may demand of him.

COUNTESS.

We ask

Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.
Duty and honour !

Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You should interpret them for him : his love
Should be the sole definer of his honour.

THEKLA.

How !

COUNTESS.

The Emperor or you must he renounce.

THEKLA.

He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himself you heard,
How much he wish'd to lay aside the sword.

COUNTESS.

He must *not* lay the sword aside, we mean ;
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.

THEKLA.

He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
His life, his heart's-blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.

COUNTESS.

You will not understand me. Well, hear then :—
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery—

THEKLA.

Alas, my mother !

COUNTESS.

There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops ;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.

Ah,

My miserable mother ! what a death-stroke
Awaits thee !—No ! she never will survive it.

COUNTESS.

She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother
The far-off future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety ; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

THEKLA.

O my foreboding bosom ! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror !
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp ;
I knew it well—no sooner had I enter'd,
An heavy ominous presentiment
Reveal'd to me, that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
First of myself ! My mother ! O my mother !

COUNTESS.

Calm yourself ! Break not out in vain lamenting !
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.

Prove good ! What good !

Must we not part ?—part ne'er to meet again ?

COUNTESS.

He parts not from you ! He can not part from you.

THEKLA.

Alas for his sore anguish ! It will rend
His heart asunder.

COUNTESS.

If indeed he loves you,

His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEKLA.

His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that ! A resolution !
Does there remain one to be taken ?

COUNTESS.

Hush !

Collect yourself ! I hear your mother coming.

THEKLA.

How shall I bear to see her ?

COUNTESS.

Collect yourself.

SCENE III.

To them enter the DUCHESS.

DUCHESS (to the COUNTESS).

Who was here, sister ! I heard some one talking,
And passionately too.

COUNTESS.

Nay ! There was no one.

DUCHESS.

I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And you can tell me, sister, what the event is !
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send the horse-regiments to the Cardinal ?
Tell me, has he dismiss'd Von Querstenberg
With a favourable answer ?

COUNTESS.

No, he has not.

DUCHESS.

Alas ! then all is lost ! I see it coming,
The worst that can come ! Yes, they will depose
him ;
The accursed business of the Regensburg diet
Will all be acted o'er again !

COUNTESS.

No ! never !
Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

[THEKLA, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon
her mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.]

DUCHESS.

Yes, my poor child !
Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother
In the Empress. O that stern unbending man !
In this unhappy marriage what have I
Not suffer'd, not endured ! For even as if
I had been link'd on to some wheel of fire
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
I have pass'd a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of some abyss
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.
Nay, do not weep, my child ! Let not my sufferings
Presignify unhappiness to thee,
Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits
thee.
There lives no second Friedland : thou, my child,
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

THEKLA.

O let us supplicate him, dearest mother !
Quick ! quick ! here's no abiding-place for us.
Here every coming hour broods into life
Some new affrightful monster.

DUCHESS.

Thou wilt share
An easier, calmer lot, my child ! We too,
I and thy father, witness'd happy days.
Still think I with delight of those first years,
When he was making progress with glad effort,
When his ambition was a genial fire,
Not that consuming flame which now it is.
The Emperor loved him, trusted him : and all
He undertook could not but be successful.
But since that ill-starr'd day at Regensburg,
Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,
A gloomy uncompanionable spirit,
Unsteady and suspicious, has possess'd him.
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith
To his old luck, and individual power ;
But thenceforth turn'd his heart and best affections
All to those cloudy sciences, which never
Have yet made happy him who follow'd them.

COUNTESS.

You see it, sister ! as your eyes permit you.
But surely this is not the conversation
To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.
You know he will be soon here. Would you have
Find *her* in this condition ! [him]

DUCHESS.

Come, my child !
Come wipe away thy tears, and show thy father
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevell'd.
Come, dearest ! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye.—Well now—what was I saying ?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

COUNTESS.

That is he, sister !

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS, with marks of great
oppression of spirits*).
Aunt, you will excuse me ! (*Is going.*)

COUNTESS.

But whither ! See, your father comes.

THEKLA.

I cannot see him now.

COUNTESS.

Nay, but bethink you.

THEKLA.

Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

COUNTESS.

But he will miss you, will ask after you.

DUCHESS.

What now ! Why is she going ?

COUNTESS.

She's not well.

DUCHESS (*anxiously*).

What ails then my beloved child !

[Both follow the PRINCESS, and endeavour to detain
her. During this WALLENSTEIN appears, engaged
in conversation with ILLO]

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the camp !

ILLO.

It is all quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
With tidings, that this capital is ours.
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
Assembled in this town make known the measure
And its result together. In such cases
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us ; and in Pilsen
They shall swear fealty to us, because
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself !

ILLO.

At his own bidding, unsolicited,
He came to offer you himself and regiment.

WALLENSTEIN.

I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listen'd to in the heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying Spirit counterfeit
The voice of Truth and inward Revelation,
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I
To intreat forgiveness, for that secretly
I've wrong'd this honourable gallant man,
This Butler : for a feeling, of the which
I am not master (*fear I would not call it*),
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.

And this same man, against whom I am warn'd,
This honest man is he, who reaches to me
The first pledge of my fortune.

ILLO.

And doubt not
That his example will win over to you
The best men in the army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go and send
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
He is under recent obligations to me :
With him will I commence the trial. Go.

[Exit ILLO.]

WALLENSTEIN (*turns himself round to the females*).
Lo, there the mother with the darling daughter :
For once we 'll have an interval of rest—
Come ! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
In the beloved circle of my family.

COUNTESS.

'T is long since we've been thus together, brother.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the COUNTESS aside*).

Can she sustain the news ! Is she prepared !

COUNTESS.

Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come here, my sweet girl ! Seat thee by me,
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill ;
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice
Will drive away from me the evil demon
That beats his black wings close above my head.

DUCHESS.

Where is thy lute, my daughter ? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

THEKLA.

My mother !

I—

DUCHESS.

Trembling ! Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.

THEKLA.

O my mother ! I—I cannot.

COUNTESS.

How, what is that, niece ?

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS*).

O spare me—sing—now—in this sore anxiety,
Of the o'erburthen'd soul—to sing to him,
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave.

DUCHESS.

How, Thekla ! Humoursome !

What ! shall thy father have express'd a wish
In vain !

COUNTESS.

Here is the lute.

THEKLA.

My God ! how can I—

[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello THEKLA expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings ; and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*]

DUCHESS.

My child ! O she is ill—

WALLENSTEIN.

What ails the maiden !

Say, is she often so !

COUNTESS.

Since then herself
Has now betray'd it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.

WALLENSTEIN.

What !

COUNTESS.

She loves him !

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves him ! Whom !

COUNTESS.

Max. does she love ! Max. Piccolomini
Hast thou ne'er noticed it ! Nor yet my sister !

DUCHESS.

Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart !
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child ! Thou
need'st

Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

COUNTESS.

This journey, if't were not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou shouldst have chosen
To have attended her. [another]

WALLENSTEIN.

And does he know it !

COUNTESS.

Yes, and he hopes to win her.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hopes to win her !

Is the boy mad !

COUNTESS.

Well—hear it from themselves.

WALLENSTEIN.

He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter !
Ay !—The thought pleases me.
The young man has no grovelling spirit.

COUNTESS.

Since

Such and such constant favour you have shown him.

WALLENSTEIN.

He chuses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth ; yea, honour him.
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband !
Is it daughters only ! Is it only children
That we must show our favour by !

DUCHESS.

His noble disposition and his manners—

WALLENSTEIN.

Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

DUCHESS.

Then

His rank, his ancestors—

WALLENSTEIN.

Ancestors ! What !

He is a subject, and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

DUCHESS.

O dearest Albrecht ! Climb we not too high,
Lest we should fall too low.

WALLENSTEIN.

What ! have I paid

A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In Life's great drama, with a common kinsman ?
Have I for this—

[Stops suddenly, repressing himself.]

She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth ;
And I will see a crown around her head,
Or die in the attempt to place it there.
I hazard all—all ! and for this alone,
To lift her into greatness—
Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking—

[He recalls himself.]

And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,
Couple together in good peasant-fashion
The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—
And I must do it now, even now, when I
Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine
My full accomplish'd work—no ! she is the jewel,
Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me
For less than a king's sceptre.

DUCHESS.

O my husband !

You're ever building, building to the clouds,
Still building higher, and still higher building,
And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis
Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

WALLENSTEIN *(to the COUNTESS)*.

Have you announced the place of residence
Which I have destined for her ?

COUNTESS.

No ! not yet.

'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

DUCHESS.

How ! Do we not return to Karn then ?

WALLENSTEIN.

No.

DUCHESS.

And to no other of your lands or seats ?

WALLENSTEIN.

You would not be secure there.

DUCHESS.

Not secure

In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's
Protection !

WALLENSTEIN.

Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope *that*.

DUCHESS.

O God in heaven !

And have you brought it even to this !

WALLENSTEIN.

In Holland

You'll find protection.

DUCHESS.

In a Lutheran country ?

What ! And you send us into Lutheran countries !

WALLENSTEIN.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

DUCHESS.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg !

The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

DUCHESS *(casting a look of terror on the DUKE and the COUNTESS)*.

Is it then true ! It is. You are degraded !
Deposed from the command ! O God in heaven !

COUNTESS *(aside to the DUKE)*.

Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot
Support the real truth.

SCENE V.

To them enter COUNT TERTSKY.

COUNTESS.

—Tertsky !

What ails him ! What an image of affright !
He looks as he had seen a ghost.

TERTSKY *(leading WALLENSTEIN aside)*.

Is it thy command that all the Croats—

WALLENSTEIN.

Mine !

TERTSKY.

We are betray'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

What !

TERTSKY.

They are off ! This night

The Jägers likewise—all the villages
In the whole round are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

Isolani !

TERTSKY.

Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

WALLENSTEIN.

I ?

TERTSKY.

No ! Hast thou not sent him off ! Nor Deodate !
They are vanish'd both of them.

SCENE VI.

To them enter ILLO.

ILLO.

Has Tertsky told thee ?

TERTSKY.

He knows all.

ILLO.

And likewise

That Esterhazy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee.

TERTSKY.

Damnation !

WALLENSTEIN *(winks at them)*.

Hush !

COUNTESS *(who has been watching them anxiously
from the distance and now advances to them)*.

Tertsky ! Heaven ! What is it ! What has happen'd !

WALLENSTEIN (*scarcely suppressing his emotions*).
Nothing ! let us be gone !

TERTSKY (*following him*).
Theresa, it is nothing.

COUNTESS (*holding him back*).
Nothing ! Do I not see, that all the life-blood
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost ?
That even my brother but affects a calmness ?

PAGE (*enters*).
An Aide-de-Camp inquires for the Count Tertsky.
[TERTSKY follows the PAGE.]

WALLENSTEIN.
Go, hear his business.
[To ILLO.]

This could not have happen'd
So unsuspected without mutiny.
Who was on guard at the gates ?

ILLO.
'Twas Tiefenbach.

WALLENSTEIN.
Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him.

ILLO (*is going*).
Stop !
Hast thou heard aught of Butler ?

ILLO.
Him I met :
He will be here himself immediately.
Butler remains unshaken.

[ILLO *exit*. WALLENSTEIN *is following him*.]

COUNTESS.
Let him not leave thee, sister ! go, detain him !
There's some misfortune.

DUCHESS (*clinging to him*).
Gracious heaven ! What is it ?

WALLENSTEIN.
Be tranquil ! leave me, sister ! dearest wife !
We are in camp, and this is nought unusual ;
Here storm and sunshine follow one another
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.
If I am to stay, go you. The complaints of women
Ill suit the scene where men must act.

[*He is going* : TERTSKY returns.]

TERTSKY.
Remain here. From this window must we see it.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the COUNTESS*).
Sister, retire !

COUNTESS.
No—never.

WALLENSTEIN.
'Tis my will.

TERTSKY (*leads the COUNTESS aside, and drawing
her attention to the DUCHESS*).
Theresa !

DUCHESS.
Sister, come ! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN (*stepping to the window*).
What now, then ?

TERTSKY.
There are strange movements among all the troops,
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
With gloomy silentness, the several corps
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.
Tiefenbach's corps make threat'ning movements ;
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof [only
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.]

WALLENSTEIN.
Does Piccolomini appear among them ?

TERTSKY.
We are seeking him : he is no where to be met with.

WALLENSTEIN.
What did the Aide-de-Camp deliver to you ?

TERTSKY.
My regiments had despatch'd him ; yet once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

WALLENSTEIN.
But whence arose this larum in the camp ?
It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TERTSKY.
O that thou hadst believed me ! Yester evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gavest him thy own horses to flee from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.
The old tune still ! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

TERTSKY.
Thou didst confide in Isolani too ;
And lo ! he was the first that did desert thee.

WALLENSTEIN.
It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by ;
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me ?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshipp'd at the gaming-table. With
My Fortune, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stow'd,
And with the which well-pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea ; now he beholds it
In eminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me :
No human tie is snapp'd betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth :
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly ; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.

TERTSKY.
Yet, would I rather
Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrow'd one.

SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.

ILLO (*who enters agitated with rage*).
 Treason and mutiny!

TERTSKY.

And what further now?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders
 To go off guard—Mutinous villains!

TERTSKY.

Well!

WALLENSTEIN.

What followed?

ILLO.

They refused obedience to them.

TERTSKY.

Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gently! what cause did they assign?

ILLO.

No other,

They said, had right to issue orders but
 Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN (*in a convulsion of agony*).
 What? How is that?

ILLO.

He takes that office on him by commission,
 Under sign-manual of the Emperor.

TERTSKY.

From the Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke?

ILLO.

At his incitement

The Generals made that stealthy flight—

TERTSKY.

Duke! hear'st thou!

ILLO.

Caraffa too, and Montecuculi,
 Are missing, with six other Generals,
 All whom he had induced to follow him.
 This plot he has long had in writing by him
 From the Emperor; but't was finally concluded
 With all the detail of the operation
 Some days ago with the Envoy Querstenberg.

[WALLENSTEIN sinks down into a chair and covers
 his face.]

TERTSKY.

O hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX.

To them enter the COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

This suspense,
 This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.
 For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place?

ILLO.

The regiments are all falling off from us.

TERTSKY.

Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

COUNTESS.

O my foreboding!

[Rushes out of the room.]

TERTSKY.

Hadst thou but believed me!
 Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

The stars lie not; but we have here a work
 Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
 The science is still honest: this false heart
 Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
 On a divine law divination rests;
 Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles
 Out of her limits, there all science errs.
 True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition
 Never by such suspicion t' have affronted
 The human form, O may that time ne'er come
 In which I shame me of the infirmity.
 The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,
 Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
 This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
 'T was not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
 A bad heart triumph'd o'er an honest one.
 No shield received the assassin stroke; thou
 plungest
 Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—
 Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.

To them enter BUTLER.

TERTSKY (*meeting him*).

O look there! Butler! Here we've still a friend!

WALLENSTEIN (*meets him with outspread arms, and
 embraces him with warmth*).

Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun
 Looks out upon us more revivingly
 In the earliest month of spring,
 Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

BUTLER.

My General: I come—

WALLENSTEIN (*leaning on BUTLER's shoulders*).

Know'st thou already?
 That old man has betray'd me to the Emperor.
 What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together
 Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
 We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one
 glass,
 One morsel shared! I lean'd myself on him,
 As now I lean me on thy faithful shoulder.
 And now in the very moment, when, all love,
 All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
 He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
 Slowly into my heart.

[He hides his face on BUTLER's breast.]

BUTLER.

Forget the false one.

What is your present purpose?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well remember'd!
 Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,
 Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment,
 That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite,
 It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.

DUCHESS (*to the COUNTESS*).

Sister, I will know.

COUNTESS.

What boots it now to hide it from her! Sooner
Or later she must learn to hear and bear it.
'T is not the time now to indulge infirmity;
Courage becoms us now, a heart collect,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,
The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not
Deposed—he is—

THEKLA (*going to the COUNTESS*).

What! do you wish to kill her!

COUNTESS.

The Duke is—

THEKLA (*throwing her arms round her mother*).

O stand firm! stand firm, my mother!

COUNTESS.

Revolted is the Duke; he is preparing
To join the enemy; the army leave him,
And all has fail'd.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A spacious Room in the Duke of Friedland's Palace.

WALLENSTEIN (*in armour*).

Thou hast gain'd thy point, Octavio! Once more
Almost as friendless as at Regensburg. [am I
There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience.
The twigs have you hew'd off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sunk Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck: all eyes were turn'd on me,
Their helper in distress: the Emperor's pride
Bow'd itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word
Assemble forces in the desolate camp.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went through the world. The drum was beat—
and, lo!

The plough, the workshop is forsaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.
I feel myself the being that I was.
It is the soul that builds itself a body,
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfill'd.
Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!
They are accustom'd under me to conquer,
But not against me. If the head and limbs
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
Made manifest, in which the soul abode.

(ILLO and TERTSKY enter.)

Courage, friends! Courage! We are still unvan-
quish'd;

I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertskey,
Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;
And an host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
I was not stronger, when nine years ago
I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter NEUMANN, who leads TERTSKY aside, and talks with him.*)

TERTSKY.

What do they want?

WALLENSTEIN.

What now!

TERTSKY.

Ten Cuirassiers

From Pappenheim request leave to address you
In the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN (*hastily to NEUMANN*).

Let them enter.

[Exit NEUMANN.

This

May end in something. Mark you. They are still
Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, ten Cuirassiers (*led by an ANSPESADE¹, march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the Duke, and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again.*).

ANSPESADE.

Halt! Front! Present!

WALLENSTEIN (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the ANSPESADE*).

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggen in
Thy name is Mercy. [Flanders:

ANSPESADE.

Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by
the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hun-
dred and eighty men through their thousand.

ANSPESADE.

'Twas even so, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit!

¹ Anspesade, in German Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

ANSPESSADE.

That which I asked for: the honour to serve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a second*).

Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Yes, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*A pause.*) Who sends you?

ANSPESSADE.

Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

ANSPESSADE.

Because we would first know *whom* we serve.

WALLENSTEIN.

Begin your address.

ANSPESSADE (*giving the word of command*).
Shoulder your arms!

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a third*).
Thy name is Risbeck; Cologne is thy birth-place.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was thou that brought'st in the Swedish colonel, Dicbald, prisoner, in the camp at Nürnberg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

It was not I, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother too: Where did he stay?

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

He is stationed at Olmütz with the Imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the ANSPESSADE*).
Now then—begin.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor Commanding us—

WALLENSTEIN (*interrupting him*).
Who chose you?

ANSPESSADE.

Every company
Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN.

Now! to the business.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor Commanding us collectively, from thee All duties of obedience to withdraw, Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what did you determine?

ANSPESSADE.

All our comrades
At Brannau, Budweis, Prague and Olmütz, have

Obej'd already; and the regiments here, Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly Did follow their example. But—but we Do not believe that thou art an enemy And traitor to thy country, hold it merely For lie and trick, and a trumped up Spanish story!
[With warmth.]

Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is, For we have found thee still sincere and true: No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt The gallant General and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN.

Therein I recognise my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE.

And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee: Is it thy purpose merely to preserve In thine own hands this military sceptre, Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor Made over to thee by a covenant? Is it thy purpose merely to remain Supreme commander of the Austrian armies?— We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee Thy honest rights against all opposition. And should it chance, that all the other regiments Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty, Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces, Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true, That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid! Then we too will forsake thee, and obey That letter—

WALLENSTEIN.

Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE.

Yes, or no!

There needs no other answer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yield attention.

You're men of sense, examine for yourselves; Ye think, and do not follow with the herd: And therefore have I always shown you honour Above all others, suffer'd you to reason; Have treated you as free men, and my orders Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

ANSPESSADE.

Most fair and noble has thy conduct been To us, my General! With thy confidence Thou hast honour'd us, and shown us grace and favour

Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest We follow not the common herd. We will Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word— Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not A treason which thou meditatest—that Thou meanest not to lead the army over To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

WALLENSTEIN.

Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor Hath sacrificed me to my enemies, And I must fall, unless my gallant troops Will rescue me. See! I confide in you. And be your hearts my strong-hold! At this breast The aim is taken, at this hoary head, This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our Requital for that murderous fight at Lutzen!

For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never
stream

Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious:
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfeldt
Through all the turns and windings of his flight;
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travell'd
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well nigh finish'd the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have roll'd the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honours of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earned ornament
Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.

ANSPESADE.

That shall he not, while we can hinder it!
No one, but thou, who hast conducted it
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou led'st us out into the bloody field
Of death; thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

WALLENSTEIN.

What! Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavour'd after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria, how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world!
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And still win new domains.

[The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.

Ye're moved—I see

A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that you can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General.

[Confidentially.

No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;
The Swedes have proffer'd us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,
And use them for your profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

ANSPESADE.

'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.

My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years
The war-torch has continued burning, yet
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,
Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way
To the other, every hand's against the other.
Each one is party and no one a judge.
Where shall this end! Where's he that will
unrave!

This tangle, ever tangling more and more.

It must be cut asunder.

I feel that I am the man of destiny,

And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE IV.

To these enter BUTLER.

BUTLER (*passionately*).

General! This is not right!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is not right!

BUTLER.

It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN.

But what?

BUTLER.

It is an open proclamation
Of insurrection.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, well—but what is it!

BUTLER.

Count Tertsy's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
From off the banners, and instead of it
Have rear'd aloft thy arms.

ANSPESADE (*abruptly to the Cuirassiers*).

Right about! March!

WALLENSTEIN.

Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!

[To the Cuirassiers, who are retiring.

Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;
Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop!
They do not hear. (*To ILLO*). Go after them, assure
them,

And bring them back to me, cost what it may.

[ILLO hurries out.

This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!

You are my evil genius, wherefore must you
Announce it in their presence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won! those madmen
With their improvident over-readiness—
A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies.

SCENE V.

To these enter the DUCHESS, who rushes into the Chamber. THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.

DUCHESS.

O Albrecht!

What hast thou done!

WALLENSTEIN.

And now comes this beside.

COUNTESS.

Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.
They know all.

DUCHESS.

What hast thou done!

COUNTESS (*to TERTSKY*).

Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?

TERTSKY.

All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,
The soldiery have taken their oaths anew.

COUNTESS.

That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!
Count Max. is off too.

TERTSKY.

Where can he be? He's

Gone over to the Emperor with his father.

[THEKLA rushes out into the arms of her mother,
hiding her face in her bosom.]

DUCHESS (*enfolding her in her arms*).
Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!

WALLENSTEIN (*aside to TERTSKY*).

Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.

[*To ILLO, who returns.*]

Thou hast not brought them back!

ILLO.

Hear'st thou the uproar!

The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,
Their colonel, they require: for they affirm,
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,
They will find means to free him with the sword.

[*All stand amazed.*]

TERTSKY.

What shall we make of this!

WALLENSTEIN.

Said I not so!

O my prophetic heart! he is still here.
He has not betray'd me—he could not betray me.
I never doubted of it.

COUNTESS.

If he be

Still here, then all goes well; for I know what

[*Embracing THEKLA.*]

Will keep him here for ever.

TERTSKY.

It can't be.

His father has betray'd us, is gone over
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured
To stay behind.

THEKLA (*her eye fixed on the door*).
There he is!

SCENE VI.

To these enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX.

Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favourable moment:
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.

[*Advancing to THEKLA, who has thrown herself into
her mother's arms.*]

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.

[*He observes the COUNTESS looking on THEKLA with
expressions of triumph.*]

No, Lady! No!

Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever.
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must—must leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me,
Thekla!

[*Grasps her hand.*]

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot!
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I can not act otherwise.

[*THEKLA, avoiding his look, points with her hand to
her father. MAX. turns round to the Duke, whom
he had not till then perceived.*]

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I am no more concern'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'st thou, that fool-like, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee!
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honour
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and ven-
geance

Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw
All feelings of the man aside—can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

MAX. (*calmly*).

Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast power.
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What has detain'd me here, that too thou know'st.

[*Taking THEKLA by the hand.*]

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust
Their happiness, who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind irreconcilable

Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.'

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpower'd me.
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he pass'd, suspected never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To *Ferdinand* what *Octavio* was to me,
War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,
I never could have done it. The Emperor was
My austere master only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and me
When he deliver'd the Commander's Staff
Into my hands; for there's a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

MAX.

I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!

I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss, had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original, with a literal translation.

Weh denen, die auf Dich vertraun, an Dich
Die sichere Hütte ihres Glückes lehnem,
Gelockt von deiner geistlichen Gestalt.
Schnell unverhofft, bei nächstlich stiller Weile
Gährts in dem tückischen Feuerschlunde, ladet
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg
Treibst über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen
Der wilde Strom in grausender Zerstörung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's
Beschreibst, so ist's in seinem Eingeweide,
In dieser schwarzen Heuchlers Brust gestaltet.
O, mich hat Höllelkunst getäuscht! Mir sandte
Der Abgrund den verflücktesten der Geister,
Den Lügenkundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn
Als Freund an meiner Seite. Wer vermag
Der Hölle Macht zu widerstehn! Ich zog
Den Basiliken auf an meinem Busen,
Mit meinem Herzblood nährt ich ihn, er sog
Sich schwellend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten,
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,
Weit offen liess ich des Godankens Thore,
Und wart die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,
Am Sternenhimmel, etc.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee,
against thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured
by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a
moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the
treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging
force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the
wild stream in frightful devastation.—WALLENSTEIN. Thou
art portraying thy father's heart; as thou describest, even
so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's
breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me! The Abyss
sent up to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most
skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend by my side.
Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk
to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he
sucked himself glutfull at the breasts of my love. I never
harboured evil towards him; wide open did I leave the
door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise fore-
sight. In the starry heaven, &c.—We find a difficulty in
believing this to have been written by SCHILLER.

Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place; one
crime

Drags after it the other in close link.

But we are innocent: how have we fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt!
To whom have we been faithless! Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us!
Why must our fathers'

Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
Who love each other!

WALLENSTEIN,

Max., remain with me.

Go you not from me, Max. I will tell thee—
How when at Prague, our winter-quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yet accustom'd to the German winters;
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours;
Thou wouldst not let them go.—
At that time did I take thee in my arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee;
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed
To do for thee all little offices,
However strange to me; I tended thee
Till life return'd; and when thine eyes first open'd,
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
Alter'd my feelings towards thee! Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
Rewarded them with dignities and honours;
Thee have I *loved*: my heart, my self, I gave
To thee! They all were aliens: thou wert
Our child and inmate.* Max! Thou canst not
leave me;
It cannot be; I may not, will not think
That Max. can leave me.

MAX.

O my God!

WALLENSTEIN.

I have

Held and sustain'd thee from thy tottering child-
What holy bond is there of natural love, [hood.
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me?
I love thee, Max! What did thy father for thee,
Which I too have not done, to the height of duty!
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee;
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.

MAX.

O God! how can I

Do otherwise! Am I not forced to do it,
My oath—my duty—honour—

WALLENSTEIN.

How! Thy duty!

Duty to whom! Who art thou! Max! bethink thee
What duties mayst thou have! If I am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong

* This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, Du warst
Das Kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger.
O si sic omnia!

To thine own self! Art thou thine own commander!
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency!
On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor;
To obey me, to *belong* to me, this is
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee!
And if the planet, on the which thou livest
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring and all his moons.
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest;
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou heldest thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it besem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE VII.

To these enter NEUMANN.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

NEUMANN.

The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The Count, their colonel.

WALLENSTEIN (*to TERTSKY*).

Have the cannon planted.

I will receive them with chain-shot.

[*Exit TERTSKY.*]

Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go Neumann!
'T is my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

[*NEUMANN exits. ILLO steps to the window.*]

COUNTESS.

Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO (*at the window*).

Hell and perdition!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

ILLO.

They scale the council-house, the roof's uncover'd
They level at this house the cannon——

MAX.

Madmen!

ILLO.

They are making preparations now to fire on us.

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS.

Merciful Heaven!

MAX. (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

Let me go to them!

WALLENSTEIN.

Not a step!

MAX. (*pointing to THEKLA and the DUCHESS*).
But their life! Thine!

WALLENSTEIN.

What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsy!

SCENE VIII.

To these TERTSKY (returning).

TERTSKY.

Message and greeting from our faithful regiments.
Their ardour may no longer be curb'd in.
They intreat permission to commence the attack;
And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset,
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with ease
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

ILLO.

O come!

Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

WALLENSTEIN.

What! shall this town become a field of slaughter,
And brother-killing Discord, fire-eyed,
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?
Shall the decision be deliver'd over
To deaf remorseless Rage, that hears no leader?
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
So let it burst then!

[*Turns to MAX.*]

Well, how is it with thee?

Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learn'd somewhat
under me,

I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
And never had'st thou fairer opportunity
To pay me for thy schooling.

COUNTESS.

Is it then,

Can it have come to this!—What! Cousin, Cousin!
Have you the heart?

MAX.

The regiments that are trusted to my care
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
Unless compell'd; for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me still.

[*Two reports of cannon. ILLO and TERTSKY hurry to the window.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

What's that?

TERTSKY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN.

Falls! Who?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's corps

Discharged the ordnance.

WALLENSTEIN.

Upon whom?

ILLO.

On Neumann,

Your messenger.

WALLENSTEIN (*starting up*).

Ha! Death and hell! I will—

TERTSKY.

Expose thyself to their blind frenzy!

DUCHESS and COUNTESS.

No!

For God sake, no!

ILLO.

Not yet, my General!

COUNTESS.

O, hold him! hold him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me—

MAX.

Do it not;

Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time—

WALLENSTEIN.

Away! too long already have I loiter'd.
They are embolden'd to these outrages,
Beholding not my face. They shall behold
My countenance, shall hear my voice—
Are they not *my* troops? Am I not their General,
And their long-fear'd commander! Let me see,
Whether indeed they do no longer know
That countenance, which was their sun in battle!
From the balcony (mark!), I show myself
To these rebellious forces, and at once
Revolt is wounded, and the high-sworn current
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; ILLO, TERTSKY, and
BUTLER follow.

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX. and THEKLA.

COUNTESS (*to the DUCHESS*).

Let them but see him—there is hope still, sister.

DUCHESS.

Hope! I have none!

MAX. (*who during the last scene has been standing
at a distance in a visible struggle of feelings,
advances*).

This can I not endure.

With most determined soul did I come hither;
My purposed action seem'd unblameable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorr'd, a hard inhuman being:
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul's benighted; I no longer can
Distinguish the right track. O, well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.

COUNTESS.

What! you know not?

Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted

Against our General's life, has plunged us all
In misery—and you're his son! 'T is your's
To make the *amends*—Make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
Of infamy, a common form of cursing
To the posterity of Wallenstein.

MAX.

Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow!
It speaks no longer in *my* heart. We all
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:
O that an angel would descend from Heaven,
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.

[*His eyes glance on THEKLA.*

What other angel seek I! To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I submit it;
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty—*canst* thou
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,
And I am the Duke's—

COUNTESS.

Think, niece—

MAX.

Think nothing, Thekla!
Speak what thou *feelest*.

COUNTESS.

Think upon your father.

MAX.

I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter.
Thee, the beloved and the unerring god
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
Not whether diadem of royalty
Be to be won or not—that mightst thou *think* on.
Thy friend, and his soul's quiet, are at stake;
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
Who will all follow me; shall I forswear
My oath and duty to the Emperor?
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
The parricidal ball? For when the ball
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
It is no longer a dead instrument!
It lives, a spirit passes into it,
The avenging furies seize possession of it,
And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

THEKLA.

O! Max.—

MAX. (*interrupting her*).

Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.

I understand thee. To thy noble heart
The hardest duty might appear the highest.
The human, not the great part, would I act.
Even from my childhood to this present hour,
Think what the Duke has done for me, how
loved me,
And think too, how my father has repaid him.
O likewise the free lovely impulses
Of hospitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, these too are a holy
Religion to the heart; and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.

THEKLA.

O, thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling—

COUNTESS.

Oh ! ill-fated woman !

THEKLA.

Is it possible, that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse ! Go,
Fulfil thy duty ! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still
have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

MAX.

Then I

Must leave thee, must part from thee !

THEKLA.

Being faithful

To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me :
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland ;
But we belong not to our houses—Go !
Quick ! quick ! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one !
The curse of Heaven lies upon our head :
'T is dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me :
My destiny will quickly be decided.

[MAX. claps her in his arms in extreme emotion.
There is heard from behind the Scene a loud wild,
long continued cry, Vivat Ferdinandus ! ac-
companied by warlike instruments. MAX. and
THEKLA remain without motion in each other's
embraces.]

SCENE X.

To the above enter TERTSKY.

COUNTESS (meeting him).

What meant that cry ! What was it !

TERTSKY.

All is lost !

COUNTESS.

What ! they regarded not his countenance !

TERTSKY.

'T was all in vain.

DUCHESS.

They shouted Vivat !

TERTSKY.

To the Emperor.

COUNTESS.

The traitors !

TERTSKY.

Nay ! he was not once permitted
Even to address them. Soon as he began,
With deafening noise of warlike instruments
They drown'd his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI.

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by ILLO and
BUTLER.

WALLENSTEIN (as he enters).

Tertsky !

TERTSKY.

My General ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Let our regiments hold themselves
In readiness to march ; for we shall leave
Pilsen ere evening. [Exit TERTSKY.]

Butler !

BUTLER.

Yes, my General.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Governor of Eggra is your friend
And countryman. Write to him instantly
By a post courier. He must be advised,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

BUTLER.

It shall be done, my General !

WALLENSTEIN (steps between MAX. and THEKLA,
who have remained during this time in each
other's arms).

Part !

MAX.

O God !

[Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in
the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from
below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March,
which seem to address MAX.]

WALLENSTEIN (to the Cuirassiers).

Here he is, he is at liberty : I keep him
No longer.

[He turns away, and stands so, that MAX. cannot
pass by him nor approach the PRINCESS.]

MAX.

Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live
Without thee ! I go forth into a desert,
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me ! O once more show me
Thy ever dear and honour'd countenance.

[MAX. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled :
he turns to the COUNTESS.]

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me !

[The COUNTESS turns away from him ; he turns to
the DUCHESS.]

My mother !

DUCHESS.

Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come, when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.

MAX.

You give me hope ; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No ! no !
Mine is a certain misery—Thanks to Heaven !
That offers me a means of ending it.

[The military music begins again. The stage fills
more and more with armed men. MAX. sees
BUTLER and addresses him.]

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me ! Well, then ! remain more faithful
To your new lord, than you have proved yourself

To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me,
Give me your hand upon it, that you 'll be
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And those whom here I see—

[Casting suspicious looks on ILLO and BUTLER.]

ILLO.

Go—seek for traitors
In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his detested sight! Away!

[MAX. attempts once more to approach THEKLA.
WALLENSTEIN prevents him. MAX. stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.]

MAX.

Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish Trumpets,

And all the naked swords, which I see here,
Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you!
You come to tear me from this place! Beware,
Ye drive me not to desperation.—Do it not!
Ye may repent it!

[The stage is entirely filled with armed men.]

Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down!
Think what ye 're doing. It is not well done
To chuse a man despairing for your leader;
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
For your own ruin you have chosen me:
Who goes with me, must be prepared to perish.

[He returns to the back-ground, there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the Cuirassiers; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. WALLENSTEIN remains immovable. THEKLA sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The BURGOMASTER'S House at Egra.

BUTLER (just arrived).

Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.
Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Must sink.

Thou hast foresworn the ancient colours,
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—

The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II.

BUTLER and GORDON.

GORDON.

Is it you?

How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!
His princely head attainted! O my God!

BUTLER.

You have received the letter which I sent you
By a post-courier?

GORDON.

Yes: and in obedience to it
Open'd the stronghold to him without scruple,
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me! when even now I saw
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attainted man,
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;

His wonted majesty beam'd from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office.
'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension:
But sparing and with dignity the Duke
Weigh'd every syllable of approbation,
As masters praise a servant who has done
His duty, and no more.

BUTLER.

'Tis all precisely

As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has sold the army to the enemy,
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.
On this report the regiments all forsook him,
The five excepted that belong to Tertsaky,
And which have follow'd him, as thou hast seen.
The sentence of attainder is pass'd on him,
And every loyal subject is required
To give him in to justice, dead or living.

GORDON.

A traitor to the Emperor—Such a noble!
Of such high talents! What is human greatness!
I often said, this can't end happily.
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power
Are but a cover'd pit-fall. The human being
May not be trusted to self-government.
The clear and written law, the deep trod foot-marks
Of ancient custom, are all necessary
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
The authority entrusted to this man
Was unexampled and unnatural,
It placed him on a level with his Emperor,
Till the proud soul unlearn'd submission. Who

is me;

I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem
Might none stand firm. Alas! dear General,
We in our lucky mediocrity
Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,
What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
In the heart of such a man.

BUTLER.

Spare your laments
Till he need sympathy ; for at this present
He is still mighty, and still formidable.
The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,
And quickly will the junction be accomplish'd.
This must not be ! The Duke must never leave
This strong-hold on free footing ; for I have
Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner,
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

GORDON.

O that I had not lived to see this day !
From his hand I received this dignity,
He did himself entrust this strong-hold to me,
Which I am now required to make his dungeon.
We subalterns have no will of our own :
The free, the mighty man alone may listen
To the fair impulse of his human nature.
Ah ! we are but the poor tools of the law,
Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at !

BUTLER.

Nay ! let it not afflict you, that your power
Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error !
The narrow path of duty is securest.

GORDON.

And all then have deserted him, you say ?
He has built up the luck of many thousands ;
For kingly was his spirit : his full hand
Was ever open ! Many a one from dust
[With a sly glance on Butler.]
Hath he selected, from the very dust
Hath raised him into dignity and honour.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

BUTLER.

Here's one, I see.

GORDON.

I have enjoy'd from him
No grace or favour. I could almost doubt,
If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him ; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first deliver'd.

BUTLER.

Say, then, will you fulfil the attainer on him !

GORDON (pauses, reflecting—then as in deep
dejection).

If it be so—if all be as you say—
If he've betray'd the Emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strong-holds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly !—there is no redemption for him !
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should decline
To be the instrument of his perdition ;
For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the same period ; but I was the senior.

BUTLER.

I have heard so—

GORDON.

'Tis full thirty years since then.
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends :
Yet even then he had a daring soul :

His frame of mind was serious and severe
Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects.
He walk'd amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself ; yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions ; kindling into splendour,
His soul reveal'd itself, and he spake so
That we look'd round perplex'd upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

BUTLER.

But was it where he fell two story high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen
asleep ;
And rose up free from injury ! From this day
(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks
Of a distemper'd fancy.

GORDON.

He became
Doubtless more self-enwrapt and melancholy ;
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transform'd him.
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder ;
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator.
And now is all, all this too little for him ;
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

BUTLER.

No more, he comes.

SCENE III.

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, in conversation with the
BURGOMASTER of Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

You were at one time a free town. I see,
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the half eagle only ?

BURGOMASTER.

We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remain'd in pledge to the Bohemian crown ;
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancell'd till the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be ?

BURGOMASTER.

So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still ?

[The BURGOMASTER hesitates.]

Yes, yes ; I know it. Many lie conceal'd
Within these walls—Confess now—you yourself—
[Places his eye on him. The BURGOMASTER alarmed.]
Be not alarm'd. I hate the Jesuits.

Could my will have determined it, they had
Been long ago expell'd the empire. Trust me—
Mass-book or bible—'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
I built a church for the Reform'd in Glogau
At my own instance. Harkye, Burgomaster !
What is your name !

BURGOMASTER.

Pachthalbel, may it please you.

WALLENSTEIN.

Harkye !—

But let it go no further, what I now
Disclose to you in confidence.

[Laying his hand on the BURGOMASTER'S shoulder with
a certain solemnity.

The times

Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster !
The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
Harkye ! But keep it to yourself ! The end
Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—
A new arrangement is at hand. You saw
The three moons that appear'd at once in the Heaven ?

BURGOMASTER.

With wonder and affright !

WALLENSTEIN.

Whereof did two
Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
And only one, the middle moon, remain'd
Steady and clear.

BURGOMASTER.

We applied it to the Turks.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Turks ! That all !—I tell you, that two empires
Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,
And Luth'ranism alone remain.

[Observing GORDON and BUTLER.

I' faith,

'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journey'd hitherward ;
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here !

GORDON.

Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

BUTLER.

It seem'd to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.
How strong is the garrison ?

GORDON.

Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good ! And how many in the vale of Jochim ?

GORDON.

Two hundred arquebusiers have I sent thither
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good ! I commend your foresight. At the works
You have done somewhat !

[too

GORDON.

Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needless.
The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, General !

WALLENSTEIN.

You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.

[To BUTLER.

Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim
With all the stations in the enemy's route.

[To GORDON.

Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.

To these enter COUNT TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Joy, General ; joy ! I bring you welcome tidings.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what may they be !

TERTSKY.

There has been an engagement
At Neustadt ; the Swedes gain'd the victory.

WALLENSTEIN.

From whence did you receive the intelligence ?

TERTSKY.

A countryman from Tirschenseil convey'd it.
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin !
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp ;
The cannonade continued full two hours ;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their Colonel ;
Further than this he did not know.

WALLENSTEIN.

How came

Imperial troops at Neustadt ? Altringer,
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenburg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward !
It cannot be.

TERTSKY.

We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.

To these enter ILLO.

ILLO (to WALLENSTEIN).

A courier, Duke ! he wishes to speak with thee.

TERTSKY (ragerly).

Does he bring confirmation of the victory ?

WALLENSTEIN (at the same time).

What does he bring ? Whence comes he ?

ILLO

From the Rhinegrave.
And what he brings I can announce to you
Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes ;
At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini
Throw himself on them with the cavalry ;
A murderous fight took place ! o'erpower'd by
numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,
[WALLENSTEIN shudders and turns pale.
Were left dead on the field.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause in a low voice*).
Where is the messenger! Conduct me to him.
[WALLENSTEIN is going, when LADY NEUBRUNN rushes
into the room. Some servants follow her and run
across the stage.]

NEUBRUNN.

Help! Help!

ILLO and TERTSKY (*at the same time*).
What now!

NEUBRUNN.

The Princess!

WALLENSTEIN and TERTSKY.

Does she know it?

NEUBRUNN (*at the same time with them*).

She is dying!

[Hurries off the stage, when WALLENSTEIN and TERTSKY
follow her.]

SCENE VI.

BUTLER and GORDON.

GORDON.

What's this?

BUTLER.

She has lost the man she loved—
Young Piccolomini who fell in the battle.

GORDON.

Unfortunate Lady!

BUTLER.

You have heard what Illo
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,
And marching hitherward.

GORDON.

Too well I heard it.

BUTLER.

They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have
Only my single regiment; and the garrison
Is not two hundred strong.

GORDON.

'Tis even so.

BUTLER.

It is not possible with such small force
To hold in custody a man like him.

GORDON.

I grant it.

BUTLER.

Soon the numbers would disarm us,
And liberate him.

GORDON.

It were to be fear'd.

BUTLER (*after a pause*).

Know, I am warranty for the event;
With my head have I pledged myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,
Why—death makes all things certain!

GORDON.

Butler! What?

Do I understand you? Gracious God! You could—

BUTLER.

He must not live.

GORDON.

And you can do the deed!

BUTLER.

Either you or I. This morning was his last.

GORDON.

You would assassinate him.

BUTLER.

'Tis my purpose.

GORDON.

Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

BUTLER.

Such is his evil destiny!

GORDON.

Your General!

The sacred person of your General!

BUTLER.

My General he *has been*.

GORDON.

That 't is only
An "*has been*" washes out no villany.
And without judgment pass'd!

BUTLER.

The execution

Is here instead of judgment.

GORDON.

This were murder,
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

BUTLER.

His guilt is clear, the Emperor has pass'd judg-
And we but execute his will. [ment,

GORDON.

We should not
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.
A word may be recall'd, a life can never be.

BUTLER.

Despatch in service pleases sovereigns.

GORDON.

No honest man's ambitious to press forward
To the hangman's service.

BUTLER.

And no brave man loses
His colour at a daring enterprise.

GORDON.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

BUTLER.

What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle
The unextinguishable flame of war?

GORDON.

Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!

BUTLER.

Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,
I might have done so.—But 'tis now past by.

GORDON.

O, wherefore open'd I the strong-hold to him?

BUTLER.

His destiny and not the place destroys him.

GORDON.

Upon these ramparts, as besem'd a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!

BUTLER.

Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perish'd!

GORDON.

Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.

BUTLER (*brings out a paper*).
Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See—
It is addressed to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?

GORDON.

I!—Gracious God!

BUTLER.

Take it on yourself.

Come of it what may, on you I lay it.

GORDON.

O God in heaven!

BUTLER.

Can you advise aught else

Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.

GORDON.

Merciful heaven! what must be
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!

BUTLER.

Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity [Illo
In her rough school hath steel'd me. And this
And Tertskey likewise, they must not survive him.

GORDON.

I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts
Impell'd them, not the influence of the stars.
'Twas they who strew'd the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villany
Water'd and nursed the poisonous plants. May they
Receive their earnest to the uttermost mite!

BUTLER.

And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feast,
And keep them prisoners in the citadels.
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.

To these enter ILLO, and TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors,
Illo!

Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face!

ILLO.

It lies with us at present to prescribe [traitors,
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini: be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toil'd to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

BUTLER.

'Twas pity, though! A youth of such heroic
And gentle temperament! The Duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

ILLO.

Hark ye, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recal his friend to life.

TERTSKY.

Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's
business

Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment.
Come! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and 'mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish avant-garde.

ILLO.

Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends! This sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.

GORDON.

Shame, shame! what talk is this,
My Lord Field Marshal? Wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor?

BUTLER.

Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!
How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns;
The Emperor still is formidably strong.

ILLO.

The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Galas! He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

TERTSKY.

Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed;
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke!
And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.

ILLO.

The Duke will soon assemble
A mighty army: all comes crowding, streaming
To banners, dedicate by destiny,
To fame, and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again! he will become
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will be present to all his friends,
And like a King and Emperor reward
True services; but we've the nearest claims.

[To GORDON.]

You will not be forgotten, Governor!
He'll take you from this nest, and bid you shine
In higher station: your fidelity
Well merits it.

GORDON.

I am content already,
And wish to climb no higher; where great height is,
The fall must needs be great. "Great height,
great depth."

ILLO.

Here you have no more business, for to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Come, Tertskey, it is supper-time. What think you?

Nay, shall we have the State illuminated
In honour of the Swede! And who refuses
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

TERTSKY.

Nay! Nay! not that, it will not please the Duke—

ILLO.

What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare
Avow himself Imperial where we've the rule.
Gordon! good night, and for the last time, take
A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols
To make secure, the watch-word may be alter'd
At the stroke of ten; deliver in the keys
To the Duke himself, and then you've quit for ever
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

TERTSKY (*as he is going, to BUTLER*).
You come, though, to the castle!

BUTLER.

At the right time.
[*Exit TERTSKY and ILLO.*]

SCENE VIII.

GORDON and BUTLER.

GORDON (*looking after them*).

Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!
They rush into the outspread net of murder,
In the blind drunkenness of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain,
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's
blood.—

BUTLER.

Do as he order'd you. Send round patrols,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within I close the castle-gate
That nothing may transpire.

GORDON (*with earnest anxiety*).

Oh! haste not so!

Nay, stop; first tell me—

BUTLER.

You have heard already,
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expedition.
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

GORDON.

Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,
I pray you, promise me!

BUTLER.

The sun has set;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarm'd into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,
The Duke was ever a great calculator;
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,
To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience
Still calculating, calculating still; [of it:
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

GORDON.

O think not of his errors now! remember
His greatness, his munificence; think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen
Arrest the lifted sword.

BUTLER.

It is too late.
I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my duty now:
[*Grasping Gordon's hand.*]

Gordon! 't is not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him)
Yet 't is not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-work'd puppet
Of the blind Power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him, if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.

GORDON.

If your heart speak to you,
Follow its impulse. 'T is the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedew'd with blood—his blood! Believe it not!

BUTLER.

You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it
happen,
That the Swedes gain'd the victory, and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward! Fain
would I
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.—Gordon!
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom
The honour of my word,—it lies in pledge—
And he must die, or—

[*Passionately grasping Gordon's hand.*]

Listen then, and know!

I am dishonour'd if the Duke escape us.

GORDON.

O! to save such a man—

BUTLER.

What!

GORDON.

It is worth
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour.

BUTLER (*with a cold and haughty air*).

He is a great Lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.
This is what you would say! Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blenishes his honour—
So that the man of princely rank be saved!
We all do stamp our value on ourselves:
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so station'd,
That I despise myself compared with him.

¹ We doubt the propriety of putting an blasphemous a
sentiment in the mouth of any character. T.

Man is made great or little by his own will ;
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

GORDON.

I am endeavouring to move a rock.
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.
I cannot hinder you, but may some God
Rescue him from you ! [Exit Gordon.]

SCENE IX.

BUTLER (*alone*).

I treasured my good name all my life long ;
The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon !

He prizes above all his fealty ;
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing ;
In opposition to his own soft heart
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.
Me in a weaker moment passion warp'd ;
I stand beside him, and must feel myself
The worse man of the two. What, though the world
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
One man does know it, and can prove it too—
High-minded Piccolomini !
There lives the man who can dishonour me !
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse !
Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man
has is himself.

(*The curtain drops.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Butler's Chamber.

BUTLER, MAJOR, and GERALDIN.

BUTLER.

Find me twelve strong Dragoons, arm them with
For there must be no firing— [pikes,
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
And cry—"Who is loyal to the Emperor?"
I will overturn the table—while you attack
Illo and Tertsy, and despatch them both.
The castle-palace is well barr'd and guarded,
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly ;
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald ?—

GERALDIN.

They 'll be here anon.
[Exit GERALDIN.]

BUTLER.

Here 's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit
Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms too have been given out
By the town-council, and a hundred citizens
Have volunteer'd themselves to stand on guard.
Despatch ! then be the word ; for enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, and MACDONALD.

MACDONALD.

Here we are, General.

DEVEREUX.
What 's to be the watchword !

BUTLER.
Long live the Emperor !

BOTH (*recoiling*).
How !

BUTLER.
Live the House of Austria !

DEVEREUX.

Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland ?

MACDONALD.

Have we not march'd to this place to protect him !

BUTLER.

Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy !

DEVEREUX.

Why, yes ! in his name you administer'd
Our oath.

MACDONALD.

And followed him yourself to Egra.

BUTLER.

I did it the more surely to destroy him.

DEVEREUX.

So then !

MACDONALD.

An alter'd case !

BUTLER (*to DEVEREUX*).

Thou wretched man !

So easily leavest thou thy oath and colours !

DEVEREUX.

The devil !—I but follow'd your example,
If you could prove a villain, why not we ?

MACDONALD.

We've nought to do with *thinking*—that's your
business.

You are our General, and give out the orders ;
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

BUTLER (*appeased*).

Good then ! we know each other.

MACDONALD.

I should hope so.

DEVEREUX.

Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,
He has us.

MACDONALD.

'T is e'en so !

BUTLER.

Well, for the present
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

DEVEREUX.

We wish no other.

BUTLER.

Ay, and make your fortunes.

MACDONALD.
That is still better.

BUTLER.
Listen !

BOTH.
We attend.

BUTLER.
It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland,
Alive or dead.

DEVEREUX.
It runs so in the letter.

MACDONALD.
Alive or dead—these were the very words.

BUTLER.
And he shall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

DEVEREUX.
Ay ! that sounds well. The words sound always
well
That travel hither from the Court. Yes ! yes !
We know already what Court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And such like.—The Prince-Duke pays better.

MACDONALD.
Yes,
The Duke's a splendid paymaster.

BUTLER.
All over
With that, my friends ! His lucky stars are set.

MACDONALD.
And is that certain ?
BUTLER.
You have my word for it.

DEVEREUX.
His lucky fortunes all past by ?

BUTLER.
For ever :
He is as poor as we.

MACDONALD.
As poor as we !

DEVEREUX.
Macdonald, we'll desert him.

BUTLER.
We'll desert him !
Full twenty thousand have done that already ;
We must do more, my countrymen ! In short—
We—we must kill him.

BOTH (starting back).
Kill him !

BUTLER.
Yes, must kill him ;
And for that purpose have I chosen you.

BOTH.
Us !

BUTLER.
You, Captain Devereux, and thee Macdonald.

DEVEREUX (after a pause).
Choose you some other.

BUTLER.
What ! art dastardly !
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—
Thou conscientious, of a sudden !

DEVEREUX.
Nay,
To assassinate our Lord and General—

MACDONALD.
To whom we 've sworn a soldier's oath—

BUTLER.
The oath
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

DEVEREUX.
No, no ! it is too bad !

MACDONALD.
Yes, by my soul !
It is too bad. One has a conscience too—

DEVEREUX.
If it were not our Chieftain, who so long
Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty.

BUTLER.
Is that the objection !

DEVEREUX.
Were it my own father,
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,
And to assassinate our Chief Commander,
That is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no Monk or Confessor absolves us.

BUTLER.
I am your Pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickly !

DEVEREUX.
'T will not do.

MACDONALD.
'Twon't do !

BUTLER.
Well, off then ! and—send Pestalutz to me.

DEVEREUX (hesitates).
The Pestalutz—

MACDONALD.
What may you want with him ?

BUTLER.
If you reject it, we can find enough—

DEVEREUX.
Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald !

MACDONALD.
Why, if he must fall,
And will fall, and it can't be otherwise,
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

DEVEREUX (after some reflection).
When do you purpose he should fall !

BUTLER.
This night.
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

DEVEREUX.
You take upon you all the consequences !

BUTLER.
I take the whole upon me.

DEVEREUX.
And it is
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will !
For we have instances, that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

BUTLER.

The manifesto says—"alive or dead."
 Alive—'t is not possible—you see it is not.

DEVEREUX.

Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come
 at him?

The town is filled with Tertsky's soldiery.

MACDONALD.

Ay! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—

BUTLER.

With these you shall begin—you understand me?

DEVEREUX.

How! And must they too perish!

BUTLER.

They the first.

MACDONALD.

Hear, Devereux! A bloody evening this.

DEVEREUX.

Have you a man for that? Commission me—

BUTLER.

'T is given in trust to Major Geraldin;
 This is a carnival night, and there 's a feast
 Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them,
 And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley
 Have that commission—soon as that is finish'd—

DEVEREUX.

Hear, General! It will be all one to you—
 Hark ye, let me exchange with Geraldin.

BUTLER.

'T will be the lesser danger with the Duke.

DEVEREUX.

Danger! The devil! What do you think me,
 General?

'T is the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

BUTLER.

What can his eye do to thee?

DEVEREUX.

Death and hell!

Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General!
 But 't is not eight days since the Duke did send me
 Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
 Which I have on! and then for him to see me
 Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,
 That eye of his looking upon this coat—
 Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no milk-sop!

BUTLER.

The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,
 And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience
 To run him through the body in return.
 A coat that is far better and far warmer
 Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.
 How doth he thank the Emperor! With revolt,
 And treason.

DEVEREUX.

That is true. The devil take
 Such thankers! I'll despatch him.

BUTLER.

And wouldst quiet
 Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply
 Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed
 With light heart and good spirits.

DEVEREUX.

You are right.

That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—
 So there 's an end of it.

MACDONALD.

Yes, but there 's another
 Point to be thought of.

BUTLER.

And what's that, Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

What avails sword or dagger against him?
 He is not to be wounded—he is—

BUTLER (*starting up*).

What!

MACDONALD.

Safe against shot, and stab and flash! Hard frozen,
 Secured, and warranted by the black art!
 His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

DEVEREUX.

In Ingelstadt there was just such another:
 His whole skin was the same as steel; at last
 We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.

MACDONALD.

Hear what I 'll do.

DEVEREUX.

Well!

MACDONALD.

In the cloister here
 There 's a Dominican, my countryman.
 I 'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
 In holy water, and say over them
 One of his strongest blessings. That 's probatum!
 Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

BUTLER.

So do, Macdonald!

But now go and select from out the regiment
 Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
 And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.
 Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
 Are pass'd, conduct them silently as may be
 To the house—I will myself be not far off.

DEVEREUX.

But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,
 That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?

BUTLER.

I have made myself acquainted with the place.
 I lead you through a back-door that 's defended
 By one man only. Me my rank and office
 Give access to the Duke at every hour.
 I 'll go before you—with one poniard-stroke
 Cut Hartschier's windpipe, and make way for you.

DEVEREUX.

And when we are there, by what means shall we
 gain
 The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
 The servants of the Court: for he has here
 A numerous company of followers?

BUTLER.

The attendants fill the right wing: he hates bustle,
 And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

DEVEREUX.

Were it well over—hey, Macdonald! I
 Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!

MACDONALD.

And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.
 People will hold us for a brace of villains.

BUTLER.

In plenty, honour, splendour—You may safely
 Laugh at the people's babble.

DEVEREUX.

If the business
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite
certain—

BUTLER.

Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdi-
nand
His Crown and Empire. The reward can be
No small one.

DEVEREUX.

And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor!

BUTLER.

Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his Crown and Life.

DEVEREUX.

And he must fall by the executioner's hands,
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor
Alive?

BUTLER.

It were his certain destiny.

DEVEREUX.

Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not
Lie long in pain.

[*Exeunt BUTLER through one door, MACDONALD and
DEVEREUX through the other.*]

SCENE III.

*A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the DUCHESS FRIED-
LAND'S. THEKLA on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The
DUCHESS and LADY NEUBRUNN busied about her. WAL-
LENSTEIN and the COUNTESS in conversation.*

WALLENSTEIN.

How knew she it so soon?

COUNTESS.

She seems to have
Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen
A colonel of the Imperial army, frighten'd her.
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
The Swedish Courier, and with sudden questioning,
Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.
Too late we miss'd her, hasten'd after her,
We found her lying in his arms, all pale
And in a swoon.

WALLENSTEIN.

A heavy, heavy blow!

And she so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?

[*Turning to the DUCHESS.*]

Is she coming to herself?

DUCHESS.

Her eyes are opening.

COUNTESS.

She lives.

THEKLA (*looking around her*).

Where am I?

WALLENSTEIN (*steps to her, raising her up in
his arms*).

Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.

THEKLA (*standing up*).

Where is he! Is he gone?

DUCHESS.

Who gone, my daughter!

THEKLA.

He—the man who utter'd

That word of misery.

DUCHESS.

O! think not of it,

My Thekla!

WALLENSTEIN.

Give her sorrow leave to talk!
Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,
For she hath suffer'd a deep anguish; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

THEKLA.

I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarm'd her?
It is gone by—I recollect myself—

[*She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.*]

Where is he! Please you, do not hide him from me.
You see I have strength enough: now I will hear
him.

DUCHESS.

No; never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!

THEKLA.

My father—

WALLENSTEIN.

Dearest daughter!

THEKLA.

I'm not weak—

Shortly I shall be quite myself again.

You'll grant me one request!

WALLENSTEIN.

Name it, my daughter.

THEKLA.

Permit the stranger to be called to me,
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.

DUCHESS.

No, never!

COUNTESS.

'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hush! Wherefore wouldst thou speak with him, my
daughter!

THEKLA.

Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected;
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes
Only to spare me. I will not be spared—
The worst is said already: I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish!

COUNTESS and DUCHESS.

Do it not.

THEKLA.

The horror overpower'd me by surprise.
My heart betray'd me in the stranger's presence:
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

WALLENSTEIN.

I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

[*LADY NEUBRUNN goes to call him.*]

DUCHESS.

But I, thy mother, will be present—

THEKLA.

"Twere

More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him;
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.

WALLENSTEIN.

Permit her her own will.

Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine. *[Going.]*

COUNTESS *(detaining him)*.

Where art thou going? I heard Tertsy say
That 'tis *thy* purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.

COUNTESS.

O take us with you, brother!

Leave us not in this gloomy solitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of
doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.

COUNTESS.

Then take us with you.

O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart—
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard
vault.

I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,
Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

WALLENSTEIN.

The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best beloved.

LADY NEUBRUNN *(returning)*.

The Swedish officer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave her alone with me.

*[Exit.]*DUCHESS *(to THEKLA, who starts and shivers)*.

There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible
That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy
mother.

THEKLA.

The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

[Exit DUCHESS and COUNTESS.]

SCENE IV.

THEKLA, THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY NEUBRUNN.

CAPTAIN *(respectfully approaching her)*.

Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

THEKLA *(with dignity)*.

You have beheld me in my agony.
A most distressful accident occasion'd
You from a stranger to become at once
My confidant.

CAPTAIN.

I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

THEKLA.

The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please
Continue it to the end. *[you,*

CAPTAIN.

Princess, 'twill

Renew your anguish.

THEKLA.

I am firm,——

I *will* be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

CAPTAIN.

We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Entrench'd but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—
The infantry were still at distance, only
The Pappenheimers follow'd daringly
Their daring leader——

*[THEKLA betrays agitation in her gestures. The
Officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to
proceed.]*

CAPTAIN.

Both in van and flanks

With our whole cavalry we now received them;
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretch'd out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;
And as they stood on every side wedged in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader call'd aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini——

[THEKLA, as giddy, grasps a chair.]

Known by his plume,

And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leapt first: the regiment all plunged after.
His charger, by a halbert gored, rear'd up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curbed,——

*[THEKLA, who has accompanied the last speech with
all the marks of increasing agony, trembles
through her whole frame, and is falling. The
LADY NEUBRUNN runs to her, and receives her in
her arms.]*

NEUBRUNN.

My dearest lady——

CAPTAIN.

I retire.

THEKLA.

'Tis over.

Proceed to the conclusion.

CAPTAIN.

Wild despair

Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue
Wasspurn'd; they fought like wounded tigers; their
Frantic resistance roused our soldiery;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finish'd before their last man fell.

THEKLA (*faltering*).

And where——

Where is—You have not told me all.

CAPTAIN (*after a pause*).

This morning

We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Follow'd the bier. A laurel deck'd his coffin;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us
Many, who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him; but himself
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wish'd to die.

NEUBRUNN (*to THEKLA, who has hidden her countenance*).

Look up, my dearest lady——

THEKLA.

Where is his grave?

CAPTAIN.

At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.

THEKLA.

What is the cloister's name?

CAPTAIN.

Saint Catherine's.

THEKLA.

And how far is it thither?

CAPTAIN.

Near twelve leagues.

THEKLA.

And which the way?

CAPTAIN.

You go by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.

THEKLA.

Who

Is their commander?

CAPTAIN.

Colonel Seekendorf.

[THEKLA steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.

THEKLA.

You have beheld me in my agony,
And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept
A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

CAPTAIN (*confused*).

Princess——

[THEKLA silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The CAPTAIN lingers, and is about to speak. LADY NEUBRUNN repeats the signal, and he retires.

SCENE V.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

THEKLA (*falls on LADY NEUBRUNN's neck*).

Now, gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!

NEUBRUNN.

Away! and whither?

THEKLA.

Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither, where he lies buried! To his coffin!

NEUBRUNN.

What would you do there?

THEKLA.

What do there?

That wouldst thou not have ask'd, hadst thou e'er
loved.

There, there is all that still remains of him!
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

NEUBRUNN.

That place of death——

THEKLA.

Is now the only place,

Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.

NEUBRUNN.

Your father's rage——

THEKLA.

That time is past——

And now I fear no human being's rage.

NEUBRUNN.

The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!

THEKLA.

Whom am I seeking! Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms—O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

NEUBRUNN.

And we alone, two helpless feeble women!

THEKLA.

We will take weapons: my arm shall protect thee.

NEUBRUNN.

In the dark night-time!

THEKLA.

Darkness will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

This rough tempestuous night——

THEKLA.

Had he a soft bed

Under the hoofs of his war-horses!

NEUBRUNN.

Heaven!

And then the many posts of the enemy!

THEKLA.

They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.

NEUBRUNN.

The journey's weary length——

THEKLA.

The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.

NEUBRUNN.

How can we pass the gates!

THEKLA.

Gold opens them.

Go! do but go.

NEUBRUNN.

Should we be recognized—

THEKLA.

In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

NEUBRUNN.

And where procure we horses for our flight!

THEKLA.

My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

NEUBRUNN.

Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?

THEKLA.

He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

NEUBRUNN.

Dear lady! and your mother!

THEKLA.

Oh! my mother!

NEUBRUNN.

So much as she has suffer'd too already;
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepared
For this last anguish!

THEKLA.

Woe is me! my mother!

[Pauses.]

Go instantly.

NEUBRUNN.

But think what you are doing!

THEKLA.

What *can* be thought, already *has* been thought.

NEUBRUNN.

And being there, what purpose you to do?

THEKLA.

There a Divinity will prompt my soul.

NEUBRUNN.

Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

THEKLA.

To a deep quiet, such as he has found.
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
O hasten, make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power
Drives me from hence—Oh mercy! What a
feeling!What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill.
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous
swarm!They press on me; they chase me from these walls—
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

NEUBRUNN.

You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
I dare stay here myself. I go and call
Rosenberg instantly.

[Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.]

SCENE VI.

THEKLA.

His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offer'd up
Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse
Of an ignoble loitering—they would not [me]
Forsake their leader even in his death—they died
And shall I live?— [for him!]
For me too was that laurel-garland twined
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:
I throw it from me. O! my only hope;—
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth!

[Exit THEKLA.]

[The Curtain drops.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*A Saloon, terminated by a Gallery which extends far into
the back-ground.*

WALLENSTEIN (sitting at a table).

The SWEDISH CAPTAIN (standing before him).

WALLENSTEIN.

Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrender'd to you
On your arrival.*[The SWEDISH CAPTAIN retires. WALLENSTEIN sits
lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his
head sustained by his hand. The COUNTESS
TERTSKY enters, stands before him awhile, un-
observed by him; at length he starts, sees her
and recollects himself.]*

WALLENSTEIN.

Comest thou from her! Is she restored? How is she!

COUNTESS.

My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.

The pang will soften,
She will shed tears.

COUNTESS.

I find thee alter'd too,
My brother! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.¹ The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six-
and-twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of ir-
regular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it.
Indeed the whole scene between Thekla and Lady
Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without
injury to the play.

WAILLENSTEIN.

Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband?

COUNTESS.

At a banquet—he and Illo.

WAILLENSTEIN (*rises and strides across the saloon*).
The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!

WAILLENSTEIN (*moves to the window*).

There is a busy motion in the Heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle¹ of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (*A pause*). But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!
[*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks
vacantly into the distance.*]

COUNTESS (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps
his hand*).

What art thou brooding on!

WAILLENSTEIN.

Methinks,

If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

COUNTESS.

Thou'lt see him again.

WAILLENSTEIN (*remains for a while with absent
mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns
suddenly to the Countess*).

See him again! O never, never again!

COUNTESS.

How!

WAILLENSTEIN.

He is gone—is dust.

COUNTESS.

Whom meanest thou then?

WAILLENSTEIN.

He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finish'd!
For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it *was*,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;

¹ These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity.

Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung.
Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht
Der Wolken Zug, die Mondessichel wankt,
Und durch die Nacht zuckt ungewisse Helle.

The word "moon-sickle," reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word "salcated." "The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full: but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *salcated*."

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So "der Wolken Zug"—The Draft, the Procession of clouds.—The Masses of the Clouds sweep onward in swift stream.

No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With him! but who knows what the coming hour
Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us!

COUNTESS.

Thou speakest

Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.

[*WAILLENSTEIN by a motion of his hand makes signs
to her to be silent.*]

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days,
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

WAILLENSTEIN.

This anguish will be wearied down,¹ I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From the
As from the vilest thing of every day [highest,
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanish'd from my life.
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transform'd for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The beautiful is vanish'd—and returns not.

COUNTESS.

O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WAILLENSTEIN (*stepping to the door*).

Who interrupts us now at this late hour!
It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

COUNTESS.

O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—
A boding fear possesses me!

WAILLENSTEIN.

Fear! Wherefore!

COUNTESS.

Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!

WAILLENSTEIN.

Fancies!

COUNTESS.

O my soul

Has long been weigh'd down by these dark fore-
And if I combat and repel them waking, (bodings.
They still crush down upon my heart in dreams.
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet, gorgeously attired.

WAILLENSTEIN.

This was a dream of favourable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee

¹ A very inadequate translation of the original:—

Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,
Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch!

LITERALLY.

I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm conscious:
What does not man grieve down?

In thy own chamber. As I enter'd, lo !
It was no more a chamber : the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be
Interr'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What ! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us ?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call *them*
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravallac arm'd himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him : the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air : like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival ;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And to *thee*
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing !

WALLENSTEIN.

Be wholly tranquil.

Nothing.

COUNTESS.

And another time
I hasten'd after thee, and thou ran'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,
There seem'd no end of it : doors creak'd and
clapp'd ;

I follow'd panting, but could not o'ertake thee ;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasp'd from behind—the hand was cold, that
grasp'd me—

'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there
A crimson covering to envelop us. [seem'd

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUNTESS (*gazing on him*).

If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life— [She falls on his breast and weeps.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.

If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge.

[Exit COUNTESS.]

SCENE 11.

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the town ?

GORDON.

The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

I hear a boisterous music ! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers ?

GORDON.

There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tertsy, and Field Marshal Illo.

WALLENSTEIN.

In honour of the victory—This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[Rings. The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER enters.

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

[WALLENSTEIN takes the keys from GORDON.

So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.

For all must cheat me, or a face like this

[Fixing his eye on GORDON.

Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

[The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER takes off his mantle,
collar, and scarf.]

WALLENSTEIN.

Take care—what is that ?

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

The golden chain is snapped in two.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.

[He takes and looks at the chain.

'Twas the first present of the Emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then Archduke ; and I have worn it
Till now from habit—

From superstition, if you will. Belike,
It was to be a Talisman to me ;
And while I wore it on my neck in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long
The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so ! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me : for the potency
Of this charm is dissolved.

[GROOM OF THE CHAMBER retires with the vestments,
WALLENSTEIN rises, takes a stride across the room,
and stands at last before GORDON in a posture of
meditation.]

How the old time returns upon me ! I
Behold myself once more at Burgau, where
We two were Pages of the Court together.
We oftentimes disputed : thy intention
Was ever good ; but thou wert wont to play
The Moralist and Preacher, and wouldst rail at
me—

That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean.
—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)
Would let thee in some miserable corner
Go out like an untended lamp.

GORDON.

My Prince !

With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.

WALLENSTEIN.

Art thou already

In harbour then, old man ? Well ! I am not.
The unconquer'd spirit drives me o'er life's billows ;
My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly.
Hope is my goddess still, and Youth my inmate ;
And while we stand thus front to front almost,
I might presume to say, that the swift years
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[He moves with long strides across the Saloon, and remains on the opposite side over-against Gordon]

Who now persists in calling Fortune false ?
To me she has proved faithful ; with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And like a mother goddess, with strong arm
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me as 't were
One of the undistinguishable many !
True, in this present moment I appear
Fallen low indeed ; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb ;
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops
Repress'd and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON.

And yet remember I the good old proverb,
" Let the night come before we praise the day."
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope : for Hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men :
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN (*smiling*).

I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching ;
I know well, that all sublunary things
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
This long ago the ancient Pagans knew :
And therefore of their own accord they offer'd
To themselves injuries, so to atone
The jealousy of their divinities :
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.]

I too have sacrificed to him—For me
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
He fell ! No joy from favourable fortune
Can outweigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is glutted :
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning
Was drawn off which would else have shatter'd me.

SCENE III.

To these enter SENI.

WALLENSTEIN.

Is not that Seni ! and beside himself,
If one may trust his looks ! What brings thee hither
At this late hour, Baptista !

SENI.

Terror, Duke !

On thy account.

WALLENSTEIN.
What now !

SENI.

Flee ere the day-break !

Trust not thy person to the Swedes !

WALLENSTEIN.

What now

Is in thy thoughts ?

SENI (*with louder voice*).

Trust not thy person to these Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it, then ?

SENI (*still more urgently*).

O wait not the arrival of these Swedes !
An evil near at hand is threatening thee
From false friends. All the signs stand full of
horror !

Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
Yea, even now 't is being cast around thee !

WALLENSTEIN.

Baptista, thou art dreaming !—Fear befools thee.

SENI.

Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
Come, read it in the planetary aspects ;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends !

WALLENSTEIN.

From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous for-
tunes.

The warning should have come before ! At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.

SENI.

Come and see ! trust thine own eyes !

A fearful sign stands in the house of life—
An enemy ; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet.—O be warn'd !
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens,
To wage a war against our holy church.

WALLENSTEIN (*laughing gently*).

The oracle rails that way ! Yes, yes ! Now
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista ! Signs like these I do not fear.

GORDON (*who during the whole of this dialogue
has shown marks of extreme agitation, and now
turns to WALLENSTEIN*).

My Duke and General ! May I dare presume !

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak freely.

GORDON.

What if 't were no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
And made that mouth its organ !

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye 're both feverish !
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes !
They sought this junction with me—'t is their
interest.

GORDON (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion*).
But what if the arrival of these Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that wing'd
The ruin that is flying to your temples?
[*Flings himself at his feet.*]
There is yet time, my Prince.

SENI.

O hear him! hear him!

GORDON (*rises*).

The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say; he'll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valour of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspired by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amend
For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy;
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

WALLENSTEIN (*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion*).
Gordon—your zeal and fervour lead you far.

Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardon'd.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death-offering: and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be, I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not. Might or might not,
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon!
Let it then have its course. [*Stepping to the window.*
All dark and silent—at the castle too
All is now hush'd—Light me, Chamberlain!

[*The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the Duke's feet.*

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish
My reconciliation with the Emperor.
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Cärnthen,
And fears it will be forfeited because
He's in my service. Am I then so poor,
That I no longer can indemnify
My servants? Well! to no one I employ
Means of compulsion. If't is thy belief
That fortune has fled from me, go! forsake me.
This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
And then go over to thy Emperor.
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil
Of this last day or two was great. May't please you!
Take care that they awake me not too early.

[*Exit WALLENSTEIN, the GROOM OF THE CHAMBER lighting him. SENI follows. Gordon remains on the darkened stage, following the Duke with his eye. till he disappears at the farther end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish and stands leaning against a pillar.*

SCENE IV.

GORDON, BUTLER (*at first behind the scenes*).

BUTLER (*not yet come into view of the stage*).
Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

GORDON (*starts up*).

'T is he! he, has already brought the murderers.

BUTLER.

The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

GORDON.

What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?
Shall I call up the house! Alarm the guards?

BUTLER (*appears, but scarcely on the stage*).

A light gleams hither from the corridor.
It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

GORDON.

But then I break my oath to the Emperor;
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread consequences?

BUTLER (*stepping forward*).

Hark! Who speaks there?

GORDON.

'T is better, I resign it to the hands
Of Providence. For what am I, that I
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murder'd him, if he be murder'd;
But all his rescue were my act and deed;
Mine—and whatever be the consequences,
I must sustain them.

BUTLER (*advances*).

I should know that voice.

GORDON.

Butler!

BUTLER.

'T is Gordon. What do you want here?
Was it so late then, when the Duke dismiss'd you?

GORDON.

Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

BUTLER.

'T is wounded.

That I'llo fought as he was frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.

GORDON (*shuddering*).

Both dead?

BUTLER.

Is he in bed?

GORDON.

Ah, Butler!

BUTLER.

Is he? speak.

GORDON.

He shall not perish! Not through you! The Heaven
Refuses your arm. See—'t is wounded!—

BUTLER.

There is no need of my arm.

GORDON.

The most guilty
Have perish'd, and enough is given to justice.

[*The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER advances from the Gallery with his finger on his mouth commanding silence.*

GORDON.
He sleeps ! O murder not the holy sleep !

BUTLER.
No ! he shall die awake. *[Is going.]*

GORDON.
His heart still cleaves
To earthly things : he 's not prepared to step
Into the presence of his God !

BUTLER *(going)*.
God 's merciful !
GORDON *(holds him)*.
Grant him but this night's respite.

BUTLER *(hurrying off)*.
The next moment
May ruin all.

GORDON *(holds him still)*.
One hour !—
BUTLER.
Unhold me ! What
Can that short respite profit him ?

GORDON.
O—Time
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out ; and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour ! Your heart may change its pur-
pose, *[tidings]*
His heart may change its purpose—some new
May come ; some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what
May not one hour achieve !

BUTLER.
You but remind me,
How precious every minute is !
[He stamps on the floor.]

SCENE V.

*To these enter MACDONALD, and DEVEREUX, with the
HALBERDIERS.*

GORDON *(throwing himself between him and them)*.
No, monster !
First over my dead body thou shalt tread.
I will not live to see the accursed deed !

BUTLER *(forcing him out of the way)*.
Weak-hearted dotard !
[Trumpets are heard in the distance.]

DEVEREUX and MACDONALD.
Hark ! The Swedish trumpets !
The Swedes before the ramparts ! Let us hasten !

GORDON *(rushes out)*.
O, God of Mercy !

BUTLER *(calling after him)*.
Governor, to your post !

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER *(hurries in)*.
Who dares make larum here ! Hush ! The Duke
sleeps.

DEVEREUX *(with loud harsh voice)*.
Friend, it is time now to make larum.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.
Help !
Murder !

BUTLER.
Down with him !
GROOM OF THE CHAMBER *(run through the body by
DEVEREUX, falls at the entrance of the Gallery)*.
Jesus Maria !

BUTLER.
Burst the doors open.
*[They rush over the body into the Gallery—two doors
are heard to crash one after the other—Voices,
deadened by the distance—Clash of arms—then all
at once a profound silence.]*

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY *(with a light)*.
Her bed-chamber is empty ; she herself
Is no where to be found ! The Neubrunn too,
Who watch'd by her, is missing. If she should
Be flown—but whither flown ! We must
call up
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke
Bear up against these worst bad tidings ! O
If that my husband now were but return'd
Home from the banquet !—Hark ! I wonder
whether
The Duke is still awake ! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here ! I will go
And listen at the door. Hark ! what is that ?
'Tis hastening up the steps !

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

GORDON *(rushes in out of breath)*.
'Tis a mistake !
'Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further—
Butler !—O God ! where is he !

GORDON *(observing the COUNTESS)*.
Countess ! Say—

COUNTESS.
You are come then from the castle ! Where's my
husband !

GORDON *(in an agony of affright)*.
Your husband !—Ask not !—To the Duke—

COUNTESS.
Not till
You have discover'd to me—

GORDON.
On this moment
Does the world hang. For God's sake ! to the
Duke.

While we are speaking—*[Calling loudly.]*
Butler ! Butler ! God !

COUNTESS.
Why, he is at the castle with my husband.
[Butler comes from the Gallery.]

GORDON.
'Twas a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—it is
The Imperialists' Lieutenant-General
Has sent me hither—will be here himself
Instantly.—You must not proceed.

BUTLER.

He comes

Too late. [GORDON dashes himself against the wall.

GORDON.

O God of mercy!

COUNTESS.

What too late!

Who will be here himself! Octavio
In Egra! Treason! Treason!—Where's the Duke!

[She rushes to the Gallery.

SCENE VIII.

(Servants run across the Stage full of terror. The whole
Scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.)

SENI (from the Gallery).

O bloody frightful deed!

COUNTESS.

What is it, Seni!

PAGE (from the Gallery).

O piteous sight!

[Other Servants hasten in with torches.

COUNTESS.

What is it! For God's sake!

SENI.

And do you ask?

Within the Duke lies murder'd—and your husband
Assassinated at the Castle.

[The COUNTESS stands motionless.

FEMALE SERVANT (rushing across the stage).

Help! help! the Duchess!

BURGOMASTER (enters).

What mean these confused
Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?

GORDON.

Your house is cursed to all eternity.
In your house doth the Duke lie murder'd!

BURGOMASTER (rushing out).

Heaven forbid!

FIRST SERVANT.

Fly! fly! they murder us all!

SECOND SERVANT (carrying silver plate).

That way! the lower

Passages are block'd up.

VOICE (from behind the Scene).

Make room for the Lieutenant-General!

At these words the COUNTESS starts from her stupor,
collects herself, and retires suddenly.

VOICE (from behind the Scene).

Keep back the people! Guard the door!

SCENE IX.

To these enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI with all his Train.
At the same time DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from
out the Corridor with th: Halberdiers.—WALLENSTEIN'S
dead body is carried over the back part of the Stage,
wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry, }

OCTAVIO (entering abruptly).

It must not be! It is not possible!

Butler! Gordon!

I'll not believe it. Say no!

[GORDON, without answering, points with his hand
to the body of WALLENSTEIN as it is carried over
the back of the Stage. OCTAVIO looks that way,
and stands overpowered with horror.

DEVEREUX (to BUTLER).

Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

MACDONALD.

Is it your order—

BUTLER (pointing to OCTAVIO).

Here stands he who now

Hath the sole power to issue orders,

[DEVEREUX and MACDONALD retire with marks of
obedience. One drops away after the other, till
only BUTLER, OCTAVIO, and GORDON remain on
the Stage.

OCTAVIO (turning to BUTLER).

Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted!

O God of Justice!

To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty

Of this foul deed.

BUTLER.

Your hand is pure. You have

Avail'd yourself of mine.

OCTAVIO.

Merciless man!

Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord—

And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination!

BUTLER (calmly).

I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.

OCTAVIO.

O curse of Kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch? Couldst thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy! Time is man's good Angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseech
God only, the immutable!

BUTLER.

For what

Rail you against me? What is my offence!

The Empire from a fearful enemy

Have I deliver'd, and expect reward.

The single difference betwixt you and me

Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow;

I pull'd the string. You sow'd blood, and yet
stand

Astonish'd that blood is come up. I always

Knew what I did, and therefore no result

Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.

Have you aught else to order; for this instant

I make my best speed to Vienna; place

My bleeding sword before my Emperor's Throne,

And hope to gain the applause which undelaying

And punctual obedience may demand

From a just judge.

[Exit BUTLER.

SCENE X.

*To these enter the Countess TERTAKY pale and disordered.
Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

OCTAVIO (*meeting her*).

O Countess Tertaky! These are the results
Of luckless unblest deeds.

COUNTESS.

They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappear'd.
This house of splendour, and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

OCTAVIO (*with a deep anguish*).

O Countess! my house too is desolate.

COUNTESS.

Who next is to be murder'd! Who is next
To be maltreated! Lo! the Duke is dead.
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil destiny surprised my brother
Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

OCTAVIO.

Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!

The Emperor is appeased; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The Empress honours your adversity,
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears;
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence
To the Imperial Grace!

COUNTESS (*with her eye raised to heaven*).

To the grace and mercy of a greater Master
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body
Of the Duke have its place of final rest!

In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found
At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein;
And by her side, to whom he was indebted
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wish'd.
He might sometime repose in death! O let him
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor
Is now proprietor of all our Castles.
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!

OCTAVIO.

Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!

COUNTESS (*reassembles all her powers, and speaks
with energy and dignity*).

You think

More worthily of me, than to believe
I would survive the downfall of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonour'd life.—I have taken poison.

OCTAVIO.

Help! Help! Support her!

COUNTESS.

Nay, it is too late.

In a few moments is my fate accomplish'd.

[Exit COUNTESS.]

GORDON.

O house of death and horrors!

[An OFFICER enters, and brings a letter with the
great seal.]

GORDON (*steps forward and meets him*).

What is this!

It is the Imperial Seal.

[He reads the Address, and delivers the letter to
OCTAVIO with a look of reproach, and with an
emphasis on the word.]

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[OCTAVIO, with his whole frame expressive of sudden
anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.]

The Curtain drops.

THE END.

THE BOROUGH.

A Poem.

BY

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, LL.B.

THE face of nature, under its daily and periodical varieties ; the honest gaiety of rustic mirth ; the flow of health and spirits which is inspired by the country ; the delights which it brings to every scene :—such are the pleasing topics which strike the most superficial observer. But a closer inspection will open to us more sacred gratifications. Wherever the relations of civilised society exist, particularly when a high standard of morals, however imperfectly acted upon, is yet publicly recognised, a ground-work is laid for the exercise of all the charities, social and domestic. In the midst of profligacy and corruption, some trace of those charities still lingers ; there is some spot which shelters domestic happiness ; some undiscovered cleft, in which the seeds of the best affections have been cherished, and are bearing fruit in silence. Poverty, however blighting in general, has graces which are peculiarly its own. The highest order of virtues can be developed only in a state of habitual suffering.

These are the realities which it is the duty of the poet to select for exhibition, and these, as they have nothing of illusion in themselves, it is not necessary to recommend by the magic of a richly painted diction. Even presented to us in language the most precise and unadorned, they cannot fail to please ; and please perhaps then most surely, when told in words of an almost abstract simplicity—words so limpid and colourless that they seem only to discover to us the ideas, not to convey them, still less to lend any additional sweetness or strength.

Every reader will recollect some passages in our best authors which will answer to this character, but our position cannot be better illustrated than by a reference to the pages of Mr. Crabbe.

Quarterly Review.

THE BOROUGH.

A Poem.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

PREFACE.

WHETHER, if I had not been encouraged by some proofs of public favour, I should have written the poem now before the reader, is a question which I cannot positively determine; but I will venture to assert, that I should not, in that case, have committed the work to the press; I should not have allowed my own opinion of it to have led me into further disappointment, against the voice of judges impartial and indifferent, from whose sentence it had been fruitless to appeal: the success of a late publication, therefore, may fairly be assigned as the principal cause for the appearance of this.

When the ensuing Letters were so far written that I could form an opinion of them, and when I began to conceive that they might not be unacceptable to the public, I felt myself prompted by duty, as well as interest, to put them to the press: I considered myself bound by gratitude for the favourable treatment I had already received, to show that I was not unmindful of it; and, however this might be mixed with other motives, it operated with considerable force upon my mind, acting as a stimulus to exertions naturally tardy, and to expectations easily checked.

It must nevertheless be acknowledged, that although such favourable opinion had been formed, I was not able, with the requisite impartiality, to determine the comparative values of an unpublished manuscript, and a work sent into the world. Books, like children, when established, have doubtless our parental affection and good wishes; we rejoice to hear that they are doing well, and are received and respected in good company: but it is to manuscripts in the study, as to children in the nursery, that our care, our anxiety, and our tenderness, are principally directed; they are fondled as our endearing companions; their faults are corrected with the lenity of partial love, and their good parts are exaggerated by the strength of parental imagination; nor is it easy, even for the more cool and reasonable among parents, thus circumstanced, to decide upon the comparative merits of their offspring, whether they be children of the bed or issue of the brain.

But, however favourable my own opinion may have been, or may still be, I could not venture to commit so long a poem to the press without some endeavour to obtain the more valuable opinion of less partial judges: at the same time, I am willing to confess that I have lost some portion of the timidity once so painful, and that I am encouraged to take upon myself the decision of various points, which heretofore I entreated my friends to decide. Those friends were then my council, whose opinion I was implicitly to follow; they are now advisers, whose ideas I am at liberty to reject. This will not, I hope, seem like arrogance: it would be more safe, it would be more pleasant, still to have that reliance on the judgment of others; but it can-

not always be obtained; nor are they, however friendly disposed, ever ready to lend a helping hand to him whom they consider as one who ought by this time to have cast away the timidity of inexperience, and to have acquired the courage that would enable him to decide for himself.

When it is confessed that I have less assistance from my friends, and that the appearance of this work is, in a great measure, occasioned by the success of a former; some readers will, I fear, entertain the opinion that the book before them was written in haste, and published without due examination and revision: should this opinion be formed, there will doubtless occur many faults which may appear as originating in neglect: now, readers are, I believe, disposed to treat with more than common severity those writers who have been led into presumption by the approbation bestowed on their diffidence, and into idleness and unconcern, by the praises given to their attention. I am therefore even anxious it should be generally known that sufficient time and application were bestowed upon this work, and by this I mean that no material alteration would be effected by delay: it is true that this confession removes one plea for the errors of the book, want of time; but, in my opinion, there is not much consolation to be drawn by reasonable minds from this resource: if a work fails, it appears to be poor satisfaction when it is observed, that if the author had taken more care, the event had been less disgraceful.

When the reader enters into the poem, he will find the author retired from view, and an imaginary personage brought forward to describe his borough for him: to him it seemed convenient to speak in the first person: but the inhabitant of a village in the centre of the kingdom, could not appear in the character of a residing burgess in a large sea-port; and when, with this point, was considered what relations were to be given, what manners delineated, and what situations described, no method appeared to be so convenient as that of borrowing the assistance of an ideal friend: by this means the reader is in some degree kept from view of any particular place, nor will he perhaps be so likely to determine where those persons reside, and what their connexions, who are so intimately known to this man of straw.

From the title of this poem, some persons will, I fear, expect a political satire,—an attack upon corrupt principles in a general view, or upon the customs and manners of some particular place: of these they will find nothing satirised, nothing related. It may be that graver readers would have preferred a more historical account of so considerable a borough—its charter, privileges, trade, public structures, and subjects of this kind; but I have an apology for the omission of these things, in the difficulty of

describing them, and in the utter repugnancy which subsists between the studies and objects of topography and poetry. What I thought I could best describe, that I attempted:—the sea, and the country in the immediate vicinity; the dwellings, and the inhabitants; some incidents and characters, with an exhibition of morals and manners, offensive perhaps to those of extremely delicate feelings, but sometimes, I hope, neither unamiable nor uninteresting: an election indeed forms a part of one letter, but the evil there described is one not greatly nor generally deplored, and there are probably many places of this kind where it is not felt.

From the variety of relations, characters, and descriptions which a monograph affords, several were rejected which a reader might reasonably expect to have met with: in this case he is entreated to believe that these, if they occurred to the author, were considered by him as beyond his ability, as subjects which he could not treat in a manner satisfactory to himself. Possibly the admission of some will be thought to require more apology than the rejection of others: in such variety it is to be apprehended, that almost every reader will find something not according with his ideas of propriety, or something repulsive to the tone of his feelings: nor could this be avoided but by the sacrifice of every event, opinion, and even expression, which could be thought liable to produce such effect; and this casting away so largely of our cargo, through fears of danger, though it might help us to clear it, would render our vessel of little worth when she came into port. I may likewise entertain a hope, that this very variety, which gives scope to objection and censure, will also afford a better chance for approval and satisfaction.

Of these objectionable parts many must be to me unknown; of others some opinion may be formed, and for their admission some plea may be stated.

In the first Letter is nothing which particularly calls for remark, except possibly the last line—giving a promise to the reader that he should both smile and sigh in the perusal of the following Letters. This may appear vain, and more than an author ought to promise; but let it be considered that the character assumed is that of a friend, who gives an account of objects, persons, and events, to his correspondent, and who was therefore at liberty, without any imputation of this kind, to suppose in what manner he would be affected by such descriptions.

Nothing, I trust, in the second letter, which relates to the imitation of what are called weather-stains on buildings, will seem to any invidious or offensive. I wished to make a comparison between those minute and curious bodies which cover the surface of some edifices, and those kinds of stain which are formed of boles and ochres, and laid on with a brush. Now, as the work of time cannot be anticipated in such cases, it may be very judicious to have recourse to such expedients as will give to a recent structure the venerable appearance of antiquity; and in this case, though I might still observe the vast difference between the living varieties of nature, and the distant imitation of the artist, yet I would not forbear to make use of his dexterity, because he could not clothe my free-stone with *mucor*, *lichen*, and *hyssus*.

The wants and mortifications of a poor clergyman are the subjects of one portion of the third Letter; and he being represented as a stranger in the borough, it may be necessary to make some apology for his appearance in the poem. Previous to a late meeting of a literary society, whose benevolent purpose is well known to the public, I was induced by a friend to compose a few verses, in which, with the general commendation of the design, should be introduced a hint that the bounty might be farther extended; these verses a gentleman did me the honour to recite at the meeting, and they were printed as an extract from the poem, to which in fact they may be called an appendage.

I am now arrived at that part of my work which I may expect will bring upon me some animadversion. Religion

is a subject deeply interesting to the minds of many, and when these minds are weak, they are often led by a warmth of feeling into the violence of causeless resentment: I am therefore anxious that my purpose should be understood; and I wish to point out what things they are which an author may hold up to ridicule and be blameless. In referring to the two principal divisions of enthusiastical teachers, I have denominated them as I conceive they are generally called, *Calvinistic* and *Arminian* Methodists. The *Arminians*, though divided, and perhaps subdivided, are still, when particular accuracy is not intended, considered as one body, having had, for many years, one head, who is yet held in high respect by the varying members of the present day: but the Calvinistic societies are to be looked upon rather as separate and independent congregations; and it is to one of these (unconnected, as is supposed, with any other) I more particularly allude. But while I am making use of this division, I must entreat that I may not be considered as one who takes upon him to censure the religious opinions of any society or individual: the reader will find that the spirit of the enthusiast, and not his opinions,—his manners, and not his creed, have engaged my attention. I have nothing to observe of the Calvinist and Arminian, considered as such; but my remarks are pointed at the enthusiast and the bigot, at their folly and their craft.

To those readers who have seen the journals of the first Methodists, or the extracts quoted from them by their opposers* in the early times of this spiritual influenza, are sufficiently known all their leading notions and peculiarities: so that I have no need to enter into such unpleasant inquiries in this place: I have only to observe that their tenets remain the same, and have still the former effect on the minds of the converted: there is yet that imagined contention with the powers of darkness, that is at once so lamentable and so ludicrous: there is the same offensive familiarity with the Deity, with a full trust and confidence both in the immediate efficacy of their miserably delivered supplications, and in the reality of numberless small miracles wrought at their request and for their convenience: there still exists that delusion, by which some of the most common diseases of the body are regarded as proofs of the malignity of Satan contending for dominion over the soul: and there still remains the same wretched jargon, composed of scriptural language, debased by vulgar expressions, which has a kind of mystic influence on the minds of the ignorant. It will be recollected that it is the abuse of those scriptural terms which I conceive to be improper: they are doubtless most significant and efficacious when used with propriety; but it is painful to the mind of a soberly devout person, when he hears every rise and fall of the animal spirits, every whim and notion of enthusiastic ignorance, expressed in the venerable language of the apostles and evangelists.

The success of these people is great, but not surprising: as the powers they claim are given, and come not of education, many may, and therefore do, fancy they are endowed with them; so that they who do not venture to become preachers, yet exert the minor gifts, and gain reputation for the facility of prayer, as soon as they can address the Creator in daring flights of unpremeditated absurdity. The less indigent gain the praise of hospitality, and the more harmonious become distinguished in their choirs: curiosity is kept alive by succession of ministers, and self-love is flattered by the consideration that they are the persons at whom the world wonders; add to this, that, in many of them, pride is gratified by their consequence as new members of a sect whom their conversion pleases, and by the liberty, which as seceders they take, of speaking contemptuously of the Church and ministers, whom they have relinquished.

Of those denominated *Calvinistic Methodists*, I had principally one sect in view, or, to adopt the term of its founder, a church. This church consists of several

* Methodists and Papists compared; *Treatise on Grace*, by Bishop Warburton, &c.

congregations in town and country, unknown perhaps in many parts of the kingdom, but, where known, the cause of much curiosity and some amusement. To such of my readers as may judge an enthusiastic teacher and his peculiarities to be unworthy any serious attention, I would observe that there is something unusually daring in the boast of this man, who claims the authority of a messenger sent from God, and declares without hesitation that his call was immediate; that he is assisted by the sensible influence of the Spirit, and that miracles are perpetually wrought in his favour and for his convenience.

As it was and continues to be my desire to give proof that I had advanced nothing respecting this extraordinary person, his operations or assertions, which might not be readily justified by quotations from his own writings, I had collected several of these, and disposed them under certain heads; but I found that by this means a very disproportioned share of attention must be given to the subject, and after some consideration, I have determined to relinquish the design; and should any have curiosity to search whether my representation of the temper and disposition, the spirit and manners, the knowledge and capacity, of a very popular teacher be correct, he is referred to about fourscore pamphlets, whose titles will be found on the covers of the late editions of the *Bank of Faith*, itself a wonderful performance, which (according to the turn of mind in the reader) will either highly excite, or totally extinguish curiosity. In these works will be abundantly seen, abuse and contempt of the Church of England and its ministers; vengeance and virulent denunciation against all offenders; scorn for morality and heathen virtue, with that kind of learning which the author possesses, and his peculiar style of composition. A few of the titles placed below will give some information to the reader respecting the merit and design of those performances.*

As many of the preacher's subjects are controverted and nice questions in divinity, he has sometimes allowed himself relaxation from the severity of study, and favoured his admirers with the effects of an humbler kind of inspiration, viz. that of the Muse. It must be confessed that these flights of fancy are very humble, and have nothing of that daring and mysterious nature which the prose of the author leads us to expect. *The Dimensions of eternal Love* is a title of one of his more learned productions, with which might have been expected (as a fit companion), *The Bounds of infinite Grace*; but no such work appears, and possibly the author considered one attempt of this kind was sufficient to prove the extent and direction of his abilities.

Of the whole of this mass of inquiry and decision, of denunciation and instruction, (could we suppose it read by intelligent persons,) different opinions would probably be formed; the more indignant and severe would condemn the whole as the produce of craft and hypocrisy, while the more lenient would allow that such things might originate in the wandering imagination of a dreaming enthusiast.

None of my readers will, I trust, do me so much injustice as to suppose I have here any other motive than a vindication of what I have advanced in the verses which describe this kind of character, or that I had there any other purpose than to express (what I conceive to be) justifiable indignation against the assurance, the malignity, and (what is of more importance) the pernicious influence of such sentiments on the minds of the simple and ignorant, who, if they give credit to his relations, must be no more than tools and instruments under the control and management of one called to be their *Apostle*.

Nothing would be more easy for me, as I have observed, than to bring forward quotations such as would justify all

I have advanced; but even had I room, I cannot tell whether there be not something degrading in such kind of attack: the reader might smile at those miraculous accounts, but he would consider them and the language of the author as beneath his further attention: I therefore once more refer him to those pamphlets, which will afford matter for pity and for contempt, by which some would be amused and others astonished—not without sorrow, when they reflect that thousands look up to the writer as a man literally inspired, to whose wants they administer with their substance, and to whose guidance they prostrate their spirit and understanding.

Having been so long detained by this Letter, I must not permit my desire of elucidating what may seem obscure, or of defending what is liable to misconstruction, any further to prevail over a wish for brevity, and the fear of giving an air of importance to subjects which have perhaps little in themselves.

The circumstance recorded in the fifth Letter is a fact; although it may appear to many almost incredible, that, in this country, and but few years since, a close and successful man should be a stranger to the method of increasing money by the loan of it. The Minister of the place where the honest Fisherman resided, has related to me the apprehension and suspicion he witnessed: with trembling hand and dubious look, the careful man received and surveyed the bond given to him; and after a sigh or two of lingering mistrust, he placed it in the coffer whence he had just before taken his cash; for which, and for whose increase, he now indulged a belief, that it was indeed both promise and security.

If the Letter which treats of Inns should be found to contain nothing interesting or uncommon; if it describe things which we behold every day, and some which we do not wish to behold at any time; let it be considered that this Letter is one of the shortest, and that from a Poem whose subject was a Borough, populous and wealthy, these places of public accommodation could not, without some impropriety, be excluded.

I entertain the strongest, because the most reasonable hope, that no liberal practitioner in the Law will be offended by the notice taken of dishonourable and crafty attorneys. The increased difficulty of entering into the profession will in time render it much more free than it now is, from those who disgrace it; at present such persons remain; and it would not be difficult to give instances of neglect, ignorance, cruelty, oppression, and chicanery; nor are they by any means confined to one part of the country: quacks and impostors are indeed in every profession, as well with a license as without one. The character and actions of *Scallion* might doubtless be contrasted by the delineation of an able and upright solicitor; but this Letter is of sufficient length, and such persons, without question, are already known to my readers.

When I observe, under the article *Physic*, that the young and less experienced physician will write rather with a view of making himself known, than to investigate and publish some useful fact, I would not be thought to extend this remark to all the publications of such men. I could point out a work, containing experiments the most judicious, and conclusions the most interesting, made by a gentleman, then young, which would have given just celebrity to a man after long practice. The observation is nevertheless generally true: many opinions have been adopted and many books written, not that the theory might be well defended, but that a young physician might be better known.

If I have in one Letter praised the good-humour of a man confessedly too inattentive to business, and, in another, if I have written somewhat sarcastically of "the brick-floored parlour which the butcher lets;" be credit given to me, that in the one case I had no intention to apologise for idleness, nor any design in the other to treat with contempt the resources of the poor. The good-humour is considered as the consolation of disappointment, and the roun is so mentioned because the lodger is vain. Most of

* *Barbar*, in two parts; *Blond-Child*; *Cry of Little-Faith*; *Satan's Lawsuit*; *Forty Stripes for Satan*; *Myrrh and Odour of Saints*; *the Naked How of God*; *Idle and Riddle*; *Way and Fare for Wayfaring Men*; *Utility of the Books and Excellency of the Parchments*; *Correspondence between Noctua, Aurita*, (the words so separated,) and *Philomela*, &c.

my readers will perceive this; but I shall be sorry if by any I am supposed to make pleas for the vices of men, or treat their wants and infirmities with derision or with disdain.

It is probable, that really polite people, with cultivated minds and harmonious tempers, may judge my description of a Card-club conversation to be highly exaggerated, if not totally fictitious; and I acknowledge that the club must admit a particular kind of members to afford such specimens of acrimony and obfuscation: yet that such language is spoken, and such manners exhibited, is most certain, chiefly among those who, being successful in life, without previous education, not very nice in their feelings, or very attentive to improprieties, sit down to game with no other view than that of adding the gain of the evening to the profits of the day; whom therefore disappointment in itself makes angry, and, when caused by another, resentful and vindictive.

The Letter on Itinerant Players will to some appear too harshly written, their prodigality exaggerated, and their distresses magnified; but though the respectability of a part of these people may give us a more favourable view of the whole body, though some actors be sober, and some managers prudent; still there is vice and misery left, more than sufficient to justify my description. But if I could find only one woman who (passing forty years on many stages, and sustaining many principal characters) laments, in her unrespected old age, that there was no workhouse to which she could legally sue for admission; if I could produce only one female, seduced upon the boards, and starved in her lodging, compelled by her poverty to sing, and by her sufferings to weep, without any prospect but misery, or any consolation but death; if I could exhibit only one youth who sought refuge from parental authority in the licentious freedom of a wandering company; yet, with three such examples, I should feel myself justified in the account I have given:—but such characters and sufferings are common, and there are few of these societies which could not show members of this description. To some, indeed, the life has its satisfactions: they never expected to be free from labour, and their present kind they think is light: they have no delicate ideas of shame, and therefore duns and hives give them no other pain than what arises from the fear of not being trusted, joined with the apprehension that they may have nothing to subsist upon except their credit.

For the Alms-house itself, its governors and inhabitants, I have not much to offer. In favour of the subject or of the characters. One of these, Sir Denys Brand, may be considered as too highly placed for an author (who seldom ventures above middle life) to delineate; and indeed I had some idea of reserving him for another occasion, where he might have appeared with those in his own rank; but then it is most uncertain whether he would ever appear, and he has been so many years prepared for the public, whenever opportunity might offer, that I have at length given him place, and though with his inferiors, yet as a ruler over them. Of these, one (Benbow) may be thought too low and despicable to be admitted here; but he is a thorough character, and, however disgusting in some respects a picture may be, it will please some, and be tolerated by many, if it can boast that one merit of being a faithful likeness.

Blaney and Clelia, a male and female inhabitant of this mansion, are drawn at some length; and I may be thought to have given them attention which they do not merit. I plead not for the originality, but for the truth of the character; and though it may not be very pleasing, it may be useful to delineate (for certain minds) these mixtures of levity and vice; people who are thus incurably vain and determinately worldly; thus devoted to enjoyment and insensible of shame, and miserably fond of their pleasures, that they court even the remembrance with eager solicitation, by conjuring up the ghosts of departed indulgences with all the aid that memory can afford them. These characters demand some attention, because they hold out

a warning to that numerous class of young people who are too lively to be discreet; to whom the purpose of life is amusement, and who are always in danger of falling into vicious habits, because they have too much activity to be quiet, and too little strength to be steady.

The characters of the Hospital Directors were written many years since, and, so far as I was capable of judging, are drawn with fidelity. I mention this circumstance, that, if any reader should find a difference in the verification or expression, he will be thus enabled to account for it.

The Poor are here almost of necessity introduced, for they must be considered, in every place, as a large and interesting portion of its inhabitants. I am aware of the great difficulty of acquiring just notions on the maintenance and management of this class of our fellow-subjects, and I forbear to express any opinion of the various modes which have been discussed or adopted: of one method only I venture to give my sentiments, that of collecting the poor of a hundred into one building: this admission of a vast number of persons, of all ages and both sexes, of very different inclinations, habits, and capacities, into a society, must, at a first view, I conceive, be looked upon as a cause of both vice and misery; nor does any thing which I have heard or read, invalidate the opinion; happily, it is not a prevailing one, as these houses are, I believe, still confined to that part of the kingdom where they originated.

To this subject follow several letters describing the follies and crimes of persons in lower life, with one relation of a happier and more consolatory kind. It has been a subject of greater vexation to me than such trifle ought to be, that I could not, without destroying all appearance of arrangement, separate these melancholy narratives, and place the fallen clerk in office at a greater distance from the clerk of the parish, especially as they resembled each other in several particulars; both being tempted, seduced, and wretched. Yet are there, I conceive, considerable marks of distinction: their guilt is of different kind; nor would either have committed the offence of the other. The clerk of the parish could break the commandment, but he could not have been induced to have disowned an article of that creed for which he had so bravely contended, and on which he fully relied; and the upright mind of the clerk in office would have secured him from being guilty of wrong and robbery, though his weak and vacillating intellect could not preserve him from infidelity and profaneness. Their melancholy is nearly alike, but not its consequences. Jachin retained his belief, and though he hated life, he could never be induced to quit it voluntarily; but Abel was driven to terminate his misery in a way which the unfixedness of his religious opinions rather accelerated than retarded. I am therefore not without hope that the more observant of my readers will perceive many marks of discrimination in these characters.

The life of Ellen Orford, though sufficiently burthened with error and misfortune, has in it little besides, which resembles those of the above unhappy men, and is still more unlike that of Grimes in a subsequent Letter. There is in this character cheerfulness and resignation, a more uniform piety, and an immovable trust in the aid of religion: this, with the light texture of the introductory part, will, I hope, take off from that idea of sameness which the repetition of crimes and distresses is likely to create. The character of Grimes, his obduracy and apparent want of feeling, his gloomy kind of misanthropy, the progress of his madness, and the horrors of his imagination, I must leave to the judgment and observation of my readers. The mind here exhibited, is one untouched by pity, unstung by remorse, and uncorrected by shame: yet is this hardness of temper and spirit broken by want, disease, solitude, and disappointment; and he becomes the victim of a disordered and horror-stricken fancy. It is evident, therefore, that no feeble vision, no half-visible ghost, nor the momentary glance of an unbodied being, nor the half-audible voice of an invisible one, would be created by the continual workings of distress on a mind so depraved and flinty.

The ruffian of Mr. Scott* has a mind of this nature: he has no shame or remorse; but the corrosion of hopeless want, the wasting of unhealing disease, and the gloom of unvaried solitude, will have their effect on every nature; and the harder that nature is, and the longer time required to work upon it, so much the more strong and indelible is the impression. This is all the reason I am able to give, why a man of feeling so dull should yet become insane, and why the visions of his disordered brain should be of so horrible a nature.

That a letter on Prisons should follow these narratives, is unfortunate, but not to be easily avoided. I confess it is not pleasant to be detained so long by subjects so repulsive to the feelings of many, as the sufferings of mankind; but though I assuredly would have altered this arrangement, had I been able to have done it by substituting a better, yet am I not of opinion that my verses, or indeed the verses of any other person, can so represent the evils and distresses of life as to make any material impression on the mind, and much less any of injurious nature. Alas! sufferings real, evident, continually before us, have not effects very serious or lasting, even in the minds of the more reflecting and compassionate; nor indeed does it seem right that the pain caused by sympathy should serve for more than a stimulus to benevolence. If then the strength and solidity of truth placed before our eyes have effect so feeble and transitory, I need not be very apprehensive that my representations of poorhouses and prisons, of wants and sufferings, however faithfully taken, will excite any feelings which can be seriously lamented. It has always been held as a salutary exercise of the mind, to contemplate the evils and miseries of our nature: I am not therefore without hope, that even this gloomy subject of imprisonment, and more especially the dream of the condemned highwayman, will excite in some mind that mingled pity and abhorrence, which, while it is not unpleasant to the feelings, is useful in its operation: it ties and binds us to all mankind by sensations common to us all, and in some degree connects us, without degradation, even to the most miserable and guilty of our fellow-men.

Our concluding subject is Education; and some attempt is made to describe its various seminaries, from that of the poor widow, who pronounces the alphabet for infants, to seats whence the light of learning is shed abroad on the world. If, in this letter, I describe the lives of literary men as embittered by much evil; if they be often disappointed, and sometimes unfitted for the world they improve; let it be considered that they are described as men who possess that great pleasure, the exercise of their own talents, and the delight which flows from their own exertions: they have joy in their pursuits, and glory in their acquirements of knowledge. Their victory over difficulties affords the most rational cause of triumph, and the attainment of new ideas leads to incalculable riches, such as gratify the glorious avarice of aspiring and comprehensive minds. Here then I place the reward of learning.—Our universities produce men of the first scholastic attainments, who are heirs to large possessions, or descendants from noble families. Now, to those so favoured, talents and acquirements are, unquestionably, means of arriving at the most elevated and important situations; but these must be the lot of a few: in general, the diligence, acuteness, and perseverance of a youth at the university, have no other reward than some college-honours and emoluments, which they desire to exchange, many of them for very moderate incomes in the obscurity of some distant village: so that, in stating the reward of an ardent and powerful mind to consist principally (I might have said entirely) in its own views, efforts, and excursions, I place it upon a sure foun-

dation, though not one so elevated as the more ambitious aspire to. It is surely some encouragement to a studious man to reflect, that if he be disappointed, he cannot be without gratification; and that if he gets but a very humble portion of what the world can give, he has a continual fraction of unwearying enjoyment, of which it has not power to deprive him.

Long as I have detained the reader, I take leave to add a few words on the subject of imitation, or, more plainly speaking, burrowing. In the course of a long poem, and more especially of two long ones, it is very difficult to avoid a recurrence of the same thoughts, and of similar expressions; and, however careful I have been myself in detecting and removing these kind of repetitions, my readers, I question not, would, if disposed to seek them, find many remaining. For these I can only plead that common excuse—they are the offences of a bad memory, and not of voluntary inattention; to which I must add, the difficulty (I have already mentioned) of avoiding the error: this kind of plagiarism will therefore, I conceive, be treated with lenity: and of the more criminal kind, borrowing from others, I plead, with much confidence, “not guilty.” But while I claim exemption from guilt, I do not affirm that much of sentiment and much of expression may not be detected in the vast collection of English poetry: it is sufficient for an author, that he uses not the words or ideas of another without acknowledgment, and this, and no more than this, I mean by disclaiming debts of the kind; yet resemblances are sometimes so very striking, that it requires faith in a reader to admit they were undesigned. A line in the second letter,

“And monuments themselves memorials need,”

was written long before the author, in an accidental recourse to Juvenal, read—

“Quandoquidem data sunt ipsi quoque fata sepulchris.”
SAT. x. 148.

and for this I believe the reader will readily give me credit. But there is another apparent imitation in the life of Blancy (Letter XIV.), a simile of so particular a kind, that its occurrence to two writers at the same time must appear as an extraordinary event; for this reason I once determined to exclude it from the relation; but, as it was truly un-borrowed, and suited the place in which it stood, this seemed, on after-consideration, to be an act of cowardice, and the lines are therefore printed as they were written about two months before the very same thought (prosaically dressed) appeared in a periodical work of the last summer. It is highly probable, in these cases, that both may derive the idea from a forgotten but common source; and in this way I must entreat the reader to do me justice, by accounting for other such resemblances, should any be detected.

I know not whether to some readers the placing two or three Latin quotations to a letter may not appear pedantic and ostentatious, while both they and the English ones may be thought unnecessary. For the necessity I have not much to advance; but if they be allowable, (and certainly the best writers have adopted them,) then, where two or three different subjects occur, so many of these mottoes seem to be required: nor will a charge of pedantry remain, when it be considered that these things are generally taken from some books familiar to the school-boy, and the selecting them is facilitated by the use of a book of common-place: yet with this help, the task of motto-hunting has been so unpleasant to me, that I have in various instances given up the quotation I was in pursuit of, and substituted such English verse or prose as I could find or invent for my purpose.

THE BOROUGH.

LETTER I.

General Description.

These did the Ruler of the deep ordain,
To build proud navies, and to rule the main.

Pope's HOMER'S ILLAD, book vi. l. 45.

Such scenes has Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich.

Pope's IMITATION OF SPENSER.

— — — — Et cum celestibus undis
Æquos miscetur aquæ: caret ignibus ether.
Cæcæque non premitur tenebris hiemisque sulcus,
Discussæ tamen hæc, præbentque micantia lumen
Fulmina: fulmineis ardescunt ignibus undæ.

ORIN. MET. lib. xi. v. 320.

THE BOROUGH.

The Difficulty of describing Town Scenery—A Comparison with certain Views in the Country—The River and Quay—The Shipping and Business—Ship-Building—Sea-Boys and Port-Views—Village and Town Scenery again compared—Walks from Town—Cottage and adjoining Heath, &c.—House of Sunday Entertainment—The Sea: A Summer and Winter View—A Shipwreck at Night, and its Effects on Shore—Evening Amusements in the Borough—An Apology for the imperfect View which can be given of these Subjects.

“DESCRIBE the Borough”—though our idle tribe
May love description, can we so describe,
That you shall fairly streets and buildings trace,
And all that gives distinction to a place?
This cannot be; yet moved by your request,
A part I paint—let Fancy form the rest.

Cities and towns, the various haunts of men,
Require the pencil; they defy the pen:
Could he, who sang so well the Grecian fleet,
So well have sung of alley, lane, or street?
Can measured lines these various buildings show,
The Town-hall Turning, or the Prospect Row?
Can I the seats of wealth and want explore,
And lengthen out my lays from door to door?

Then let thy fancy aid me—I repair
From this tall mansion of our last-year's mayor,
Till we the outskirts of the Borough reach,
And these half-buried buildings next the beach;
Where hang at open doors the net and cork,
While squalid sea-dames mend the meshy work;
Till comes the hour, when fishing through the tide,
The weary husband throws his freight aside;
A living mass, which now demands the wife,
The alternate labours of their humble life.

Can scenes like these withdraw thee from thy
wood,
Thy upland forest or thy valley's flood?
Seek then thy garden's shrubby bound, and look,
As it steals by, upon the bordering brook;
That winding streamlet, limpid, lingering, slow,
Where the reeds whisper when the zephyrs blow;
Where in the midst, upon her throne of green,
Sits the large lily* as the water's queen;

* The white water-lily (*Nymphæa alba*).

And makes the current, forced a while to stay,
Murmur and bubble as it shoots away;
Draw then the strongest contrast to that stream,
And our broad river will before thee seem.

With ceaseless motion comes and goes the tide,
Flowing, it fills the channel vast and wide;
Then back to sea, with strong majestic sweep
It rolls, in ebb yet terrible and deep;
Here samphire-banks† and salt-wort‡ bound the
flood,
There stakes and sea-weeds withering on the mud;
And higher up, a ridge of all things base,
Which some strong tide has roll'd upon the place.

Thy gentle river boasts its pigmy boat,
Urged on by pains, half grounded, half afloat;
While at her stern an angler takes his stand,
And marks the fish he purposes to land;
From that clear space, where in the cheerful ray
Of the warm sun, the scaly people play.

Far other craft our prouder river shows,
Hoys, pinks, and sloops; brigs, brigantines, and
snows:

Nor angler we on our wide stream descrie,
But one poor dredger where his oysters lie:
He cold and wet, and driving with the tide,
Beats his weak arms against his tarry side,
Then drains the remnant of diluted gin,
To aid the warmth that languishes within;
Renewing oft his poor attempts to heat
His tingling fingers into gathering heat.

He shall again be seen when evening comes,
And social parties crowd their favourite rooms;
Where, on the table pipes and papers lie,
The steaming bowl or foaming tankard by;
'Tis then, with all these comforts spread around,
They hear the painful dredger's welcome sound;
And few themselves the savoury boon deny,
The food that feeds, the living luxury.

Yon is our quay! those smaller hoys from town,
Its various wares, for country-use, bring down;
Those laden waggons, in return, impart
The country-produce to the city mart;
Hark! to the clamour in that miry road,
Bounded and narrow'd by yon vessels' load;
The lumbering wealth she empties round the place,
Package and parcel, hogshead, chest and case:
While the loud seaman and the angry hind,
Mingling in business, bellow to the wind.

Near these a crew amphibious, in the docks,
Rear, for the sea, those castles on the stocks:
See! the long keel, which soon the waves must hide;
See! the strong ribs which form the roomy side;
Bolts yielding slowly to the sturdiest stroke,
And planks§ which curve and crackle in the smoke.

† The jointed glasswort. *Salicornia* is here meant, not the true samphire, the *Cythium maritimum*.

‡ The *Sarcola* of botanists.

§ The curvature of planks for the sides of a ship, &c., is, I am informed, now generally made by the power of

Around the whole rise cloudy wreaths, and far
Bear the warm pungence of o'er-boiling tar.

Dabbling on shore half-naked sea-boys crowd,
Swim round a ship, or swing upon the shroud ;
Or in a boat purloin'd, with paddles play,
And grow familiar with the watery way :
Young though they be, they feel whose sons they are,
They know what British seamen do and dare ;
Proud of that fame, they raise and they enjoy
The rustic wonder of the village-boy.

Before you bid these busy scenes adieu,
Behold the wealth that lies in public view,
Those far-extended heaps of coal and coke,
Where fresh-fill'd lime-kilns breath their stifling
smoke.

This shall pass off, and you behold, instead,
The night-fire gleaming on its chalky bed ;
When from the light-house brighter beams will rise,
To show the shipman where the shallow lies.

Thy walks are ever pleasant ; every scene
Is rich in beauty, lively, or serene—
Rich—is that varied view with woods around,
Seen from the seat, within the shrubby bound ;
Where shines the distant lake, and where appear
From ruins bolting, unmolested deer ;
Lively—the village-green, the inn, the place,
Where the good widow schools her infant-race.
Shops, whence are heard the hammer and the saw,
And village-pleasures unimproved by law ;
Then how serene ! when in your favourite room,
Gales from your jasmynes soothe the evening gloom ;
When from your upland paddock you look down,
And just perceive the smoke which hides the town ;
When weary peasants at the close of day
Walk to their cots, and part upon the way ;
When cattle slowly cross the shallow brook,
And shepherds pen their folds, and rest upon their
crook.

We prune our hedges, prime our slender trees,
And nothing looks untutor'd and at ease,
On the wide heath, or in the flowery vale,
We scent the vapours of the sea-born gale ;
Broad-beaten paths lead on from stile to stile,
And sewers from streets the road-side banks defile ;
Our guarded fields a sense of danger show,
Where garden-crops with corn and clover grow ;
Fences are form'd of wreck and placed around,
(With tenters tipp'd) a strong repulsive bound ;
Wide and deep ditches by the gardens run,
And there in ambush lie the trap and gun ;
Or on broad board, which guards each tempting
“ Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.” [prize,

There stands a cottage with an open door,
Its garden undefended blooms before :
Her wheel is still, and overturn'd her stool,
While the lone widow seeks the neighbouring pool:
This gives us hope, all views of town to shun—
No ! here are tokens of the sailor-son ;
That old blue jacket, and that shirt of cheek,
And silken kerchief for the seaman's neck ;
Sea-spoils and shells from many a distant shore,
And furry robe from frozen Labrador.

steam. Fire is nevertheless still used for boats and vessels
of the smaller kind.

Our busy streets and sylvan-walks between,
Fen, marshes, bog and heath, all intervene ;
Here pits of crag, with spongy, plashy base,
To some enrich the uncultivated space :
For there are blossoms rare, and curious rush,
The *gale's* rich balm, and *sun-dew's* crimson blush,
Whose velvet leaf with radiant beauty drest,
Forms a gay pillow for the plover's breast.

Not distant far, a house commodious made
(Lonely yet public stands) for Sunday-trade ;
Thither for this day free, gay parties go,
Their tea-house walk, their tipping rendezvous ;
There humble couples sit in corner-bowers,
Or gaily ramble for the allotted hours ;
Sailors and lasses from the town attend,
The servant-lover, the apprentice-friend ;
With all the idle social tribes who seek,
And find, their humble pleasures once a week.

Turn to the watery world !—but who to thee
(A wonder yet unview'd) shall paint—the sea !
Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lull'd by zephyrs, or when roused by storms,
Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run ;
Embrown'd and horrid now, and now serene,
In limpid blue, and evanescent green ;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the far sail, and cheat the experienced eye *.

Be it the summer-noon : a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place ;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move ;
(For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends)—
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion ; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking ; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchor'd ; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide ;
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more !

Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make
The quiet surface of the ocean shake ;
As an awaken'd giant with a frown,
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.

View now the winter-storm ! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken all the skies o'erstroud ;
The unwieldy porpoise through the day before,
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore ;
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change ; the waves so swell'd and steep,

* Of the effect of these mists, known by the name of
fog-banks, wonderful and indeed incredible relations are
given : but their property of appearing to elevate ships at
sea, and to bring them in view, is, I believe, generally
acknowledged.

Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells :
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase ;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch ;
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then re-flowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off the petrel, in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray ;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild-ducks stretch ;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide ;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.

In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge ;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak com-
plaining cry ;
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

Darkness begins to reign ; the louder wind
Appals the weak and awes the firmer mind ;
But frights not him, whom evening and the spray
In part conceal—yon prowler on his way :
Lo ! he has something seen ; he runs apace,
As if he fear'd companion in the chase ;
He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
Slowly and sorrowing—"Was your search in vain ?"
Gruffly he answers, "Tis a sorry sight !
A seaman's body : there'll be more to-night !"

Hark ! to those sounds ! they're from distress at sea :
How quick they come ! What terrors may there be !
Yes, 'tis a driven vessel : I discern
Lights, signs of terror, gleaming from the stern ;
Others behold them too, and from the town
In various parties seamen hurry down ;
Their wives pursue, and damsels urged by dread,
Lest men so dear be into danger led ;
Their head the gown has hooded, and their call
In this sad night is piercing like the squall ; [meet,
They feel their kinds of power, and when they
Chide, fondle, weep, dare, threaten, or entreat.

See one poor girl, all terror and alarm,
Has fondly seized upon her lover's arm ;
"Thou shalt not venture ;" and he answers "No !
I will not"—still she cries, "Thou shalt not go."

No need of this ; not here the stoutest boat
Can through such breakers or such billows float ;
Yet may they view these lights upon the beach,
Which yield them hope, whom help can never reach.

From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws
On the wild waves, and all the danger shows ;
But shows them beaming in her shining vest,
Terrific splendour ! gloom in glory drest !

This for a moment, and then clouds again
Hide every beam, and fear and darkness reign.

But hear we now those sounds ! do lights ap-
I see them not ! the storm alone I hear : [pear !
And lo ! the sailors homeward take their way ;
Man must endure—let us submit and pray.

Such are our winter-views ; but night comes on—
Now business sleeps and daily cares are gone ;
Now parties form, and some their friends assist
To waste the idle hours at sober whist ;
The tavern's pleasure, or the concert's charm,
Unnumber'd moments of their sting disarm ;
Play-bills and open doors a crowd invite,
To pass off one dread portion of the night ;
And show and song and luxury combined,
Lift off from man this burthen of mankind.

Others adventurous walk abroad and meet
Returning parties pacing through the street ;
When various voices, in the dying day,
Hum in our walks, and greet us in our way ;
When tavern-lights flit on from room to room,
And guide the tipping sailor staggering home :
There as we pass, the jingling bells betray
How business risks with the closing day :
Now walking silent, by the river's side,
The ear perceives the rippling of the tide ;
Or measured cadence of the lads who tow
Some enter'd hoy, to fix her in her row
Or hollow sound, which from the parish-bell
To some departed spirit bids farewell !

Thus shall you something of our borough know,
Far as a verse with fancy's aid can show ;
Of sea or river, of a quay or street,
The best description must be incomplete ;
But when a happier theme succeeds, and when
Men are our subjects and the deeds of men ;
Then may we find the muse in happier style,
And we may sometimes sigh and sometimes smile.

LETTER II.

The Church.

—Festinat enim decurrere velox
Fuscus angustis miserique brevissima vitæ
Porcio: dum bibimus, dum certa, angusta, puellas
Fuscinus, ebrevit non intellecta senectus.

Juv. Sat. ix. l. 126.

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?

FANCY.

THE CHURCH.

Several Meanings of the word Church.—The Building so called, here intended.—Its Antiquity and Grandeur.—Columns and Aisles.—The Tower: the Stairs made by Time compared with the mock Antiquity of the Artist.—Progress of Vegetation on such Buildings.—Hells—Tombs: one in decay.—Mural Monuments, and the nature of their Inscriptions.—An Instance in a departed Burgess.—Church-yard Graves—Mourners for the Dead.—A Story of a betrothed Pair in humble Life, and Effects of Grief in the Survivor.

"WHAT is a church ?"—Let truth and reason speak,
They would reply, "The faithful, pure, and meek ;

THE CHURCH.

From Christian folds, the one selected race,
Of all professions, and in every place."

"What is a church?"—"A flock," our vicar cries,
"Whom bishops govern, and whom priests advise ;
Wherein are various states and due degrees,
The bench for honour, and the stall for ease ;
That ease be mine, which, after all his cares,
The pious, peaceful prebendary shares."

"What is a church?"—Our honest sexton tells,
"Tis a tall building, with a tower and bells ;
Where priest and clerk with joint exertion strive
To keep the ardour of their flock alive ;
That, by his periods eloquent and grave ;
This, by responses, and a well-set stave :
These for the living ; but when life be fled,
I toll myself the requiem for the dead."

"Tis to this church I call thee, and that place,
Where slept our fathers when they'd run their race :
We too shall rest, and then our children keep
Their road in life, and then, forgotten, sleep ;
Meanwhile the building slowly falls away,
And, like the builders, will in time decay.

The old foundation—but it is not clear
When it was laid—you care not for the year ;
On this, as parts decay'd by time and storms,
Arose these varied disproportion'd forms ;
Yet Gothic, all the learn'd who visit us
(And our small wonders) have decided thus :
"Yon noble Gothic arch," "That Gothic door ;"
So have they said ; of proof you'll need no more.

Here large plain columns rise in solemn style,
You'd love the gloom they make in either aisle ;
When the sun's rays, enfeebled as they pass
(And shorn of splendour) through the storied glass,
Faintly display the figures on the floor,
Which pleased distinctly in their place before.

But ere you enter, yon bold tower survey,
Tall and entire, and venerably grey,
For time has soften'd what was harsh when new,
And now the stains are all of sober hue ;
The living stains which nature's hand alone,
Profuse of life, pours forth upon the stone ;
For ever growing ; where the common eye
Can but the bare and rocky bed desery :
There Science loves to trace her tribes minute,
The juiceless foliage, and the tasteless fruit ;
There she perceives them round the surface creep,
And while they meet, their due distinctions keep ;
Mix'd but not blended ; each its name retains,
And these are nature's ever-during stains.

And would'st thou, artist! with thy tints and
brush, [blush !
Form shades like these! pretender, where thy
In three short hours shall thy presuming hand
The effect of three slow centuries command (" *Thou may'st thy various greens and greys contrive,
They are not lichens, nor like aught alive ;—
But yet proceed, and when thy tints are lost,
Fled in the shower, or crumbled by the frost ;*

* If it should be objected, that centuries are not slower than hours, because the speed of time must be uniform : I would answer, that I understand so much, and mean that they are slower in no other sense, than because they are not finished so soon.

When all thy work is done away as clean
As if thou never spreadst thy grey and green ;
Then may'st thou see how nature's work is done,
How slowly true she lays her colours on ;
When her least speck upon the hardest flint
Has mark and form and is a living tint ;
And so embodied with the rock, that few
Can the small germ upon the substance view.†

Seeds, to our eye invisible, will find
On the rude rock the bed that fits their kind ;
There, in the rugged soil, they safely dwell,
Till showers and snows the subtle atoms swell,
And spread the enduring foliage ; then we trace
The freckled flower upon the flinty base ;
These all increase, till in unnoticed years
The stony tower as grey with age appears ;
With coats of vegetation, thinly spread,
Coat above coat, the living on the dead :
These then dissolve to dust, and make a way
For bolder foliage, nursed by their decay :
The long-enduring ferns in time will all
Die and depose their dust upon the wall ;
Where the wing'd seed may rest till many a flower
Show Flora's triumph o'er the falling tower.

But ours yet stands, and has its bells renown'd
For size magnificent and solemn sound ;
Each has its motto : some contrived to tell,
In monkish rhyme, the uses of a bell ;
Such wondrous good, as few conceive could spring
From ten loud coppers when their clappers swing.
Enter'd the church, we to a tomb proceed,
Whose names and titles few attempt to read ;
Old English letters, and those half picked out,
Leave us, unskilful readers, much in doubt ;
Our sons shall see its more degraded state ;
The tomb of grandeur hastens to its fate ;
That marble arch our sexton's favourite show,
With all those ruff'd and painted pairs below ;
The noble lady and the lord who rest
Supine, as courtly dame and warrior drest ;
All are departed from their state sublime,
Mangled and wounded in their war with time
Collegued with mischief ; here a leg is fled,
And lo ! the *baron* with but half a head ;
Midway is cleft the arch ; the very base
Is batter'd round and shifted from its place.

Wonder not, mortal, at thy quick decay—
See ! men of marble piece-meal melt away ;
When whose the image we no longer read,
But monuments themselves memorials need.§

† This kind of vegetation, as it begins upon siliceous stones, is very thin, and frequently not to be distinguished from the surface of the flint. The *Byssus Jolithus* of Linneus (*Lepraria Jolithus* of the present system), an adhesive carmine crust on rocks and old buildings, was, even by scientific persons, taken for the substance on which it spread. A great variety of these minute vegetables are to be found in some parts of the coast, where the beach, formed of stones of various kind, is undisturbed, and exposed to every change of weather : in this situation, the different species of lichen, in their different stages of growth, have an appearance interesting and agreeable even to those who are ignorant of and indifferent to the cause.

‡ The several purposes for which bells are used, are expressed in two Latin verses of this kind.

§ Quandoquidem data sunt ipsi quoque fata sepulchris.
Juv. Sat. x. 146.

With few such stately proofs of grief or pride
By wealth erected, is our church supplied;
But we have mural tablets, every size,
That woe could wish, or vanity devise.

Death levels man,—the wicked and the just;
The wise, the weak, lie blended in the dust;
And by the honours dealt to every name,
The king of terrors seems to level fame.
—See! here lamented wives, and every wife
The pride and comfort of her husband's life;
Here, to her spouse, with every virtue graced,
His mournful widow has a trophy placed;
And here 'tis doubtful if the duteous son,
Or the good father, be in praise outdone.

This may be nature; when our friends we lose,
Our alter'd feelings dictate to our views;
What in their tempers teased us or distress'd,
Is, with our anger and the dead, at rest;
And much we grieve, no longer trial made,
For that impatience which we then display'd;
Now to their love and worth of every kind,
A soft compunction turns the afflicted mind;
Virtues neglected then, adored become,
And graces slighted blossom on the tomb.

'Tis well; but let not love nor grief believe,
That we assent (who neither loved nor grieve)
To all that praise, which on the tomb is read,
To all that passion dictates for the dead;
But more indignant, we the tomb deride,
Whose bold inscription Flattery sells to pride.

Read of this Burgess—on the stone appear
How worthy he! how virtuous! and how dear!
What wailing was there when his spirit fled,
How mourn'd his lady for her lord when dead,
And tears abundant through the town were shed;
See! he was liberal, kind, religious, wise,
And free from all disgrace and all disguise;
His sterling worth, which words cannot express,
Lives with his friends, their pride and their distress.

All this of *Jacob Holmes*? for his the name;
He thus kind, liberal, just, religious!—shame!
What is the truth! Old Jacob married thrice;
He dealt in coals, and avarice was his vice;
He ruled the Borough when his year came on,
And some forget, and some are glad, he's gone;
For never yet with shilling could he part,
But when it left his hand, it struck his heart.

Yet, here will love its last attentions pay,
And place memorials on these beds of clay.
Large level stones lie flat upon the grave,
And half a century's sun and tempest brave;
But many an honest tear and heartfelt sigh,
Have followed those who now unnoticed lie:
Of these what numbers rest on every side!
Without one token left by grief or pride;
Their graves soon level'd to the earth, and then
Will other hillocks rise o'er other men;
Daily the dead on the decay'd are thrust,
And generations follow, "dust to dust."

Yes! there are real mourners—I have seen
A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention (through the day) her duties claim'd,
And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd;
Neatly she dress'd, nor vainly seem'd to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;

But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep:
Then to her mind was all the past display'd,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestion'd truth;
In every place she wander'd, where they'd been,
And sadly-sacred held the parting-scene;
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sail'd—"This once, and then the day:"
Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sail'd, and great the care she took,
That he should softly sleep, and snartry look;
White was his better linen, and his cheek
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow:
For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold;
Yet saw not danger; dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he too smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain;
Hope was awaken'd as for home he sail'd,
But quickly sank, and never more prevail'd.

He call'd his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more; I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint,—
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts mean-
time
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head:
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart she sigh'd; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,
Yet said not so—"Perhaps he will not sink!"
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;

Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she prest,
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest;"
"I go," he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gaz'd affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past!

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have grieved, had friends presumed to
spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

Forbear, sweet maid! nor be by fancy led,
To hold mysterious converse with the dead;
For sure at length thy thoughts, thy spirits' pain,
In this sad conflict will disturb thy brain;
All have their tasks and trials; thine are hard,
But short the time, and glorious the reward;
Thy patient spirit to thy duties give,
Regard the dead, but to the living, live*.

LETTER III.

The Vicar—the Curate, &c.

And telling me the sovereign's toing on earth
Was parmacety for an inward bruise.

SHARDPEAK.—HER. IV. Act I.

So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,
No fit to prattle at a lady's feet.

CHURCHILL

Much are the precious hours of youth mispent,
In climbing learning's rugged, steep ascent.
When to the top the bold adventurer's got,
He reigns vain monarch of a barren spot;
While in the vale of ignorance below,
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on every side,
And proud Prebend rolls her golden tide.

CHURCHILL

VICAR.

The lately departed Minister of the Borough—His soothing and supplicatory Manner—His cool and timid Affections—No Praise due to such negative Virtues—Address to Characters of this kind—The Vicar's Employments—His Talents and moderate Ambition—His Dislike of Innovation—His mild but ineffectual Benevolence—A Summary of his Character.

* It has been observed to me, that in the first part of the story I have represented this young woman as resigned and attentive to her duties: from which it should appear that the concluding advice is unnecessary: but if the reader will construe the expression "to the living live," into the sense—live entirely for them, attend to duties only which are real, and not those imposed by the imagination. I shall have no need to alter the line which terminates the story.

CURATE.

Mode of paying the Borough-Minister—The Curate has no such Resources—His Learning and Poverty—Erroneous Idea of his Parent—His Feelings as a Husband and Father—The dutiful Regard of his numerous Family—His Pleasure as a Writer, how interrupted—No Resource in the Press—Vulgar Insult—His Account of a Literary Society, and a Fund for the Relief of Indigent Authors, &c.

WHERE ends our chancel in a vaulted space,
Sleep the departed vicars of the place;
Of most, all mention, memory, thought, are past—
But take a slight memorial of the last.

To what famed college we our vicar owe,
To what fair county, let historians show:
Few now remember when the mild young man,
Ruddy and fair, his Sunday-task began;
Few live to speak of that soft soothing look
He cast around, as he prepared his book;
It was a kind of supplicating smile,
But nothing hopeless of applause, the while;
And when he finish'd, his corrected pride
Felt the desert, and yet the praise denied.
Thus he his race began, and to the end
His constant care was, no man to offend;
No haughty virtues stirr'd his peaceful mind,
Nor urged the priest to leave the flock behind;
He was his Master's soldier, but not one
To lead an army of his martyrs on:
Fear was his ruling passion; yet was love.
Of timid kind, once known his heart to move;
It led his patient spirit where it paid
Its languid offerings to a listening maid:
She, with her widow'd mother, heard him speak,
And sought awhile to find what he would seek:
Smiling he came, he smiled when he withdrew,
And paid the same attention to the two;
Meeting and parting without joy or pain,
He seem'd to come that he might go again.
The wondering girl, no prude, but something nice,
At length was chill'd by his unmelting ice;
She found her tortoise held such sluggish pace,
That she must turn and meet him in the chase:
This not approving, she withdrew till one
Came, who appear'd with livelier hope to run;
Who sought a readier way the heart to move,
Than by faint dalliance of unfixing love.

Accuse me not that I approving paint
Impatient hope or love without restraint;
Or think the passions, a tumultuous throng,
Strong as they are, ungovernably strong:
But is the laurel to the soldier due,
Who cautious comes not into danger's view!
What worth has virtue by desire untried,
When Nature's self enlists on duty's side?

The married dame in vain assail'd the truth
And guarded bosom of the Hebrew youth;
But with the daughter of the priest of On
The love was lawful, and the guard was gone;
But Joseph's fame had lessen'd in our view,
Had he, refusing, fled the maiden too.

Yet our good priest to Joseph's praise aspired,
As once rejecting what his heart desired;
"I am escaped," he said, when none pursued;
When none attack'd him, "I am unsubdued;"
"Oh pleasing pangs of love," he sang again,
Cold to the joy, and stranger to the pain.

Even in his age would he address the young,
 "I too have felt these fires, and they are strong;"
 But from the time he left his favourite maid,
 To ancient females his devoirs were paid;
 And still they miss him after morning-prayer;
 Nor yet successor fills the vicar's chair,
 Where kindred spirits in his praise agree,
 A happy few, as mild and cool as he;
 The easy followers in the female train,
 Led without love, and captives without chain.

Ye lilies male! think (as your tea you sip,
 While the town small-talk flows from lip to lip;
 Intrigues half-gather'd, conversation scraps,
 Kitchen cabals, and nursery mishaps,
 If the vast world may not some scene produce,
 Some state where your small talents might have use;
 Within seraglios you might harmless move,
 'Mid ranks of beauty, and in haunts of love;
 There from too-daring man the treasures guard,
 An easy duty, and its own reward;
 Nature's soft substitutes, you there might save,
 From crime the tyrant, and from wrong the slave.

But let applause be dealt in all we may,
 Our priest was cheerful, and in season gay;
 His frequent visits seldom fail'd to please;
 Easy himself, he sought his neighbour's ease:
 To a small garden with delight he came,
 And gave successive flowers a summer's fame;
 These he presented with a grace his own
 To his fair friends, and made their beauties known,
 Not without moral compliment; how they
 "Like flowers were sweet, and must like flowers
 decay."

Simple he was, and loved the simple truth,
 Yet had some useful cunning from his youth;
 A cunning never to dishonour lent,
 And rather for defence than conquest meant;
 'Twas fear of power, with some desire to rise,
 But not enough to make him enemies;
 He ever aim'd to please; and to offend
 Was ever cautious; for he sought a friend;
 Yet for the friendship never much would pay,
 Content to bow, be silent, and obey,
 And by a soothing suff'rance find his way.

Fiddling and fishing were his arts: at times
 He alter'd sermons, and he aim'd at rhymes;
 And his fair friends, not yet intent on cards,
 Oft he amused with riddles and charades.

Mild were his doctrines, and not one discourse
 But gain'd in softness what it lost in force:
 Kind his opinions: he would not receive
 An ill report, nor evil act believe;
 "If true, 'twas wrong; but blemish great or small
 Have all mankind; yea, sinners are we all."

If ever fretful thought disturb'd his breast—
 If aught of gloom that cheerful mind oppress'd,
 It sprang from innovation; it was then
 He spake of mischief made by restless men;
 Not by new doctrines: never in his life
 Would he attend to controversial strife.
 For sects he cared not—"They are not of us,
 Nor need we, brethren, their concerns discuss;
 But 'tis the change, the schism at home I feel;
 Ills few perceive, and none have skill to heal:

Not at the altar our young brethren read
 (Facing their flock) the Decalogue and Creed;
 But at their duty, in their desks they stand,
 With naked surplices, lacking hood and band:
 Churches are now of holy song bereft,
 And half our ancient customs changed or left;
 Few sprigs of ivy are at Christmas seen,
 Nor crimson berry tips the holly's green;
 Mistaken choirs refuse the solemn strain
 Of ancient Sternhold, which from ours amain
 Comes flying forth from aisle to aisle about
 Sweet links of harmony, and long drawn out."

These were to him essentials; all things new
 He deem'd superfluous, useless, or untrue;
 To all beside indifferent, easy, cold,
 Here the fire kindled, and the woe was told.

Habit with him was all the test of truth,
 "It must be right: I've done it from my youth."
 Questions he answer'd in as brief a way,
 "It must be wrong—it was of yesterday."

Though mild benevolence our priest possess'd,
 'Twas but by wishes or by words express'd:
 Circles in water, as they wider flow,
 The less conspicuous in their progress grow;
 And when at last they touch upon the shore,
 Distinction ceases, and they're view'd no more:
 His love, like that last circle, all embraced,
 But with effect that never could be traced.

Now rests our vicar. They who knew him best,
 Proclaim his life to have been entirely rest;
 Free from all evils which disturb his mind
 Whom studies vex and controversies blind.

The rich approved—of them in awe he stood;
 The poor admired—they all believed him good;
 The old and serious of his habits spoke;
 The frank and youthful loved his pleasant joke;
 Mamma approved a safe contented guest,
 And Miss a friend to back a small request:
 In him his flock found nothing to condemn;
 Him sectaries liked—he never troubled them;
 No trifles fail'd his easy mind to please,
 And all his passions sunk in early ease;
 Nor one so old has left this world of sin,
 More like the being that he enter'd in.

THE CURATE.

Ask you what lands our pastor tithes!—Alas!
 But few our acres, and but short our grass:
 In some fat pastures of the rich, indeed,
 May roll the single cow or favourite steed;
 Who, stable-fed, is here for pleasure seen,
 His sleek sides bathing in the dewy green:
 But these, our hilly heath and common wide
 Yield a slight portion for the pariah-guide;
 No crops luxuriant in our borders stand,
 For here we plough the ocean, not the land;
 Still reason wills that we our pastor pay,
 And custom does it on a certain day:
 Much is the duty, small the legal due,
 And this with grateful minds we keep in view;
 Each makes his offering, some by habit led,
 Some by the thought, that all men must be fed;
 Duty and love, and piety and pride,
 Have each their force, and for the priest provide.

Not thus our curate, one whom all believe
Pious and just, and for whose fate they grieve ;
All see him poor, but even the vulgar know
He merits love, and their respect bestow.
A man so learn'd you shall but seldom see,
Nor one so honour'd, so aggrieved as he ;—
Not grieved by years alone ; though his appear
Dark and more dark ; severer on severe ;
Not in his need,—and yet we all must grant,
How painful 'tis for feeling age to want ;
Nor in his body's sufferings ; yet we know
Where Time has plough'd, there Misery loves to
sow ;

But in the wearied mind, that all in vain
Wares with distress, and struggles with its pain.

His father saw his powers—"I'll give," quoth he,
"My first-born learning ; 'twill a portion be :"
Unhappy gift ! a portion for a son !
But all he had :—he learn'd, and was undone !

Better, apprenticed to an humble trade
Had he the cassock for the priesthood made,
Or thrown the shuttle, or the saddle slaped,
And all these pangs of feeling souls escaped.

He once had hope—hope ardent, lively, light ;
His feelings pleasant, and his prospects bright :
Eager of fame, he read, he thought, he wrote,
Weigh'd the Greek page, and added note on note ;
At morn, at evening, at his work was he,
And dream'd what his *Euripides* would be.

Then care began ;—he loved, he woo'd, he wed ;
Hope cheer'd him still, and Hymen bless'd his bed—
A curate's bed ! then came the woeful years ;
The husband's terrors, and the father's tears ;
A wife grown feeble, mourning, pining, vex'd,
With wants and woes—by daily cares perplex'd ;
No more a help, a smiling, soothing aid,
But boding, drooping, sickly, and afraid.

A kind physician, and without a fee,
Gave his opinion—"Send her to the sea."
"Alas !" the good man answer'd, "can I send
A friendless woman ! can I find a friend !
No ; I must with her, in her need, repair
To that new place ; the poor lie every where ;—
Some priest will pay me for my pious pains :"—
He said, he came, and here he yet remains.

Behold his dwelling, this poor hut he hires,
Where he from view, though not from want retires ;
Where four fair daughters, and five sorrowing sons,
Partake his sufferings, and dismiss his duns ;
All join their efforts, and in patience learn
To want the comforts they aspire to earn ;
For the sick mother something they'd obtain,
To soothe her grief and mitigate her pain ;
For the sad father something they'd procure,
To ease the burthen they themselves endure.

Virtues like these at once delight and press
On the fond father with a proud distress ;
On all around he looks with care and love,
Grieved to behold, but happy to approve.

Then from his care, his love, his grief, he steals,
And by himself an author's pleasure feels ;
Each line detains him ; he omits not one,
And all the sorrows of his state are gone.—

Alas ! even then, in that delicious hour,
He feels his fortune and laments its power.

Some tradesman's bill his wandering eyes engage,
Some scrawl for payment thrust 'twixt page and
page ;
Some bold, loud rapping at his humble door,
Some surly message he has heard before,
Awake, alarm, and tell him he is poor.

An angry dealer, vulgar, rich, and proud,
Thinks of his bill, and passing, raps aloud ;
The elder daughter meekly makes him way—
"I want my money, and I cannot stay :
My mill is stopp'd ; what, Miss ! I cannot grind,
Go tell your father he must raise the wind :"
Still trembling, troubled, the dejected maid
Says, "Sir ! my father !—" and then stops afraid :
Even his hard heart is soften'd, and he hears
Her voice with pity ; he respects her tears ;
His stubborn features half admit a smile,
And his tone softens—"Well ! I'll wait awhile."

Pity ! a man so good, so mild, so meek,
At such an age, should have his bread to seek ;
And all those rude and fierce attacks to dread,
That are more harrowing than the want of bread :
Ah ! who shall whisper to that misery peace !
And say that want and insolence shall cease !

"But why not publish !"—those who know too
Dealers in Greek, are fearful 'twill not sell ; [well,
Then he himself is timid, troubled, slow,
Nor likes his labours nor his griefs to show ;
The hope of fame may in his heart have place,
But he has dread and horror of disgrace ;
Nor has he that confiding easy way,
That might his learning and himself display ;
But to his work he from the world retreats,
And frets and glories o'er the favourite sheets.

But see ! the man himself ; and sure I trace
Signs of new joy exulting in that face
(O'er care that sleeps—we err, or we discern
Life in thy looks—the reason may we learn !

"Yes," he replied, "I'm happy, I confess,
To learn that some are pleased with happiness
Which others feel—there are who now combine
The worthiest natures in the best design,
To aid the letter'd poor, and soothe such ills as
mine ;
We who more keenly feel the world's contempt,
And from its miseries are the least exempt ;
Now hope shall whisper to the wounded breast,
And grief, in soothing expectation, rest.

"Yes, I am taught that men who think, who feel,
Unite the pains of thoughtful men to heal ;
Not with disdainful pride, whose bounties make
The needy curse the benefits they take ;
Not with the idle vanity that knows
Only a selfish joy when it bestows ;
Not with o'erbearing wealth, that, in disdain,
Hurls the superfluous bliss at groaning pain ;
But these are men who yield such blest relief,
That with the grievance they destroy the grief ;
Their timely aid the needy sufferers find,
Their generous manner soothes the suffering mind
Theirs is a gracious bounty, form'd to raise
Him whom it aids ; their charity is praise ;

A common bounty may relieve distress,
But whom the vulgar succour, they oppress ;
This, though a favour, is an honour too,
Though mercy's duty, yet 'tis merit's due ;
When our relief from such resources rise,
All painful sense of obligation dies ;
And grateful feelings in the bosom wake,
For 'tis their offerings, not their alms we take.

"Long may these founts of charity remain,
And never shrink, but to be fill'd again ;
True! to the author they are now confined,
To him who gave the treasures of his mind,
His time, his health, and thankless found mankind :
But there is hope that from these founts may flow
A side-way stream, and equal good bestow ;
Good that may reach us, whom the day's distress
Keeps from the fame and perils of the press ;
Whom study beckons from the ills of life,
And they from study ; melancholy strife !
Who then can say, but bounty now so free,
And so diffused, may find its way to me ?

"Yes ! I may see my decent table yet
Cheer'd with the meal that adds not to my debt ;
May talk of those to whom so much we owe,
And guess their names whom yet we may not know ;
Blest we shall say are those who thus can give,
And next who thus upon the bounty live ;
Then shall I close with thanks my humble meal,
And feel so well—Oh ! God ! how I shall feel !"

LETTER IV.

Sects and Professions in Religion.

But cast your eyes again,
And view those errors which new sects maintain,
Or which unfold disturb'd the churches' peaceful reign ;
And we can point each period of the time
When they began, and who began the crime ;
Can calculate how long the eclipse endured ;
Who interposed ; what digits were obscured ;
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We knew the rise, the progress and decay.

DRYDEN.—HIND AND PANTHER, PART II.

Oh ! said the hind, how many sons have you
Who call you mother, whom you never knew ?
But most of them who that relation plead,
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead ;
They gaze at rich revenues which you hold,
And vain would nibble at your grandame's gold.

HIND AND PANTHER.

SECTS

Are numerous and successive.—General Effect of false Zeal
—Deists.—Fanatical Idea of Church Reformers.—The
Church of Rome—Baptists—Swedenborgians—Univer-
saliists—Jews.

Methodists of two kinds ; Calvinistic and Arminian.

The Preaching of a Calvinistic Enthusiast.—His Contempt
of Learning : Dislike to sound Morality : Why.—His Idea
of Conversion.—His Success and Pretensions to Humility.

The Arminian Teacher of the older Flock.—Their Notions
of the Operations and Power of Satan.—Description of
his Devices.—Their Opinion of regular Ministers.—Com-
parison of these with the Preacher himself.—A Rebuke
to his Hearers : introduces a Description of the powerful
Effects of the Word in the early and awakening Days of
Methodism.

"Sects in religion !"—Yes, of every race
We nurse some portion in our favour'd place ;
Not one warm creature of one growing sect
Can say our borough treats him with neglect ;

Frequent as fashions they with us appear,
And you might ask, "How think we for the year ?
They come to us as riders in a trade,
And with much art exhibit and persuade.

Minds are for sects of various kinds decreed,
As different soils are form'd for different seed ;
Some when converted sigh in sore amaze,
And some are rapt in joy's ecstatic blaze ;
Others again will change to each extreme,
They know not why—as hurried in a dream ;
Unstable they, like water, take all forms,
Are quick and stagnant ; have their calms and
storms ;

High on the hills, they in the sun-beams glow,
Then muddily they move deluded and slow ;
Or cold and frozen rest, and neither rise nor flow.

Yet none the cool and prudent teacher prize,
On him they dote who wakes their ecstasies ;
With passions ready primed, such guide they meet,
And warm and kindle with the imparted heat ;
'Tis he who wakes the nameless strong desire,
The melting rapture, and the glowing fire ;
'Tis he who pierces deep the tortured breast,
And stirs the terrors, never more to rest.

Opposed to these we have a prouder kind,
Rash without heat ! and without raptures blind ;
These our *glad tidings* unconcern'd peruse,
Search without awe, and without fear refuse ;
The truths, the blessings, found in sacred writ,
Call forth their spleen, and exercise their wit ;
Respect from these nor saints nor martyrs gain,
The zeal they scorn, and they deride the pain ;
And take their transient, cool, contemptuous view,
Of that which must be tried, and doubtless—*may
be true.*

Friends of our faith we have, whom doubts like
these,
And keen remarks and bold objections please ;
They grant such doubts have weaker minds oppress,
Till sound conviction gave the troubled rest.

"But still," they cry, "let none their censures
spare,"
They but confirm the glorious hopes we share ;
From doubt, disdain, derision, scorn and lies,
With five-fold triumph sacred truth shall rise."

Yes ! I allow, so truth shall stand at last,
And gain fresh glory by the conflict past :—
As Solway-moss (a barren mass and cold,
Death to the seed and poison to the fold)
The smiling plain and fertile vale o'erlaid,
Choked the green sod, and kill'd the springing
blade ;
That changed by culture, may in time be seen,
Enrich'd by golden grain, and pasture green ;
And these fair acres, rented and enjoy'd,
May those excel by Solway-moss destroy'd.*

Still must have mourn'd the tenant of the day,
For hopes destroy'd, and harvests swept away ;
To him the gain of future years unknown ;
The instant grief and suffering were his own :
So must I grieve for many a wounded heart,
Chill'd by those doubts which bolder minds impart :

* For an account of this extraordinary and interesting
event, I refer my readers to the journals of the year 1779.

Truth in the end shall shine divinely clear,
But sad the darkness till those times appear ;
Contests for truth, as wars for freedom, yield
Glory and joy to those who gain the field :
But still the christian must in pity sigh
For all who suffer, and uncertain die.

Here are, who all the Church maintains approve,
But yet the Church herself they will not love ;
In angry speech they blame the carnal tie,
Which pure religion lost her spirit by ;
What time from prisons, flames, and tortures led,
She slumber'd careless in a royal bed ;
To make, they add, the church's glory shine,
Should Diocletian reign, not Constantine.

"In pomp," they cry, "is England's church
array'd :
Her cool reformers wrought like men afraid ;
We would have pulled her gorgeous temples down,
And spurned her mitre, and defiled her gown ;
We would have trodden low both bench and stall,
Nor left a tithe remaining, great or small."

Let us be serious—should such trials come,
Are they themselves prepared for martyrdom ?
It seems to us that our reformers knew
The important work they undertook to do ;
An equal priesthood they were loth to try,
Lest zeal and care should with ambition die ;
To them it seem'd that, take the tenth away,
Yet priests must eat, and you must feed or pay :
Would they indeed, who hold such pay in scorn,
Put on the muzzle when they tread the corn ?
Would they all, gratis, watch, and tend the fold,
Nor take one fleece to keep them from the cold !

Men are not equal, and 'tis meet and right
That robes and titles our respect excite ;
Order requires it ; 'tis by vulgar pride
That such regard is censured and denied ;
Or by that false enthusiastic zeal,
That thinks the spirit will the priest reveal,
And show to all men, by their powerful speech,
Who are appointed and inspired to teach :
Alas ! could we the dangerous rule believe,
Whom for their teacher should the crowd receive ?
Since all the varying kinds demand respect,
All press you on to join their chosen sect,
Although but in this single point agreed,
"Desert your churches, and adopt our creed."

We know full well how much our forms offend
The burthen'd Papist and the simple Friend ;
Him, who new robes for every service takes,
And who in drab and beaver sighs and shakes ;
He on the priest, whom hood and band adorn,
Looks with the sleepy eye of silent scorn ;
But him I would not for my friend and guide,
Who views such things with spleen, or wears with
pride.

See next our several sects,—but first behold
The *Church of Rome*, who here is poor and old :
Use not triumphant rallery, or at least,
Let not thy mother be a whore and beast ;
Great was her pride indeed in ancient times,
Yet shall we think of nothing but her crimes ?
Exalted high above all earthly things,
She placed her foot upon the neck of kings ;
But some have deeply since avenged the crown,
And thrown her glory and her honours down ;

Nor neck nor ear can she of kings command,
Nor place a foot upon her own fair land.

Among her sons, with us a quiet few,
Obscure themselves, her ancient state review ;
And fond and melancholy glances cast
On power insulted, and on triumph past :
They look, they can but look, with many a sigh,
On sacred buildings doom'd in dust to lie ;
"On seats," they tell, "where priest 'mid tapers
dim [hymn ;
Breathed the warm prayer, or tuned the midnight
Where trembling penitents their guilt confess'd,
Where want had succour, and contrition rest ;
There weary men from trouble found relief,
There men in sorrow found repose from grief ;
To scenes like these the fainting soul retired ;
Revenge and anger in these cells expired ;
By pity soothed, remorse lost half her fears,
And soften'd pride dropp'd penitential tears.

"Then convent-walls and nunnery-spires arose,
In pleasant spots which monk or abbot chose ;
When counts and barons saints devoted fed,
And making cheap exchange, had prayer for bread.

"Now all is lost, the earth where abbeys stood,
Is layman's land, the glebe, the stream, the wood ;
His oxen low where monks retired to eat,
His cows repose upon the prior's seat ;
And wanton doves within the cloisters bill,
Where the chaste votary warred with wanton will."

Such is the change they mourn, but they restrain
The rage of grief, and passively complain.

We've *Baptists* old and new ; forbear to ask
What the distinction—I decline the task ;
This I perceive, that when a sect grows old,
Converts are few, and the converted cold :
First comes the hot-bed heat, and while it glows,
The plants spring up, and each with vigour grows ;
Then comes the cooler day,—and though awhile
The verdure prospers and the blossoms smile,
Yet poor the fruit, and form'd by long delay,
Nor will the profits for the culture pay ;
The skilful gardener then no longer stops,
But turns to other beds for bearing crops.

Some *Swedenborgians* in our streets are found,
Those wandering walkers on enchanted ground ;
Who in our world, can other worlds survey,
And speak with spirits though confined in clay :
Of Bible-mysteries, they the keys possess,
Assured themselves, where wiser men but guess :
'Tis theirs to see around, about, above,—
How spirits mingle thoughts, and angels move ;
Those whom our grosser views from us exclude,
To them appear—a heavenly multitude ;
While the dark sayings, seal'd to men like us,
Their priests interpret, and their flocks discuss.

But while these gifted men, a favoured fold,
New powers exhibit and new worlds behold ;
Is there not danger lest their minds confound
The pure above them with the gross around ?
May not these *Phætons*, who thus contrive
"Twixt heaven above and earth beneath to drive,
When from their flaming chariots they descend,
The worlds they visit in their fancies blend ?
Alas ! too sure on both they bring disgrace,
Their earth is crazy, and their heaven is base.

We have, it seems, who treat, and doubtless well,
Of a chastising, not awarding hell ;
Who are assured that an offended God
Will cease to use the thunder and the rod ;
A soul on earth, by crime and folly stain'd,
When here corrected, has improvement gain'd ;
In other state still more improved to grow,
And nobler powers in happier world to know ;
New strength to use in each divine employ,
And, more enjoying, looking more to joy.

A pleasing vision ! could we thus be sure
Polluted souls would be at length so pure ;
The view is happy, we may think it just,
It may be true—but who shall add, it must !
To the plain words and sense of sacred writ,
With all my heart, I reverently submit ;
But where it leaves me doubtful, I'm afraid
To call conjecture to my reason's aid ;
Thy thoughts, thy ways, great God ! are not as mine,
And to thy mercy I my soul resign.

Jews are with us, but far unlike to those,
Who, led by David, warred with Israel's foes ;
Unlike to those whom his imperial son
Taught truths divine—the preacher Solomon :
Nor war nor wisdom yield our *Jews* delight,
They will not study, and they dare not fight*.

These are, with us, a slavish, knavish crew,
Shame and dishonour to the name of Jew ;
The poorest masters of the meanest arts,
With cunning heads, and cold and cautious hearts ;
They grope their dirty way to petty gains,
While poorly paid for their nefarious pains.

Amazing race ! deprived of land and laws,
A general language, and a public cause ;
With a religion none can now obey,
With a reproach that none can take away :
A people still, whose common ties are gone ;
Who, mix'd with every race, are lost in none.

What said their prophet ?—"Shouldst thou disobey,
The Lord shall take thee from thy land away ;
Thou shalt a bye-word and a proverb be,
And all shall wonder at thy woes and thee ;
Daughter and son shalt thou, while captive, have,
And see them made the bond-maid and the slave ;
He, whom thou leav'st, *the Lord thy God*, shall
War to thy country on an eagle-wing : [bring
A people strong and dreadful to behold,
Stern to the young, remorseless to the old ;
Masters whose speech thou canst not understand,
By cruel signs shall give the harsh command :
Doubtful of life, shalt thou by night, by day,
For grief, and dread, and trouble pine away ;
Thy evening-wish,—Would God ! I saw the sun ;
Thy morning-sigh,—Would God ! the day were done.
Thus shalt thou suffer, and to distant times
Regret thy misery, and lament thy crimes†."

A part there are, whom doubtless man might trust,
Worthy as wealthy, pure, religious, just ;

* Some may object to this assertion ; to whom I beg leave to answer, that I do not use the word *fight* in the sense of the Jew *Mendoza*.

† See the Book of Deuteronomy, chapter xxvii., and various other places.

They who with patience, yet with rapture look
On the strong promise of the sacred book :
As unfulfilled the eudearing words they view,
And blind to truth, yet own their prophets true ;
Well pleased they look for *Sion's* coming state,
Nor think of *Julian's* boast and *Julian's* fate‡.

More might I add ; I might describe the flocks
Made by *seceders* from the ancient stocks ;
Those who will not to any guide submit,
Nor find one creed to their conceptions fit—
True *Independents* : while they Calvin hate,
They heed as little what *Socinians* state ;
They judge *Arminians*, *Antinomians*, stray,
Nor *England's Church*, nor church on earth obey ;
But for themselves they carve out creed and laws,
And weigh their atoms, and divide their straws.

A sect remains, which though divided long
In hostile parties, both are fierce and strong,
And into each indists a warm and zealous throng.
Soon as they rose in fame, the strife arose,
The *Calvinistic* these, the *Arminian* those ;
With Wesley some remained, the remnant Whit-
field chose.

Now various leaders both the parties take,
And the divided hosts their new divisions make.

See yonder preacher ! to his people pass,
Borne up and swell'd by tabernacle-gas ;
Much he discourses, and of various points,
All unconnected, void of limbs and joints ;
He rails, persuades, explains, and moves the will,
By fierce bold words, and strong mechanic skill.

"That gospel, Paul with zeal and love maintain'd,
To others lost, to you is now explain'd ;
No worldly learning can these points discuss,
Books teach them not as they are taught to us ;
Illiterate call us !—let their wisest man
Draw forth his thousands as your teacher can :
They give their moral precepts ; so, they say,
Did Epictetus once, and Seneca ;
One was a slave, and slaves we all must be,
Until the Spirit comes and sets us free.
Yet hear you nothing from such men but works ;
They make the christian service like the Turks'.

"Hark to the churchman : day by day he cries,
'Children of men, be virtuous and be wise ;
Seek patience, justice, temperance, meekness, truth ;
In age be courteous, be sedate in youth.'—
So they advise, and when such things be read,
How can we wonder that their flocks are dead ?

"The heathens wrote of virtue ; they could dwell
On such light points : in them it might be well,
They might for virtue strive ; but I maintain,
Our strife for virtue would be proud and vain.
When Samson carried Gaza's gates so far,
Lack'd he a helping hand to bear the bar !
Thus the most virtuous must in bondage groan :
Samson in grace, and carries all alone§.

"Hear you not priests their feeble spirits spend,
In bidding sinners turn to God, and mend ;

‡ His boast, that he would rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem ; his fate (whatever becomes of the miraculous part of the story), that he died before the foundation was laid.

§ Whoever has attended to the books or preaching of these enthusiastic people, must have observed much of this kind of absurd and foolish application of Scripture History ; it seems to them as reasoning.

To check their passions, and to walk aright,
To run the race, and fight the glorious fight!
Nay more—to pray, to study, to improve,
To grow in goodness, to advance in love!

“Oh! babes and sucklings, dull of heart and slow,
Can grace be gradual? Can conversion grow?
The work is done by instantaneous call;
Converts at once are made, or not at all;
Nothing is left to grow, reform, amend,
The first emotion is the movement's end:
If once forgiven, debt can be no more;
If once adopted, will the heir be poor?
The man who gains the twenty-thousand prize,
Does he by little and by little rise?
There can no fortune for the soul be made,
By peddling cares and savings in her trade.

“Why are our sins forgiven?—priests reply,
—‘Because by faith on mercy we rely;
Because, believing, we repent and pray.’—
Is this their doctrine!—then they go astray:
We're pardon'd neither for belief nor deed,
For faith nor practice, principle nor creed;
Nor for our sorrow for our former sin,
Nor for our fears when better thoughts begin;
Nor prayers nor penance in the cause avail,
All strong remorse, all soft contrition fail;—
It is the *call!* till that proclaims us free,
In darkness, doubt, and bondage we must be;
Till that *assures* us, we're in vain endured,
And all is over when we're once assured.

“This is conversion:—first, there comes a cry
Which utters, ‘Sinner, thou'rt condemn'd to die!’
Then the struck soul to every aid repairs,
To church and altar, ministers and prayers;
In vain she strives,—involved, engulfed in sin,
She looks for hell, and seems already in:
When, in this travail, the New Birth comes on,
And in an instant every pang is gone;
The mighty work is done without our pains,—
Claim but a part, and not a part remains.

“All this experience tells the soul, and yet
These moral men their pence and farthings set
Against the terrors of the countless debt:
But such compounders, when they come to gaul,
Will find that virtues never serve as bail.

“So much to duties: now to learning look,
And see their priest-hood piling book on book;
Yea, books of infidels we're told, and plays,
Put out by heathens in the wink'd-on days;
The very letters are of crooked kind,
And show the strange perverseness of their mind.
Have I this learning? When the Lord would speak,
Think ye he needs the Latin or the Greek?
And lo! with all their learning, when they rise
To preach, in view the ready sermon lies;
Some low-prized stuff they purchased at the stalls,
And more like Seneca's than mine or Paul's.
Children of bondage, how should they explain
The Spirit's freedom, while they wear a chain?
They study words, for meanings grow perplex'd,
And slowly hunt for truth from text to text,
Through Greek and Hebrew:—we the meaning
Of that within, who every tongue can speak: [seek
This all can witness; yet the more I know,
The more a meek and humble mind I show.

“No! let the pope, the high and mighty priest,
Lord to the poor, and servant to the Beast;
Let bishops, deans, and prebendaries swell
With pride and fatness till their hearts rebel:
I'm meek and modest—if I could be proud,
This crowded meeting, lo! the amazing crowd!
Your mute attention, and your meek respect,
My spirit's fervour, and my words' effect,
Might stir the unguarded soul; and oft to me
The tempter speaks, whom I compel to flee;
He goes in fear, for he my force has tried,—
Such is my power! but can you call it pride!

“No, fellow-pilgrims! of the things I've shown
I might be proud, were they indeed my own!
But they are lent; and well you know the source
Of all that's mine, and must confide of course:
Mine! no, I err; 'tis but consign'd to me,
And I am nought but steward and trustee.”

Far other doctrines yon *Arminian* speaks:
“Seek grace,” he cries, “for he shall find who
This is the ancient stock by Wesley led; [seeks.”
They the pure body, he the reverend head:
All innovation they with dread decline,
Their *John* the elder, was the *John* Divine;
Hence, still their moving prayer, the melting hymn,
The varied accent, and the active limb;
Hence that implicit faith in Satan's might,
And their own matchless prowess in the fight.
In every act they see that lurking foe,
Let loose awhile about the world to go;
A dragon flying round the earth, to kill
The heavenly hope, and prompt the carnal will;
Whom sainted knights attack in sinners' cause,
And force the wounded victim from his paws;
Who but for them would man's whole race subdue,
For not a hireling will the foe pursue!

“Show me one churchman who will rise and pray
Through half the night, though lab'ring all the day,
Always abounding—show me him, I say:”—
Thus cries the preacher, and he adds, “Their
Satan devours at leisure, as they sleep. [sleep
Not so with us; we drive him from the fold,
For ever barking and for ever bold:
While they securely slumber, all his schemes
Take full effect,—the devil never dreams:
Watchful and changeful through the world he goes.
And few can trace this deadliest of their foes;
But I detect, and at his work surprise
The subtle serpent, under all disguise.

“Thus to man's soul, the foe of souls will speak:
—‘A saint elect, you can have nought to seek;
Why all this labour in so plain a case,
Such care to run, when certain of the race!’
All this he urges to the carnal will,
He knows you're slothful, and would have you still:
Be this your answer:—‘Satan, I will keep
Still on the watch till you are laid asleep.’
Thus too the christian's progress he'll retard:—
‘The gates of mercy are for ever barr'd;
And that with bolts so driven and so stout,
Ten thousand workmen cannot wrench them out.’
To this deceit you have but one reply,—
Give to the father of all lies, the lie.

“A sister's weakness he'll by fits surprise,
His her wild laughter, his her piteous cries;

And should a pastor at her side attend,
He'll use her organs to abuse her friend :
These are possessions—unbelieving wits
Impute them all to Nature : ' They're her fits,
Caused by commotions in the nerves and brains,'
Vain talk ! but they'll be fitted for their pains.

" These are in part the ills the foe has wrought,
And these the churchman thinks not worth his
thought :

They bid the troubled try for peace and rest,
Compose their minds, and be no more distress'd :
As well might they command the passive shore
To keep secure, and be o'erflow'd no more ;
To the wrong subject is their skill applied,—
To act like workmen, they should stem the tide.

" These are the church-physicians ; they are paid
With noble fees for their advice and aid ;
Yet know they not the inward pulse to feel,
To ease the anguish, or the wound to heal.
With the sick sinner thus their work begins :
' Do you repent you of your former sins !
Will you amend if you revive and live !
And, pardon seeking, will you pardon give !
Have you belief in what your Lord has done,
And are you thankful !—all is well, my son.'

" A way far different ours—we thus surprise
A soul with questions, and demand replies :—

" ' How dropp'd you first,' I ask, ' the legal yoke !
What the first word the living Witness spoke !
Perceived you thunders roar, and lightnings shine,
And tempests gathering ere the birth divine !
Did fire, and storm, and earthquake all appear
Before that still small voice, *What dost thou here ?*
Hast thou by day and night, and soon and late,
Watched and watch'd before Admission-gate ;
And so a pilgrim and a soldier pass'd
To Zion's hill through battle and through blast ?
Then in thy way didst thou thy foe attack,
And mad'st thou proud Apollyon turn his back !'

" Heart-searching things are these, and shake
the mind,
Yea, like the rustling of a mighty wind.

" Thus would I ask :—' Nay, let me question low,
How sink my sayings in your bosoms ! how !
Feel you a quickening ! drops the subject deep !
Stupid and stony, no ! you're all asleep ;
Listless and lazy, waiting for a close,
As if at church—do I allow repose !
Am I a legal minister ? do I
With form or rubrick, rule or rite comply ?
Then whence this quiet, tell me, I beseech !
One might believe you heard your rector preach,
Or his assistant dreamer :—Oh ! return,
Ye times of burning, when the heart would burn ;
Now hearts are ice, and you, my freezing fold,
Have spirits sunk and sad, and bosoms stony cold.'

" Oh ! now again for those prevailing powers,
Which once began this mighty work of ours ;
When the wide field, God's temple, was the place,
And birds flew by to catch a breath of grace ;
When 'mid his timid friends and threat'ning foes,
Our zealous chief as Paul at Athens rose :
When with infernal spite and knotty clubs
The Ill-one arm'd his scoundrels and his scrubs ;

And there were flying all around the spot
Brands at the preacher, but they touch'd him not ;
Stakes brought to smite him, threaten'd in his cause,
And tongues, attuned to curses, roar'd applause ;
Louder and louder grew his awful tones,
Sobbing and sighs were heard, and rueful groans ;
Soft women fainted, prouder man express'd
Wonder and woe, and butchers smote the breast ;
Eyes wept, ears tingled ; stiff'ning on each head,
The hair drew back, and Satan howl'd and fled.

" In that soft season when the gentle breeze
Rises all round, and swells by slow degrees ;
Till tempests gather, when through all the sky
The thunders rattle, and the lightnings fly ;
When rain in torrents wood and vale deform,
And all is horror, hurricane, and storm :

" So, when the preacher in that glorious time,
Than clouds more melting, more than storm
sublime, [around ;—
Dropp'd the new Word, there came a charm
Tremors and terrors rose upon the sound ;
The stubborn spirits by his force he broke,
As the fork'd lightning rives the knotted oak :
Fear, hope, dismay, all signs of shame or grace,
Chain'd every foot, or featured every face ;
Then took his sacred trump a louder swell,
And now they groan'd, they sicken'd, and they fell ;
Again he sounded, and we heard the cry
Of the Word-wounded, as about to die ;
Further and further spread the conquering word,
As loud he cried—' *the battle of the Lord.*'
Even those apart who were the sound denied,
Fell down instinctive, and in spirit died.
Nor staid he yet—his eye, his frown, his speech,
His very gesture had a power to teach ;
With out-stretch'd arms, strong voice, and piercing
He won the field, and made the *Dragons* fall ; [call,
And thus in triumph took his glorious way,
Through scenes of horror, terror, and dismay."

LETTER V.

Elections.

Say then, which class to greater follies stings,
The great in promise, or the poor in hope ?

Be brave, for our leader is brave, and vows reformation : these
shall be in England seven half-penny leaves sold for a penny ; and the
three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops. I will make it felony to drink
small-beer. all shall eat and drink on my score, and I will apparel
them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers ; and they
shall all worship me as their lord.

REMARKS BY HENRY VI.

THE ELECTION.

The Evils of the Contest, and how in part to be avoided—
The Miseries endured by a Friend of the Candidate—
The various liberties taken with him, who has no personal
Interest in the Success—The unreasonable Expectations of Voters—
The censures of the opposing Party—The Views as well as Polls shown in such time of Contest—
Plans and cunning of Electors—Evils which remain after the Decision, opposed in vain by the efforts of the
Friendly, and of the Successful ; among whom is the Mayor—Story of his Advancement till he was raised to the Government of the Borough—These evils not to be
placed in balance with the Liberty of the People, but are yet Subjects of just Complaint.

Yes, our Election's past, and we've been froo,
Somewhat as madmen without keepers be ;

And such desire of freedom has been shown,
That both the parties wish'd her all their own:
All our free smiths and cobblers in the town,
Were loth to lay such pleasant freedom down;
To put the bludgeon and cockade aside,
And let us pass unhurt and undefied.

True! you might then your party's sign produce,
And so escape with only half the abuse;
With half the danger as you walk'd along,
With rage and threat'ning but from half the throng:

This you might do, and not your fortune mend,
For where you lost a foe, you gain'd a friend;
And to distress you, vex you, and expose,
Election-friends are worse than any foes;
The party-curse is with the canvass past,
But party-friendship, for your grief, will last.

Friends of all kinds, the civil and the rude,
Who humbly wish, or boldly dare to intrude;
These beg or take a liberty to come,
(Friends should be free,) and make your house
their home;
They know that warmly you their cause espouse,
And come to make their boastings and their bows;
You scorn their manners, you their words mistrust,
But you must hear them, and they know you must.

One plainly sees a friendship firm and true,
Between the noble candidate and you;
So humbly begs (and states at large the case),
"You'll think of *Bobby* and the little place."

Stifling his shame by drink, a wretch will come,
And prate your wife and daughter from the room:
In pain you hear him, and at heart despise,
Yet with heroic mind your pangs disguise;
And still in patience to the sot attend,
To show what man can bear to serve a friend.

One enters hungry—not to be denied,
And takes his place and jokes—"We're of a side."
Yet worse the proser, who, upon the strength
Of his one vote, has tales of three hours' length;
This sorry rogue you bear, yet with surprise
Start at his oaths, and sicken at his lies.

Then comes there one, and tells in friendly way,
What the opponents in their anger say;
All that through life has vex'd you, all abuse,
Will this kind friend in pure regard produce;
And having through your own offences run,
Adds (as appendage) what your friends have done.

Has any female cousin made a trip
To Greta-green, or more vexatious slip?
Has your wife's brother, or your uncle's son
Done aught amiss, or is he thought to have done?
Is there of all your kindred some who lack
Vision direct, or have a gibbous back?
From your unlucky name may quips and puns
Be made by these upbraiding Goths and Huns!
To some great public character have you
Assign'd the fame to worth and talents due,
Proud of your praise!—In this, in any case,
Where the brute-spirit may affix disgrace,
These friends will smiling bring it, and the while
You silent sit, and practise for a smile.

Vain of their power, and of their value sure,
They nearly guess the tortures you endure;

Nor spare one pang—for they perceive your heart
Goes with the cause; you'd die before you'd start;
Do what they may, they're sure you'll not offend
Men who have pledged their honours to your friend.

Those friends indeed, who start as in a race,
May love the sport, and laugh at this disgrace;
They have in view the glory and the prize,
Nor heed the dirty steps by which they rise:
But we their poor associates lose the fame,
Though more than partners in the toil and shame.

Were this the whole, and did the time produce
But shame and toil, but riot and abuse;
We might be then from serious griefs exempt,
And view the whole with pity and contempt.
Alas! but here the vilest passions rule;
It is seduction's, is temptation's school;
Where vices mingle in the oddest ways,
The grossest slander and the dirtiest praise;
Flattery enough to make the vainest sick,
And clumsy stratagem, and scoundrel trick:
Nay more, your anger and contempt to cause,
These, while they fish for profit, claim applause;
Bribed, bought and bound, they banish shame and
fear;

Tell you they're staunch, and have a soul sincere;
Then talk of honour, and if doubt's express'd,
Show where it lies, and smite upon the breast.

Among these worthies, some at first declare
For whom they vote: for then he's most to spare;
Others hang off—when coming to the post
Is spurring time, and then he'll spare the most:
While some demurring, wait, and find at last
The bidding languish, and the market past;
These will affect all bribery to condemn,
And be it Satan laughs, he laughs at them.

Some too are pious—one desired the Lord
To teach him where "to drop his little word;
To lend his vote, where it would profit best;
Promotion came not from the East or West;
But as their freedom had promoted some,
He should be glad to know which way 'twould come:
It was a naughty world, and where to sell
His precious charge was more than he could tell."

"But you succeeded!"—true, at mighty cost,
And our good friend, I fear, will think he's lost:
Inns, horses, chaises, dinners, balls and notes;
What fill'd their purses, and what drench'd their
throats;
The private pension, and indulgent lease,—
Have all been granted to these friends who fleece;
Friends who will hang like burrs upon his coat,
And boundless judge the value of a vote.

And though the terrors of the time be past,
There still remain the scatterings of the blast;
The boughs are parted that entwined before,
And ancient harmony exists no more;
The gusts of wrath our peaceful seats deform,
And sadly flows the sighing of the storm:
Those who have gain'd, are sorry for the gloom,
But they who lost, unwilling peace should come;
There open envy, here suppress'd delight,
Yet live, till time shall better thoughts excite,
And so prepare us, by a six-years' truce,
Again for riot, insult, and abuse.

Our worthy mayor, on the victorious part,
Cries out for peace, and cries with all his heart ;
He, civil creature ! ever does his best,
To banish wrath from every voter's breast :
"For where," says he, with reason strong and plain,
"Where is the profit ? what will anger gain ?"
His short stout person he is wont to brace
In good brown broad-cloth, edged with two-inch lace,
When in his seat ; and still the coat seems new,
Preserved by common use of seaman's blue.

He was a fisher from his earliest day,
And placed his nets within the borough's bay ;
Where by his skates, his herrings, and his soles,
He lived, nor dream'd of corporation doles ;
But toiling saved, and saving, never ceased
Till he had box'd up twelve score pounds at least :
He knew not money's power, but judg'd it best
Safe in his trunk to let his treasure rest ;
Yet to a friend complain'd : "Sad charge to keep
So many pounds, and then I cannot sleep."
"Then put it out," replied the friend—"What, give
My money up ? why then I could not live :"
"Nay, but for interest place it in his hands,
Who'll give you mortgage on his house or lands :"
"Oh but," said Daniel, "that's a dangerous plan,
He may be robb'd like any other man."
"Still he is bound, and you may be at rest,
More safe the money than within your chest ;
And you'll receive, from all deductions clear,
Five pounds for every hundred, every year."
"What good in that ?" quoth Daniel, "for 'tis plain,
If part I take, there can but part remain."
"What ! you, my friend, so skill'd in gainful things,
Have you to learn what interest money brings ?"
"Not so," said Daniel, "perfectly I know,
He's the most interest who has most to show."
"True ! and he'll show the more, the more he lends ;
Thus he his weight and consequence extends ;
For they who borrow must restore each sum,
And pay for use.—What, Daniel, art thou dumb ?"
In fact the fisher was amazed ; as soon
Could he have judg'd gold issued from the moon ;
But being taught, he grieved with all his heart,
For lack of knowledge in this precious art.
"Five pounds for every hundred will he give ?
And then the hundred ? I begin to live."—
So he began, and other means he found,
As he went on, to multiply a pound :
Though blind so long to interest, all allow
That no man better understands it now :
Him in our body-corporate we chose,
And once among us, he above us rose ;
Stepping from post to post, he reach'd the chair,
And there he now reposes—that's the mayor.

But 'tis not he, 'tis not the kinder few,
The mild, the good, who can our peace renew ;
A peevish humour swells in every eye,
The warm are angry, and the cool are shy ;
There is no more the social board at whist,
The good old partners are with scorn dismiss'd ;

* I am informed that some explanation is here necessary, though I am ignorant for what class of my readers it can be required. Some corporate bodies have actual property, as appears by their receiving rents ; and they obtain money on the admission of members into their society ; this they may lawfully share perhaps. There are, moreover, other doles, of still greater value, of which it is not necessary for me to explain the nature, or to inquire into the legality.

No more with dog and lantern comes the maid,
To guide the mistress when the rubber's play'd ;
Sad shifts are made lest ribbons blue and green
Should at one table, at one time be seen :
On care and merit none will now rely,
'Tis party sells, what party friends must buy ;
The warmest burgess wears a bodger's coat,
And fashion gains less interest than a vote ;
Uncheck'd the vintner still his poison vends,
For he too votes, and can command his friends.

But this admitted ; be it still agreed,
These ill effects from noble cause proceed ;
Though like some vile excrescences they be,
The tree they spring from is a sacred tree,
And its true produce, strength and liberty.

Yet if we could the attendant ills suppress,
If we could make the sum of mischief less ;
If we could warm and angry men persuade,
No more man's common comforts to invade ;
And that old ease and harmony re-seat,
In all our meetings, so in joy to meet ;
Much would of glory to the muse ensue,
And our good vicar would have less to do.

LETTER VI.

Professions—Law.

Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt ?
Hæc enim,
Væ ! misero mihi, mea nunc facinora
Aperiuntur, clam quæ speravi fore.
MÆNLIUS.

THE PROFESSION OF LAW.

Trades and Professions of every kind to be found in the Borough—Its Seamen and Soldiers—Law, the danger of the subject—Coddington's offence—Attorneys increased ; their splendid appearance, how supported—Some worthy exceptions—Spirit of Litigation, how stirred up—A Boy articled as a clerk ; his ideas—How this Profession perverts the judgment—Actions appear through this medium in a false light—Success from honest application—Acher a worthy Character—Swallow a Character of a different kind—His origin, progress and success, &c.

"TRADES and professions"—these are themes the muse,
Left to her freedom, would forhear to choose ;
But to our borough they in truth belong,
And we, perforce, must take them in our song.

Be it then known, that we can boast of these :
In all denominations, ranks, degrees ;
All who our numerous wants through life supply,
Who soothe us sick, attend us when we die,
Or for the dead their various talents try.
Then have we those who live by secret arts,
By hunting fortunes, and by stealing hearts ;
Or who by nobler means themselves advance ;
Or who subsist by charity and chance.

Say, of our native heroes shall I boast,
Born in our streets, to thunder on our coast,
Our borough-seamen ! Could the timid muse
More patriot-ardour in their breasts infuse ;
Or could she paint their merit or their skill,
She wants not love, alacrity, or will ;
But needless all, that ardour is their own, [known.
And for their deeds, themselves have made them

Soldiers in arms ! defenders of our soil !
 Who from destruction save us ; who from spoil
 Protect the sons of peace, who traffic or who toil ;
 Would I could duly praise you ; that each deed
 Your foes might honour, and your friends might
 This too is needless ; you've imprinted well [read :
 Your powers, and told what I should feebly tell ;
 Beside, a muse like mine, to satire prone,
 Would fall in themes where there is praise alone.
 —Law shall I sing, or what to law belongs !
 Alas ! there may be danger in such songs ;
 A foolish rhyme, 'tis said, a trifling thing,
 The law found treason, for it touch'd the king.
 But kings have mercy, in these happy times,
 Or surely *one* had suffer'd for his rhymes ;
 Our glorious Edwards and our Henrys bold,
 So touch'd, had kept the reprobate in hold ;
 But he escaped,—nor fear, thank Heaven ! have I,
 Who love my king, for such offence to die.
 But I am taught the danger would be much,
 If these poor lines should one *attorney* touch—
 (One of those *limbs* of law who're always here ;
 The *heads* come down to guide them twice a-year.)
 I might not swing indeed, but he in sport
 Would whip a rhymers on from court to court ;
 Stop him in each, and make him pay for all
 The long proceedings in that dreaded hall :—
 Then let my numbers flow discreetly on,
 Warn'd by the fate of luckless Coddington,
 Lest some *attorney* (pardon me the name)
 Should wound a poor *solicitor* for fame.

One man of law in George the Second's reign,
 Was all our frugal fathers would maintain ;
 He too was kept for forms ; a man of peace,
 To frame a contract or to draw a lease :
 He had a clerk, with whom he used to write
 All the day long, with whom he drank at night ;
 Spare was his visage, moderate his bill,
 And he so kind, men doubted of his skill.

Who thinks of this, with some amazement sees,
 For man so poor, three flourishing at ease ;
 Nay, one in splendour !—see that mansion tall,
 That lofty door, that far-echoing hall ;
 Well-furnish'd rooms, plate shining on the board,
 Gay liveried lads, and cellar proudly stored :
 Then say how comes it that such fortunes crown
 These sons of strife, these terrors of the town !

Lo ! that small office ! there the incautious guest
 Goes blindfold in, and that maintains the rest ;
 There in his web, th' observant spider lies,
 And peers about for fat intruding flies ;
 Doubtful at first he hears the distant hum,
 And feels them flutt'ring as they nearer come ;
 They buzz and blink, and doubtfully they tread
 On the strong birdlime of the utmost thread ;
 But when they're once entangled by the gin,
 With what an eager clasp he draws them in !
 Nor shall they 'scape, till after long delay,
 And all that sweetens life is drawn away.

"Nay, this," you cry, "is common-place, the
 Of petty tradesmen o'er their evening ale ; [tale
 There are who, living by the legal pen,
 Are held in honour,—'honourable men.'"

Doubtless—there are who hold manorial courts,
 Or whom the trust of powerful friends supports ;

* The account of Coddington occurs in "The Mirror
 for Magistrates:" he suffered in the reign of Richard III.

Or who, by labouring through a length of time,
 Have picked their way, unsullied by a crime.
 These are the few—in this, in every place,
 Fix the litigious rupture-stirring race ;
 Who to contention as to trade are led,
 To whom dispute and strife are bliss and bread.

There is a doubtful pauper, and we think
 'Tis not with us to give him meat and drink ;
 A child is born, and 'tis not mighty clear
 Whether the mother lived with us a year :
 A road's indicted, and our seniors doubt
 If in our proper boundary or without ;
 But what says our attorney ! He, our friend,
 Tells us, 'tis just and manly to contend :

"What ! to a neighbouring pariah yield your
 cause ?
 While you have money, and the nation laws !
 What ! lose without a trial, that which tried,
 May—nay it must—be given on our side ;
 All men of spirit would contend ; such men
 Than lose a pound would rather hazard ten ;
 What, he imposed on ! no ! a British soul
 Despises imposition, hates control ;
 The law is open, let them, if they dare,
 Support their cause ; the borough need not spare :
 All I advise is vigour and good-will :
 Is it agreed then ?—Shall I file a bill !"

The trader, grazier, merchant, priest and all,
 Whose sons aspiring, for professions call,
 Choose from their lads some bold and subtle boy,
 And judge him fitted for this grave employ :
 Him a keen old practitioner admits,
 To write five years and exercise his wits :
 The youth has heard—it is in fact his creed,
 Mankind dispute, that lawyers may be feed :
 Goals, bailiffs, writs, all terms and threats of law,
 Grow now familiar as once top and taw :
 Rage, hatred, fear, the mind's severer ills,
 All bring employment, all augment his bills ;
 As feels the surgeon for the mangled limb,
 The mangled mind is but a job for him ;
 Thus taught to think, these legal reasoners draw
 Morals and maxims from their views of law ;
 They cease to judge by precepts taught in schools,
 By man's plain sense, or by religious rules ;
 No ! nor by law itself, in truth discern'd,
 But as its statutes may be warp'd and turn'd :
 How they should judge of man, his word and deed,
 They in their books and not their bosoms read :
 Of some good act you speak with just applause,
 "No ! no !" says he, "'t would be a losing cause."
 Blame you some tyrant's deed !—he answers,

"Nay,
 He'll get a verdict ; heed you what you say."
 Thus to conclusions from examples led,
 The heart resigns all judgment to the head ;
 Law, law alone for ever kept in view,
 His measures guides, and rules his conscience too :
 Of ten commandments, he confesses three
 Are yet in force, and tells you which they be,
 As law instructs him, thus : "Your neighbour's wife
 You must not take, his chattels, nor his life ;
 Break these decrees, for damage you must pay ;
 These you must reverence, and the rest—you may."

Law was designed to keep a state in peace ;
 To punish robbery, that wrong might cease ;

To be impregnable ; a constant fort,
To which the weak and injured might resort :
But these perverted minds its force employ,
Not to protect mankind, but to annoy ;
And long as ammunition can be found,
Its lightning flashes and its thunders sound.

Or law with lawyers is an ample still,
Wrought by the passions' heat with chymic skill ;
While the fire burns, the gains are quickly made,
And freely flow the profits of the trade ;
Nay, when the fierceness fails, these artists blow
The dying fire, and make the embers glow.
As long as they can make the smaller profits flow ;
At length the process of itself will stop,
When they perceive they've drawn out every drop.

Yet I repeat, there are, who nobly strive
To keep the sense of moral worth alive ;
Men who would starve, ere meanly deign to live
On what deception and chicanery give ;
And these at length succeed ; they have their strife,
Their apprehensions, stops, and rubs in life ;
But honour, application, care, and skill,
Shall bend opposing fortune to their will.

Of such is *Archer*, he who keeps in awe
Contending parties by his threats of law :
He, roughly honest, has been long a guide
In borough-business, on the conquering side ;
And seen so much of both sides, and so long,
He thinks the bias of man's mind goes wrong :
Thus, though he's friendly, he is still severe,
Surly though kind, suspiciously sincere :
So much he's seen of baseness in the mind,
That, while a friend to man, he scorns mankind ;
He knows the human heart, and sees with dread,
By slight temptation how the strong are led ;
He knows how interest can sunder rend
The bond of parent, master, guardian, friend,
To form a new and a degrading tie
'Twixt needy vice and tempting villany.
Sound in himself, yet when such flaws appear,
He doubts of all, and learns that self to fear :
For where so dark the moral view is grown,
A timid conscience trembles for her own ;
The piteous-taint of general vice is such
As daubs the fancy, and you dread the touch.

Far unlike him was one in former times,
Famed for the spoil he gathered by his crimes ;
Who, while his brethren nibbling held their prey,
He like an eagle seized and bore the whole away.

Swallow, a poor attorney, brought his boy
Up at his desk, and gave him his employ ;
He would have bound him to an honest trade,
Could preparations have been duly made.
The clerkship ended, both the sire and son
Together did what business could be done ;
Sometimes they'd luck to stir up small disputes
Among their friends, and raise them into suits :
Though close and hard, the father was content
With this resource, now old and indolent :
But his young Swallow, gaping and alive
To fiercer feelings, was resolved to thrive :—
" Father," he said, " but little can they win,
Who hunt in couples where the game is thin ;
Let's part in peace, and each pursue his gain
Where it may start—our love may yet remain."

The parent growl'd, he couldn't think that love
Made the young cockatrice his den remove ;
But, taught by habit, he the truth suppress'd,
Forced a frank look, and said he "thought it best."
Not long they'd parted ere dispute arose,
The game they hunted quickly made them foes ;
Some house, the father by his art had won,
Seem'd a fit cause of contest to the son,
Who raised a claimant, and then found a way
By a staunch witness to secure his prey.
The people cursed him, but in times of need
Trusted in one so certain to succeed :
By law's dark by-ways he had stored his mind
With wicked knowledge how to cheat mankind.
Few are the freeholds in our ancient town,
A copy-right from heir to heir came down,
From whence some heat arose, when there was doubt
In point of heirship ; but the fire went out,
Till our attorney had the art to raise
The dying spark, and blow it to a blaze :
For this he now began his friends to treat ;
His way to starve them was to make them eat,
And drink oblivious draughts—to his applause
It must be said, he never starved a cause ;
He'd roast and boil'd upon his board ; the boast
Of half his victims was his boil'd and roast ;
And these at every hour—he seldom took
Aside his client, till he'd praised his cook ;
Nor to an office led him, there in pain
To give his story and go out again ;
But first, the brandy and the chine were seen,
And then the business came by starts between.

" Well, if 'tis so, the house to you belongs ;
But have you money to redress these wrongs ?
Nay, look not sad, my friend, if you're correct,
You'll find the friendship that you'd not expect."

If right the man, the house was Swallow's own ;
If wrong, his kindness and good-will were shown :
" Rogue !" " Villain !" " Scoundrel !" cried the
losers all ;

He let them cry, for what would that recall ?
At length he left us, took a village-seat,
And like a vulture look'd abroad for meat ;
The borough-booty, give it all its praise,
Had only served the appetite to raise ;
But if from simple heirs he drew their land,
He might a noble feast at will command ;
Still he proceeded by his former rules,
His bait, their pleasures, when he fish'd for fools ;—
Flaggons and haunches on his board were placed,
And subtle avarice look'd like thoughtless waste :
Most of his friends, though youth from him had fled,
Were young, were minors, of their sires in dread ;
Or those whom widow'd mothers kept in bounds,
And check'd their generous rage for steeds and
hounds ;

Or such as travell'd 'cross the land to view
A Christian's conflict with a boxing Jew ;
Some too had run upon Newmarket heath
With so much speed that they were out of breath :
Others had tasted claret, till they now
To humbler port would turn, and knew not how.
All these for favours would to Swallow run,
Who never sought their thanks for all he'd done ;
He kindly took them by the hand, then bow'd
Politely low, and thus his love avow'd —
(For he'd a way that many judged polite,
A cunning dog—he'd fawn before he'd bite)—

"Observe, my friends, the frailty of our race
When age unmans us—let me state a case :
There's our friend Rupert—we shall soon redress
His present evil—drink to our success—
I flatter not ; but did you ever see
Limbs better turn'd ? a prettier boy than he ?
His senses all acute, his passions such
As nature gave—she never does too much ;
His the bold wish the cup of joy to drain,
And strength to bear it without qualm or pain.

"Now view his father as he dozing lies,
Whose senses wake not when he opens his eyes ;
Who slips and shuffles when he means to walk,
And lisps and gabbles if he try to talk ;
Feeling he's none, he could as soon destroy
The earth itself, as aught it holds enjoy ;
A nurse attends him to lay straight his limbs,
Present his cruel, and respect his whims :
Now shall this dotard from our hero hold
His lands and lordships ! Shall he hide his gold ?
That which he cannot use, and dare not show,
And will not give—why longer should he owe ?
Yet, 'twould be murder should we snap the locks,
And take the thing he worships from the box ;
So let him dote and dream, but, till he die,
Shall not our generous heir receive supply ?
For ever sitting on the river's brink,
And ever thirsty, shall he fear to drink ?
The means are simple, let him only wish,
Then say he's willing, and I'll fill his dish."

They all applauded, and not least the boy,
Who now replied, "It fill'd his heart with joy
To find he needed not deliverance crave
Of death, or wish the Justice in the grave ;
Who, while he spent, would every art retain
Of luring home the scatter'd gold again ;
Just as a fountain gaily spirts and plays
With what returns in still and secret ways."

Short was the dream of bliss ; he quickly found,
His father's acres all were Swallow's ground.
Yet to those arts would other heroes lend
A willing ear, and Swallow was their friend ;
Ever successful, some began to think
That Satan help'd him to his pen and ink ;
And shrewd suspicions ran about the place,
"There was a compact"—I must leave the case.
But of the parties, had the fiend been one,
The business could not have been speedier done :
Still, when a man has angled day and night,
The silliest gudgeons will refuse to bite :
So Swallow tried no more ; but if they came
To seek his friendship, that remain'd the same :
Thus he retired in peace, and some would say
He'd baulk'd his partner, and had learn'd to pray.

To this some zealots lent an ear, and sought
How Swallow felt, then said, "a change is wrought."
'Twas true there wanted all the signs of grace ;
But there were strong professions in their place :
Then too, the less that men from him expect,
The more the praise to the converting sect ;
He had not yet subscribed to all their creed,
Nor own'd a call, but he confess'd the need ;
His acquiescent speech, his gracious look,
That pure attention, when the brethren spoke,
Was all contrition,—he had felt the wound,
And with confession would again be sound.

True, Swallow's board had still the sumptuous
treat,
But could they blame ? the warmest zealots eat ;
He drank—'twas needful his poor nerves to brace ;
He swore—'twas habit ; he was grieved—'twas
grace :

What could they do a new-born zeal to nurse ?
"His wealth's undoubted—let him hold our purse ;
He'll add his bounty, and the house we'll raise
Hard by the church, and gather all her strays ;
We'll watch her sinners as they home retire,
And pluck the brands from the devouring fire."

Alas ! such speech was but an empty boast,
The good men reckon'd, but without their host ;
Swallow delighted, took the trusted store,
And own'd the sum : they did not ask for more,
Till more was needed ; when they call'd for aid—
And had it !—No, their agent was afraid ;
"Could he but know to whom he should refund,
He would most gladly—nay, he'd go beyond ;
But when such numbers claim'd, when some were
And others going—he must hold it on ; [gone,
The Lord would help them"—Loud their auger
grew,
And while they threat'ning from his door withdrew,
He bow'd politely low, and bade them all adieu.

But lives the man by whom such deeds are done !
Yes, many such—but Swallow's race is run ;
His name is lost,—for though his sons have name,
It is not his, they all escape the shame ;
Nor is there vestige now of all he had,
His means are wasted, for his heir was mad :
Still we of Swallow as a monster speak,
A hard bad man, who prey'd upon the weak.

'LETTER VII.

Professions—Physic.

*Finirent multi leto mala ; credula vitam
Spes alit, et melius cras fore semper ardebat.*

THEOPHRASTUS

He fell to juggle, rant, and cheat—
For as those hounds that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter ;
Whatever he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starved,
That him in place of zany served.

HUTCHINSON'S HUMOROUS.

PHYSIC.

The worth and excellence of the true Physician—Merit
not the sole cause of success—Modes of advancing repu-
tation—Motives of medical men for publishing their
works—The great evil of Quackery—Present state of
Advertising Quacks—Their hazard—Some fail, and why
—Causes of success—How men of understanding are pre-
vailed upon to have recourse to Empirics, and to permit
their names to be advertised—Evils of Quackery : to
nervous females, to youth, to infants—History of an
Advertising Empiric, &c.

From law to physic stepping at our ease,
We find a way to finish—by degrees :
Forgive the quibble, and in graver style,
We'll sing of those with whom we seldom smile ;
Helpers of men* they're call'd, and we confess
Theirs the deep study, theirs the lucky guess.
We own that numbers join with care and skill,
A temperate judgment, a devoted will ;

* *Opiforque per orbem dicor.*

Men who suppress their feelings, but who feel
The painful symptoms they delight to heal ;
Patient in all their trials, they sustain
The starts of passion, the reproach of pain ;
With hearts affected, but with looks serene,
Intent they wait through all the solemn scene ;
Glad if a hope should rise from nature's strife, a
To aid their skill and save the lingering life ;
But this must virtue's generous effort be,
And spring from nobler motives than a fee :
To the physician of the soul, and these,
Turn the distress'd for safety, hope, and ease.

But as physicians of that nobler kind
Have their warm zealots, and their sectaries blind ;
So among these for knowledge most renown'd,
Are dreamers strange, and stubborn bigots found :
Some too, admitted to this honour'd name,
Have, without learning, found a way to fame ;
And some by learning—young physicians write,
To set their merit in the fairest light ;
With them a treatise is a bait that draws
Approving voices—'tis to gain applause,
And to exalt them in the public view,
More than a life of worthy toil could do.
When 'tis proposed to make the man renown'd,
In every age, convenient doubts abound ;
Convenient themes in every period start,
Which he may treat with all the pomp of art ;
Curious conjectures he may always make,
And either side of dubious questions take :
He may a system broach, or, if he please,
Start new opinions of an old disease ;
Or may some simple in the woodland trace,
And be its patron, till it runs its race :
As rustic damsels from their woods are won,
And live in splendour till their race be run ;
It weighs not much on what their powers be shown,
When all his purpose is to make them known.

To show the world what long experience gains,
Requires not courage, though it calls for pains ;
But at life's outset to inform mankind,
Is a bold effort of a valiant mind.

The great good man, for noblest cause, displays
What many labours taught, and many days ;
These sound instruction from experience give,
The others show us how they mean to live ;
That they have genius, and they hope mankind
Will to its efforts be no longer blind.

There are beside, whom powerful friends advance,
Whom fashion favours, person, patrons, chance :
So merit suffers, while a fortune's made
By daring rashness or by dull parade.

But these are trifling evils ; there is one
Which walks unchecked, and triumphs in the sun :
There was a time, when we beheld the quack,
On public stage, the licenced tribe attack ;
He made his labour'd speech with poor parade ;
And then a laughing zany lent him aid :
Smiling we pass'd him, but we felt the while
Pity so much, that soon we ceased to smile ;
Assured that fluent speech and flow'ry vest
Disguised the troubles of a man distress'd.

But now our quacks are gamblers, and they play
With craft and skill to ruin and betray ;
With monstrous promise they delude the mind,
And thrive on all that tortures human-kind.

Void of all honour, avaricious, rash,
The daring tribe compound their boasted trash—
Tincture or syrup, lotion, drop, or pill ;
All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill ;
And twenty names of cobblers turn'd to squires,
Aid the bold language of these blashless liars.
There are among them those who cannot read,
And yet they'll buy a patent, and succeed ;
Will dare to promise dying sufferers aid,
For who, when dead, can threaten or upbraid !
With cruel avarice still they recommend
More draughts, more syrup to the journey's end :
" I feel it not ;"—" Then take it every hour :"
" It makes me worse ;"—" Why then it shows its
power :"
" I fear to die ;"—" Let not your spirits sink,
You're always safe, while you believe and drink."

How strange to add, in this nefarious trade,
That men of parts are dupes by dunces made :
That creatures, nature meant should clean our
streets, [seats ;
Have purchased lands and mansions, parks and
Wretches with consciences so obtuse, they leave
Their untaught sons their patents to deceive ;
And when they're laid upon their dying bed,
No thought of murder comes into their head ;
Nor one revengeful ghost to them appears,
To fill the soul with penitential fears.

Yet not the whole of this imposing train
Their gardens, seats, and carriages obtain ;
Chiefly, indeed, they to the robbers fall,
Who are most fitted to disgrace them all :
But there is hazard—patents must be bought,
Venders and puffers for the poison sought ;
And then in many a paper through the year,
Must cures and cases, oaths and proofs appear ;
Men snatch'd from graves, as they were dropping in,
Their lungs cough'd up, their bones pierced through
their skin ;
The liver all one scirrhus, and the frame
Poison'd with evils which they dare not name ;
Men who spent all upon physicians' fees,
Who never slept, nor had a moment's ease,
Are now as roaches sound, and all as brisk as bees.

If the sick gudgeons to the bait attend,
And come in shoals, the angler gains his end ;
But should the advertising cash be spent
Ere yet the town has due attention lent,
Then bursts the bubble, and the hungry cheat
Pines for the bread he ill deserves to eat ;
It is a lottery, and he shares perhaps
The rich man's feast, or begs the pauper's scraps.

From powerful causes spring th' empiric's gains,
Man's love of life, his weakness, and his pains ;
These first induce him the vile trash to try,
Then lend his name, that other men may buy :
This love of life, which in our nature rules,
To vile imposture makes us dupes and tools ;
Then pain compels th' impatient soul to seize
On promised hopes of instantaneous ease ;
And weakness too with every wish complicit,
Worn out and won by importunities.

Troubled with something in your bile or blood,
You think your doctor does you little good ;
And grown impatient, you require in haste
The nervous cordial, nor dislike the taste ;

It comforts, heals, and strengthens; nay, you think
It makes you better every time you drink;
"Then lend your name"—you're loth, but yet con-
fess

Its powers are great, and so you acquiesce:
Yet think a moment ere your name you lend,
With whose 'tis placed, and what you recommend;
Who tipples brandy will some comfort feel,
But will he to the medicine set his seal?
Wait, and you'll find the cordial you admire
Has added fuel to your fever's fire:
Say, should a robber chance your purse to spare,
Would you the honour of the man declare?
Would you assist his purpose? swell his crime?
Besides, he might not spare a second time.

Compassion sometimes sets the fatal sign;
The man was poor, and humbly begged a line;
Else how should noble names and titles back
The spreading praise of some advent'rous quack?
But he the moment watches, and entreats
Your honour's name,—your honour joins the cheats;
You judged the medicine harmless, and you lent
What help you could, and with the best intent;
But can it please you, thus to league with all
Whom he can beg or bribe to swell the scrawl?
Would you these wrappers with your name adorn,
Which hold the poison for the yet unborn?

No class escapes them—from the poor man's pay
The nostrum takes no trifling part away;
See! those square patent bottles from the shop,
Now decoration to the cupboard's top;
And there a favourite hoard you'll find within,
Companions meet! the julep and the gin.

Time too with cash is wasted: 'tis the fate
Of real helpers to be call'd too late;
This find the sick, when (time and patience gone)
Death with his ten-fold terror hurries on.

Suppose the case surpasses human skill,
There comes a quack to flatter weakness still;
What greater evil can a flatterer do,
Than from himself to take the sufferer's view?
To turn from sacred thoughts his reasoning powers,
And rob a sinner of his dying hours?
Yet this they dare, and, craving to the last,
In hope's strong bondage hold their victim fast:
For soul or body no concern have they,
All their inquiry, "Can the patient pay?"
And will he swallow draughts until his dying day?"

Observe what ills to nervous females flow,
When the heart flutters and the pulse is low;
If once induced these cordial cups to try,
All feel the ease, and few the danger fly;
For while obtain'd, of drams they've all the force,
And when denied, then drams are the resource.

Nor these the only evils—there are those
Who for the troubled mind prepare repose.
They write: the young are tenderly address'd,
Much danger hinted, much concern express'd;
They dwell on freedoms lads are prone to take,
Which make the doctor tremble for their sake;
Still if the youthful patient will but trust
In one so kind, so pitiful, and just;
If he will take the tonic all the time,
And hold but moderate intercourse with crime;

The sage will gravely give his honest word,
That strength and spirits shall be both restored;
In plainer English—if you mean to sin,
Fly to the drops, and instantly begin.

Who would not lend a sympathizing sigh,
To hear yon infant's pity-moving cry?
That feeble sob, unlike the new-born note,
Which came with vigour from the opening throat;
When air and light first rush'd on lungs and eyes,
And there was life and spirit in the cries;
Now an abortive, faint attempt to weep,
Is all we hear; sensation is asleep:
The boy was healthy, and at first express'd
His feelings loudly, when he fail'd to rest;
When cramm'd with food, and tighten'd every limb,
To cry aloud, was what pertain'd to him;
Then the good nurse, (who, had she borne a brain,
Had sought the cause that made her babe complain)
Has all her efforts, loving soul! applied,
To set the cry, and not the cause, aside;
She gave her powerful sweet without remorse,
The sleeping cordial—she had tried its force,
Repeating oft: the infant, freed from pain,
Rejected food, but took the dose again,
Sinking to sleep; while she her joy express'd,
That her dear charge could sweetly take his rest:
Soon may she spare her cordial; not a doubt
Remains, but quickly he will rest without.

This moves our grief and pity, and we sigh
To think what numbers from these causes die;
But what contempt and anger should we show,
Did we the lives of these impostors know!

Ere for the world's I left the cares of school,
One I remember who assumed the fool:
A part well suited—when the idler boys
Would shout around him, and he loved the noise;
They called him *Neddy*:—Neddy had the art
To play with skill his ignominious part;
When he his trifles would for sale display,
And act the mimic for a schoolboy's pay.
For many years he plied his humble trade,
And used his tricks and talents to persuade;
The fellow barely read, but chanced to look
Among the fragments of a tatter'd book;
Where after many efforts made to spell
One puzzling word, he found it *orymel*;
A potent thing, 'twas said, to cure the ills
Of ailing lungs—the *orymel of squills*.
Squills he procured, but found the bitter strong,
And most unpleasant; none would take it long;
But the pure acid and the sweet would make
A medicine numbers would for pleasure take.

There was a fellow near, an artful knave,
Who knew the plan, and much assistance gave;
He wrote the puffs, and every talent plied
To make it sell: it sold, and then he died.

Now all the profit fell to Ned's controul,
And pride and avarice quarrel'd for his soul;
When mighty profits by the trash were made,
Pride built a palace, avarice groan'd and paid;
Pride placed the signs of grandeur all about,
And avarice barred his friends and children out.

Now see him doctor! yes, the idle fool,
The butt, the robber of the lads at school;
Who then knew nothing, nothing since acquired,
Became a doctor, honour'd and admired;

His dress, his frown, his dignity were such,
 Ev'n some who'd known him thought his knowledge
 Nay, men of skill, of apprehension quick, [much ;
 Spite of their knowledge, trusted him when sick :
 Though he could neither reason, write, nor spell,
 They yet had hope his trash would make them well ;
 And while they scorn'd his parts, they took his
 oxymel.

Oh ! when his nerves had once received a shock,
 Sir Isaac Newton might have gone to Rock* :
 Hence impositions of the grossest kind,
 Hence thought is feeble, understanding blind ;
 Hence sums enormous by these cheats are made,
 And deaths unnumber'd by their dreadful trade.

Alas ! in vain is my contempt express'd,
 To stronger passions are their words address'd ;
 To pain, to fear, to terror their appeal,
 To those who, weakly reasoning, strongly feel.

What then our hopes!—perhaps there may by law
 Be method found, these pests to curb and awe ;
 Yet in this land of freedom, law is slack
 With any being to commence attack ;
 Then let us trust to science—there are those
 Who can their falsehoods, and their frauds disclose,
 All their vile trash detect, and their low tricks
 expose :

Perhaps their numbers may in time confound
 Their arts—as scorpions give themselves the wound :
 For when these curers dwell in every place,
 While of the cured we not a man can trace,
 Strong truth may then the public mind persuade,
 And spoil the fruits of this nefarious trade.

LETTER VIII.

Trades.

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris
 Recte bonum, rectius occupas
 Nomen Beati, qui Deorum
 Muneribus aspiant uti
 Duramque callet pauperiem pati.*
 Hon. lib. iv. Ode 9.

*Non uxor saluum te vult, non filius : omnes
 Vicini oderunt ; noti pueri atque puellæ
 Mirant cum tu argento post omnia ponas,
 Si nemo præstet, quem non merearis, amorem ?*
 Hon. Sat. lib. i.

*Non propter vitam facient patrimonia quidam,
 Sed vitio cuncti propter patrimonia vivunt.*
 JUVENAL. Sat. 12.

TRADES.

No extensive manufactories in the borough : yet considerable fortunes made there—Ill judgment of parents in disposing of their sons—The best educated not the most likely to succeed—Instance—Want of success compensated by the lenient power of some avocations—The Naturalist—The Weaver an Entomologist, &c.—Hunting Butterflies, &c.—A prize-flower—Story of Walter and William.

Of manufactures, trade, inventions rare,
 Steam-towers and looms, you'd know our borough's
 share—

'Tis small : we boast not those rich subjects here,
 Who hazard thrice ten thousand pounds a year ;
 We've no huge buildings, where incessant noise
 Is made by springs and spindles, girls and boys ;

* An empiric who *flourished* at the same time with this great man.

Where, 'mid such thundering sounds, the maiden's
 Is "Harmony in Up roar"† all day long. [song

Still common minds with us in common trade,
 Have gain'd more wealth than ever student made ;
 And yet a merchant, when he gives his son
 His college-learning, thinks his duty done ;
 A way to wealth he leaves his boy to find,
 Just when he's made for the discovery blind.

Jones and his wife perceived their elder boy
 Took to his learning, and it gave them joy ;
 This they encouraged, and were blest to see
 Their son a Fellow with a high degree ;
 A living fell, he married, and his sire
 Declared 'twas all a father could require ;
 Children then blessed them, and when letters came,
 The parents proudly told each grandchild's name.

Meantime the sons at home in trade were placed,
 Money their object—just the father's taste ;
 Saving he lived and long, and when he died,
 He gave them all his fortune to divide :

"Martin," said he, "at vast expense was taught,
 He gain'd his wish, and has the ease he sought."

Thus the good priest (the Christian scholar!) finds
 The estimate that's made by vulgar minds ;
 He sees his brothers, who had every gift
 Of thriving, now assisted in their thrift ;
 While he, whom learning, habits, all prevent,
 Is largely mulet for each impediment.

Yet let us own that trade has much of chance,
 Not all the careful by their care advance ;
 With the same parts and prospects, one a seat
 Builds for himself ; one finds it in the *Fleet*.
 Then to the wealthy, you will see denied,
 Comforts and joys that with the poor abide ;
 There are who labour through the year, and yet
 No more have gain'd than—not to be in debt ;
 Who still maintain the same laborious course,
 Yet pleasure hails them from some favourite source ;
 And health, amusements, children, wife, or friend,
 With life's dull views their consolations blend.

Nor these alone possess the lenient power
 Of soothing life in the desponding hour ;
 Some favourite studies, some delightful care,
 The mind, with trouble and distresses, share ;
 And by a coin, a flower, a verse, a boat,
 The stagnant spirits have been set afloat ;
 They pleased at first, and then the habit grew,
 Till the fond heart no higher pleasure knew ;
 Till, from all cares and other comforts freed,
 The important nothing took in life the lead.

With all his phlegm, it broke a Dutchman's heart,
 At a vast price, with one loved root to part ;
 And toys like these fill many a British mind,
 Although their hearts are found of firmer kind.

Oft have I smiled the happy pride to see
 Of humble tradesmen, in their evening glee :
 When of some pleasing, fancied good possess'd,
 Each grew alert, was busy, and was blow'd ;
 Whether the *call-bird* yield the hour's delight,
 Or, magnified in microscope, the mite ;

† The title of a short piece of humour by Arbuthnot.

Or whether tumbler, crepper, carrier seize
The gentle mind, they rule it and they please.

There is my friend the *Weaver*; strong desires
Reign in his breast; 'tis beauty he admires:
See! to the shady grove he wings his way,
And feels in hope the raptures of the day—
Fager he looks; and soon, to glad his eyes,
From the sweet bower, by nature form'd, arise
Bright troops of virgin moths and fresh-born
butterflies;
Who broke that morning from their half-year's sleep,
To fly o'er flow'rs where they were wont to creep.

Above the sovereign oak, a sovereign skims,
The purple *empror*, strong in wing and limbs:
There fair *Camilla* takes her flight serene,
Adonis blue, and *Paphia* silver-queen;
With every filmy fly from mead or bower,
And hungry *Sphinx* who threads the honey'd flower;
She o'er the larkspur's bed, where sweets abound,
Views every bell, and hums the approving sound;
Poised on her busy plumes, with feeling nice
She draws from every flower, nor tries a floret twice.

He fears no bailiff's wrath, no baron's blame,
His is untax'd and undisputed game;
Nor less the place of curious plant he knows*;
He both his *Flora* and his *Fauna* shows;
For him is blooming in its rich array,
The glorious flower which bore the palm away;
In vain a rival tried his utmost art,
His was the prize, and joy o'erflow'd his heart.

"This, this, is beauty; cast, I pray, your eyes
On this my glory! see the grace! the size!
Was ever stem so tall, so stout, so strong,
Exact in breadth, in just proportion, long;
These brilliant hues are all distinct and clean,
No kindred tint, no blending streaks between;
This is no shaded, run-off†, pin-eyed‡ thing,
A king of flowers, a flower for England's king:
I own my pride, and thank the favouring star,
Which shed such beauty on my fair *Bizarre*§."

Thus may the poor the cheap indulgence seize,
While the most wealthy pine and pray for ease;
Content not always waits upon success,
And more may he enjoy who profits less.

Walter and *William* took (their father dead)
Jointly the trade to which they both were bred;
When fix'd, they married, and they quickly found
With due success their honest labours crown'd:

* In botanical language "*the habitat*," the favourite soil or situation of the more scarce species.

† This, it must be acknowledged, is contrary to the opinion of Thomson, and I believe of some other poets, who, in describing the varying hues of our most beautiful flowers, have considered them as lost and blended with each other; whereas their beauty, in the eye of a florist (and I conceive in that of the uninitiated also,) depends upon the distinctness of their colours: the stronger the bounding line, and the less they break into the neighbouring tint, so much the richer and more valuable is the flower esteemed.

‡ Pin-eyed.—An auricle, or any other single flower, is so called when the *stigma* (the part which arises from the seed-vessel) is protruded beyond the tube of the flower, and becomes visible.

§ This word, so far as it relates to flowers, means those variegated with three or more colours irregularly and indeterminately.

Few were their losses; but although a few,
Walter was vex'd, and somewhat peevish grew;
"You put your trust in every pleading fool,"
Said he to William, and grew strange and cool.
"Brother, forbear," he answer'd, "take your due,
Nor let my lack of caution injure you."
Half friends they parted,—better so to close,
Than longer wait to part entirely foes.

Walter had knowledge, prudence, jealous care;
He let no idle views his bosom share;
He never thought nor felt for other men—
"Let one mind one, and all are minded then."
Friends he respected, and believed them just,
But they were men, and he would no man trust:
He tried and watch'd his people day and night,—
The good it harm'd not; for the bad 'twas right;
He could their humours bear, nay disrespect,
But he could yield no pardon to neglect;
That all about him were of him afraid,
"Was right," he said, "so should we be obey'd."

These merchant maxims, much good fortune too,
And ever keeping one grand point in view,
To vast amount his once small portion drew.

William was kind and easy; he complied
With all requests, or grieved when he denied;
To please his wife he made a costly trip,
To please his child he let a bargain slip;
Prone to compassion, mild with the distress'd,
He bore with all who poverty profess'd,
And some would he assist, nor one would he arrest:
He had some loss at sea, bad debts at land,
His clerk absconded with some bills in hand,
And plans so often fail'd that he no longer plann'd.
To a small house (his brother's) he withdrew,
At easy rent—the man was not a Jew;
And there his losses and his cares he bore,
Nor found that want of wealth could make him poor.

No, he in fact was rich, nor could he move,
But he was follow'd by the looks of love;
All he had suffer'd, every former grief,
Made those around more studious in relief;
He saw a cheerful smile in every face,
And lost all thoughts of error and disgrace.

Pleasant it was to see them in their walk
Round their small garden, and to hear them talk;
Free are their children, but their love refrains
From all offence—none murmurs, none complains;
Whether a book amused them, speech, or play,
Their looks were lively, and their hearts were gay;
There no forced efforts for delight were made,
Joy came with prudence, and without parade;
Their common comforts they had all in view,
Light were their troubles, and their wishes few:
Thrift made them easy for the coming day,
Religion took the dread of death away;
A cheerful spirit still insured content,
And love smiled round them wheresoe'er they went.

Walter, meantime, with all his wealth's increase,
Gain'd many points, but could not purchase peace;
When he withdrew from business for an hour,
Some fled his presence, all confess'd his power;
He sought affection, but received instead,
Fear undiagnosed, and love-repelling dread;

He look'd around him—"Harriet, dost thou love?"
 "I do my duty," said the timid dove;
 "Good heaven, your duty! prithe, tell me now—
 To love and honour—was not that your vow?
 Come, my good Harriet, I would gladly seek
 Your inmost thought—why can't the woman speak!
 Have you not all things?"—"Sir, do I complain?"—
 "No, that's my part, which I perform in vain;
 I want a simple answer, and direct—
 But you evade; yes! 'tis as I suspect.
 Come then, my children! *Wait!* upon your knees
 Vow that you love me."—"Yes, sir, if you please."—
 "Again! by heaven, it mads me; I require
 Love, and they'll do whatever I desire:
 Thus too my people shun me; I would spend
 A thousand pounds to get a single friend;
 I would be happy—I have means to pay
 For love and friendship, and you run away;
 Ungrateful creatures! why, you seem to dread
 My very looks; I know you wish me dead.
 Come hither, *Nancy!* you must hold me dear;
 Hither, I say; why! what have you to fear?
 You see I'm gentle—come, you trifer, come;
 My God! she trembles! idiot, leave the room!
 Madam! your children hate me; I suppose
 They know their cue: you make them all my foes;
 I've not a friend in all the world—not one:
 I'd be a bankrupt sooner; nay, 'tis done;
 In every better hope of life I fail,
 You're all tormentors, and my house a gaol;
 Out of my sight! I'll sit and make my will—
 What, glad to go? stay, devils, and be still;
 'Tis to your uncle's cot you wish to run,
 To learn to live at ease and be undone;
 Him you can love, who lost his whole estate,
 And I, who gain you fortunes, have your hate;
 'Tis in my absence, you yourselves enjoy:
Tom! are you glad to lose me?—tell me, boy:
 'Yes!' does he answer?—Yes, upon my soul!
 No awe, no fear, no duty, no controul!
 Away! away! ten thousand devils seize
 All I possess, and plunder where they please!
 What's wealth to me?—yes, yes! it gives me
 sway,
 And you shall feel it—go! begone, I say."

LETTER IX.

Amusements.

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,
 Ut possis animo quiescis sufferre laborem.

CATULLI. lib. 2.

Nostra fatiscat
 Lazaturque chelys, vices instigat alitque
 Tempestiva quies, major post otia virtus.

STATIUS SYLV. lib. 4.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant;
 Omnia pontus erat: decurrant quoque littora ponto.

OVID. METAMORPH. lib. 1.

AMUSEMENTS.

Common Amusements of a Bathing-place—Morning Rides,
 Walks, &c.—Company resorting to the Town—Different
 Choice of Lodgings—Cheap Indulgences—Sea-side Walks
 —Wealthy Invalid—Summer-Evening on the Sands—Sea
 Productions—"Water parted from the Sea"—Winter
 Views serene—In what cases to be avoided—Bailing upon
 the River—A small Islet of Sand off the Coast—Visited
 by Company—Covered by the Flowing of the Tide—
 Adventure in that Place.

Of our amusements ask you!—We amuse
 Ourselves and friends with sea-side walks and views,

Or take a morning ride, a novel, or the news;
 Or, seeking nothing, glide about the street,
 And so engaged, with various parties meet;
 Awhile we stop, discourse of wind and tide,
 Bathing and books, the raffle and the ride:
 Thus, with the aid which shops and sailing give,
 Life passes on; 'tis labour, but we live.

When evening comes, our invalids awake,
 Nerves cease to tremble, heads forbear to ache;
 Then cheerful meals the sunken spirits raise,
 Cards or the dance, wine, visiting, or plays.

Soon as the season comes, and crowds arrive,
 To their superior rooms the wealthy drive;
 Others look round for lodging snug and small,
 Such is their taste—they've hatred to a hall:
 Hence one his favourite habitation gets,
 The brick-floor'd parlour which the butcher lets;
 Where, through his single light, he may regard
 The various business of a common yard,
 Bounded by backs of buildings form'd of clay,
 By stables, sties, and coops, &c.—&c.—

The needy-vain, themselves awhile to shun,
 For dissipation to these dog-holes run;
 Where each (assuming petty pomp) appears,
 And quite forgets the shopboard and the shears.

For them are cheap amusements: they may slip
 Beyond the town and take a private dip;
 When they may urge that, to be safe they mean,
 They've heard there's danger in a light machine;
 They too can gratis move the quays about,
 And gather kind replies to every doubt;
 There they a pacing, lounging tribe may view,
 The stranger's guides, who've little else to do;
 The borough's place-men, where no more they gain
 Than keeps them idle, civil, poor, and vain.
 Then may the poorest with the wealthy look
 On ocean, glorious page of nature's book!
 May see its varying views in every hour,
 All softness now, then rising with all power,
 As sleeping to invite, or threatening to devour:
 'Tis this which gives us all our choicest views;
 And dull the mind they never can amuse.

See! those fair nymphs upon that rising strand,
 Yon long salt lake has parted from the land;
 Well pleased to press that path, so clean, so pure,
 To seem in danger, yet to feel secure;
 Trifling with terror, while they strive to shun
 The curling billows; laughing as they run:
 They know the neck that joins the shore and sea,
 Or, ah! how changed that fearless laugh would be.

Observe how various parties take their way,
 By sea-side walks, or make the sand-hills gay;
 There group'd are laughing maids and sighing
 And some apart who feel unquiet pains; [swains,
 Pains from diseases, pains which those who feel,
 To the physician, not the fair, reveal:
 For nymphs (propitious to the lover's sigh)
 Leave these poor patients to complain and die.

Lo! where on that huge anchor saily leans
 That sick tall figure, lost in other scenes,
 He late from India's clime impatient sail'd,
 Where, as his fortune grew, his spirits fail'd;

For each delight, in search of wealth he went,
For ease alone, the wealth acquired is spent—
And spent in vain; enrich'd, aggrieved, he sees
The envious poor possess'd of joy and ease:
And now he flies from place to place, to gain
Strength for enjoyment, and still flies in vain:
Mark! with what sadness, of that pleasant crew,
Boisterous in mirth, he takes a transient view;
And fixing then his eye upon the sea,
Thinks what has been and what must shortly be:
Is it not strange that man should health destroy,
For joys that come when he is dead to joy?

Now is it pleasant in the summer-even,
When a broad shore retiring waters leave
Awhile to wait upon the firm fair sand,
When all is calm at sea, all still at land;
And there the ocean's produce to explore,
As floating by, or rolling on the shore;
Those living jellies* which the flesh inflame,
Fierce as a nettle, and from that its name;
Some in huge masses, some that you may bring
In the small compass of a lady's ring;
Figured by hand divine—there's not a gem
Wrought by man's art to be compared to them;
Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow,
And make the moon-beam brighter where they flow,
Involved in sea-wrack, here you find a race,
Which science doubting, knows not where to place;
On shell or stone is dropt the embryo-seed,
And quickly vegetates a vital breed†.

While thus with pleasing wonder you inspect
Treasures the vulgar in their scorn reject,
See as they float along the entangled weeds
Slowly approach, upborne on bladdery beads;
Wait till they land, and you shall then behold
The fiery sparks those tangled fronds' infold,
Myriads of living points‡; the unaided eye
Can but the fire and not the form descrie.
And now your view upon the ocean turn,
And there the splendour of the waves discern;
Cast but a stone, or strike them with an oar,
And you shall flames within the deep explore;
Or scoop the stream phosphoric as you stand,
And the cold flame shall flash along your hand;
When lost in wonder, you shall walk and gaze
On weeds that sparkle and on waves that blaze§.

* Some of the smaller species of the *Medusa* (sea-nettle) are exquisitely beautiful: their form is nearly oval, varied with serrated longitudinal lines; which are extremely tender, and, by no means which I am acquainted with, can be preserved, for they soon dissolve in either spirit of wine or water, and lose every vestige of their shape, and indeed of their substance: the larger species are found in mis-shapen masses of many pounds weight; those, when handled, have the effect of the nettle, and the stinging is often accompanied or succeeded by the more unpleasant feeling perhaps in a slight degree resembling that caused by the torpedo.

† Various tribes and species of marine vermes are here meant: that which so nearly resembles a vegetable in its form, and perhaps, in some degree, manner of growth, is the coralline called by naturalists *Sertularia*, of which there are many species in almost every part of the coast. The animal protrudes its many claws (apparently in search of prey) from certain pollicid vesicles which proceed from a horny, tenacious, branchy stem.

‡ These are said to be a minute kind of animal of the same class; when it does not shine, it is invisible to the naked eye.

§ For the cause or causes of this phenomenon, which is

The ocean too has winter-views serene,
When all you see through densest fog is seen;
When you can hear the fishers near at hand
Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand;
Or sometimes them and not their boat discern,
Or half-conceal'd some figure at the stern;
The view's all bounded, and from side to side
Your utmost prospect but a few ells wide;
Boys who, on shore, to sea the pebble cast,
Will hear it strike against the viewless mast;
While the stern boatman grows his fierce disdain,
At whom he knows not, whom he threats in vain.

'Tis pleasant then to view the nets float past,
Net after net till you have seen the last;
And as you wait till all beyond you slip,
A boat comes gliding from an anchor'd ship,
Breaking the silence with the dipping oar,
And their own tones, as labouring for the shore;
Those measured tones which with the scene agree,
And give a sadness to serenity.

All scenes like these the tender maid should shun,
Nor to a misty beach in autumn run;
Much should she guard against the evening cold,
And her slight shape with fleecy warmth infold;
This she admits, but not with so much ease
Gives up the night-walk when the attendants please:
Her have I seen, pale, vapour'd through the day,
With crowded parties at the midnight play;
Faint in the morn, no powers could she exert;
At night with *Pam* delighted and alert;
In a small shop she's ruffled with a crowd,
Breathed the thick air, and cough'd and laugh'd
She who will tremble if her eye explore [aloud;
"The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on
floor;"

Whom the kind doctor charged, with shaking head,
At early hour to quit the beaux for bed:
She has, contemning fear, gone down the dance,
Till she perceived the rosy morn advance;
Then has she wonder'd, fainting o'er her tea,
Her drops and julep should so useless be:
Ah! sure her joys must ravish every sense,
Who buys a portion at such vast expense.

Among those joys, 'tis one at eve to sail
On the broad river with a favouring gale;
When no rough waves upon the bosom ride,
But the keel cuts, nor rises on the tide;
Safe from the stream the nearer gunwale stands,
Where playful children trail their idle hands,
Or strive to catch long grassy leaves that float
On either side of the impeded boat;
What time the moon arising shows the mud,
A shining border to the silver flood;
When by her dubious light, the meanest views,
Chalk, stones, and stakes, obtain the richest hues;
And when the cattle as they gazing stand,
Seem nobler objects than when view'd from land:
Then anchor'd vessels in the way appear,
And sea-boys greet them as they pass—"What
cheer!"

The sleeping shell-ducks at the sound arise,
And utter loud their unharmonious cries;
Fluttering they move their weedy beds among,
Or instant diving, hide their plumeless young.

sometimes, though rarely, observed on our coasts, I must refer the reader to the writers on natural philosophy and natural history.

Along the wall, returning from the town,
The weary rustic homeward wanders down ;
Who stops and gazes at such joyous crew,
And feels his envy rising at the view ;
He the light speech and laugh indignant hears,
And feels more press'd by want, more vex'd by fears.

Ah ! go in peace, good fellow, to thine home,
Nor fancy these escape the general doom ;
Gay as they seem, be sure with them are hearts
With sorrow tried ; there's sadness in their parts :
If thou couldst see them when they think alone,
Mirth, music, friends, and these amusements gone ;
Couldst thou discover every secret ill
That pains their spirit, or resists their will ;
Couldst thou behold forsaken love's distress,
Or envy's pang at glory and success,
Or beauty, conscious of the spoils of time,
Or guilt alarm'd when memory shows the crime ;
All that gives sorrow, terror, grief, and gloom ;
Content would cheer thee trudging to thine home*.

There are, 'tis true, who lay their cares aside,
And bid some hours in calm enjoyment glide ;
Perchance, some fair-one to the sober night
Adds, by the sweetness of her song, delight ;
And as the music on the water floats,
Some bolder shore returns the soften'd notes ;
Then, youth, beware, for all around conspire
To banish caution, and to wake desire ;
The day's amusement, feasting, beauty, wine,
These accents sweet and this soft hour combine,
When most unguarded, then to win that heart of
thine :
But see, they land ! the fond enchantment flies,
And in its place life's common views arise.

Sometimes a party, row'd from town, will land
On a small islet, formed of shelly sand,
Left by the water when the tides are low,
But which the floods in their return o'erflow :
There will they anchor, pleas'd awhile to view
The watery waste, a prospect wild and new ;
The now receding billows give them space,
On either side the growing shores to pace ;
And then returning, they contract the scene,
Till small and smaller grows the walk between ;
As sea to sea approaches, shore to shores,
Till the next ebb the sandy isle restores.

Then what alarm ! what danger and dismay,
If all their trust, their boat should drift away ;
And once it happen'd ;—gay the friends advanced,
They walk'd, they ran, they play'd, they sang, they
danced ;
The urns were boiling, and the cups went round,
And not a grave or thoughtful face was found ;
On the bright sand they trod with nimble feet,
Dry shelly sand that made the summer seat ;
The wondering mews flew fluttering o'er the head,
And waves ran softly up their shiining bed.

Some form'd a party from the rest to stray,
Pleas'd to collect the trifles in their way ;
These to behold they call their friends around,
No friends can hear, or hear another sound ;

* This is not offered as a reasonable source of contentment, but as one motive for resignation : there would not be so much envy if there were more discernment.

Alarm'd, they hasten, yet perceive not why,
But catch the fear that quickens as they fly.

For lo ! a lady sage, who paced the sand
With her fair children, one in either hand,
Intent on home, had turn'd, and saw the boat
Slipp'd from her moorings, and now far afloat ;
She gaz'd, she trembled, and though faint her call,
It seem'd, like thunder, to confound them all.
Their sailor-guides, the boatman and his mate,
Had drank and slept regardless of their state.
"Awake," they cried aloud ! "Alarm the shore !
Shout all, or never shall we reach it more !"
Alas ! no shout the distant land can reach,
Nor eye behold them from the foggy beach :
Again they join in one loud powerful cry,
Then cease, and eager listen for reply :
None came—the rising wind blew sadly by.
They shout once more, and then they turn aside,
To see how quickly flow'd the coming tide ;
Between each cry they find the waters steal
On their strange prison, and new horrors feel ;
Foot after foot on the contracted ground
The billows fall, and dreadful is the sound ;
Less and yet less the sinking isle became,
And there was wailing, weeping, wrath and blame.

Had one been there, with spirit strong and high,
Who could observe, as he prepared to die,
He might have seen of hearts the varying kind,
And traced the movement of each different mind :
He might have seen, that not the gentle maid
Was more than stern and haughty man afraid ;
Such, calmly grieving, will their fears suppress,
And silent prayers to mercy's throne address ;
While fiercer minds, impatient, angry, loud,
Force their vain grief on the reluctant crowd :
The party's patron, sorely sighing, cried,
"Why would you urge me ! I at first denied."
Fiercely they answer'd, "Why will you complain,
Who saw no danger, or was warn'd in vain !"
A few essay'd the troubled soul to calm,
But dread prevail'd, and anguish and alarm.

Now rose the water through the lessening sand,
And they seem'd sinking while they yet could
stand ;
The sun went down, they look'd from side to side,
Nor aught except the gathering sea descried ;
Dark and more dark, more wet, more cold it grew,
And the most lively bade to hope adieu ;
Children, by love then lifted from the seas,
Felt not the waters at the parents' knees,
But wept aloud ; the wind increased the sound,
And the cold billows as they broke around.

"Once more, yet once again, with all our strength,
Cry to the land, we may be heard at length."
Vain hope if yet unseen ! but hark ! an oar,
That sound of bliss ! comes dashing to their shore ;
Still, still the water rises : "Haste !" they cry,
"Oh ! hurry, seamen, in delay we die :"
(Seamen were these, who in their ship perceived
The drifted boat, and thus her crew relieved.)
And now the keel just cuts the cover'd sand,
Now to the gunwale stretches every hand :
With trembling pleasure all confused embark,
And kiss the tackling of their welcome ark ;
While the most giddy, as they reach the shore,
Think of their danger, and their God adore.

LETTER X.

Clubs and Social Meetings.

*Non inter lances mensaque silentis,
Cum stupet innuis acies fulgoribus, et cum
Accensis falsis animis moliora recusat;
Veram hic imprudens mecum disquirite.*

RHAN. SAT. 2. lib. 2.

*O prodiga rerum
Luxuries, nunquam parvo contenta paratu,
Et quæstorum terrâ pelagoque ciborum
Ambitiosa famæ et lauræ gloria mensæ.*

LUCAN. lib. 4.

*Et quæ non prosunt singula, juncta juvant.
Rusticus agricolam, miles fera bella gerentem,
Rectorem dubis navita puppis amat.*

OVID. Pont. lib. 2.

CLUBS AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

Desire of Country Gentlemen for Town Associations.—Book Clubs.—Too much of literary character expected from them.—Literary conversation prevented, by feasting; by cards.—Good, notwithstanding, results.—Card Club with eagerness resorted to.—Players.—Umpires at the Whist table.—Petulances of temper there discovered.—Free-and-easy Club: not perfectly easy or free.—Freedom how interrupted.—The superior member.—Termination of the evening.—Drinking and Smoking Clubs.—The Midnight Conversation of the delaying Members.—Society of the poorer Inhabitants; its use; gives Pride and Consequence to the humble character.—Pleasant Habitations of the frugal Poor.—Sailor returning to his family.—Free-Masons' Club.—The Mystery.—What its origin.—Its professed advantages.—Griggs and Gregorians.—A kind of Masons.—Reflections on these various Societies.

You say you envy in your calm retreat
Our social meetings;—'tis with joy we meet:
In these our parties you are pleased to find
Good sense and wit, with intercourse of mind;
Composed of men who read, reflect and write,
Who, when they meet, must yield and share delight:
To you our *Book Club* has peculiar charm,
For which you sicken in your quiet farm;
Here you suppose us at our leisure placed,
Enjoying freedom, and displaying taste;
With wisdom cheerful, temperately gay,
Pleased to enjoy, and willing to display.

If thus your envy gives your ease its gloom,
Give wings to fancy and among us come.
We're now assembled; you may soon attend—
I'll introduce you;—"Gentlemen, my friend."

"Now are you happy? you have pass'd a night
In gay discourse, and rational delight."

"Alas, not so: for how can mortals think,
Or thoughts exchange, if thus they eat and drink?
No! I confess, when we had fairly dined,
That was no time for intercourse of mind:
There was each dish prepared with skill to invite,
And to detain the struggling appetite;
On such occasions minds with one consent
Are to the comforts of the body lent;
There was no pause—the wine went quickly round,
Till struggling fancy was by Bacchus bound;
Wine is to wit as water thrown on fire,
By duly sprinkling both are raised the higher;
Thus largely dealt, the vivid blaze they choke,
And all the genial flame goes off in smoke.

"But when no more your boards these loads
contain,
When wine no more o'erwhelms the labouring
But serves, a gentle stimulus; we know, [brain,
How wit must sparkle, and how fancy flow."

It might be so, but no such club-days come,
We always find these dampers in the room;
If to converse were all that brought us here,
A few odd members would in turn appear;
Who dwelling nigh, would saunter in and out,
O'erlook the list, and toss the books about;
Or yawning read them, walking up and down,
Just as the loungers in the shops in town;
Till fancying nothing would their minds amuse,
They'd push them by, and go in search of news.

But our attractions are a stronger sort,
The earliest dainties and the oldest port;
All enter then with glee in every look,
And not a member thinks about a book.

Still let me own, there are some vacant hours,
When minds might work and men exert their powers:
Ere wine to folly spurs the giddy guest, [powers:
But gives to wit its vigour and its zest;
Then might we reason, might in turn display
Our several talents, and be wisely gay;
We might—but who a tame discourse regards,
When whist is named, and we behold the cards!

We from that time are neither grave nor gay,
Our thought, our care, our business is to play;
Fix'd on these spots and figures, each attends
Much to his partners, nothing to his friends.

Our public cares, the long, the warm debate,
That kept our patriots from their beds so late;
War, peace, invasion, all we hope or dread,
Vanish like dreams when men forsake their bed;
And groaning nations and contending kings
Are all forgotten for these painted things:
Paper and paste, vile figures and poor spots,
Level all minds, philosophers and sots;
And give an equal spirit, pause and force,
Join'd with peculiar diction, to discourse:
'Who deals?—you led—we're three by cards—had
Honour in hand?—"Upon my honour two." [you
Hour after hour, men thus contending sit,
Grave without sense, and pointed without wit.

Thus it appears these envied clubs possess
No certain means of social happiness:
Yet there's a good that flows from scenes like these,
Man meets with man at leisure and at ease;
We to our neighbours and our equals come,
And rub off pride that man contracts at home;
For there, admitted master, he is prone
To claim attention and to talk alone;
But here he meets with neither son nor spouse,
No humble cousin to his bidding bows;
To his raised voice his neighbour's voice rise,
To his high look as lofty look replies; [closed,
When much he speaks, he finds that ears are
And certain signs inform him when he's prosed;
Here all the value of a listener know,
And claim, in turn, the favour they bestow.

No pleasure gives the speech when all would
And all in vain a civil hearer seek. [speak,
To chance alone we owe the free discourse,
In vain you purpose what you cannot force;
'Tis when the favourite themes unbidden spring,
That fancy soars with such unwearied wing;
Then may you call in aid the moderate glass,
But let it slowly and unprompted pass;
So shall there all things for the end unite,
And give that hour of rational delight.

Men to their clubs repair, themselves to please,
To care for nothing, and to take their ease ;
In fact, for play, for wine, for news they come,
Discourse is shared with friends or found at home.

But cards with books are incidental things,
We've nights devoted to these queens and kings ;
Then if we choose the social game we may,
Now 'tis a duty, and we're bound to play ;
Nor over meeting of the social kind
Was more engaging, yet had less of mind.

Our eager parties, when the lunar light
Throws its full radiance on the festive night,
Of either sex, with punctual hurry come,
And fill, with one accord, an ample room ;
Pleased, the fresh packs on cloth of green they see,
And seizing, handle with preluding glee ;
They draw, they sit, they shuffle, cut and deal ;
Like friends assembled, but like foes to feel :
But yet not all,—a happier few have joys
Of mere amusement, and their cards are toys ;
No skill nor art, nor fretful hopes have they,
But while their friends are gaming, laugh and play.

Others there are, the veterans of the game,
Who owe their pleasure to their envied fame ;
Through many a year, with hard-contested strife,
Have they attain'd this glory of their life :
Such is that ancient burgess, whom in vain
Would gout and fever on his couch detain ;
And that large lady, who resolves to come,
Though a first fit has warn'd her of her doom !
These are as oracles, in every cause
They settle doubts, and their decrees are laws ;
But all are troubled, when, with dubious look,
Diana questions what Apollo spoke.

Here avarice first, the keen desire of gain,
Rules in each heart and works in every brain ;
Alike the veteran-dames and virgins feel,
Nor care what grey-beards or what striplings deal ;
Sex, age, and station, vanish from their view,
And gold, their sovereign good, the mingled crowd
pursue.

Hence they are jealous, and as rivals, keep
A watchful eye on the beloved heap ;
Meantime discretion bids the tongue be still,
And mild good-humour strives with strong ill-will :
Till prudence fails ; when, all impatient grown,
They make their grief, by their suspicions, known.

"Sir, I protest, were Job himself at play,
He'd rave to see you throw your cards away ;
Not that I care a button—not a pin
For what I lose ; but we had cards to win :
A saint in Heaven would grieve to see such hand
Cut up by one who will not understand."

'Complain of me ! and so you might indeed,
If I had ventured on that foolish lead,
That fatal heart—but I forgot your play—
Some folk have ever thrown their hearts away.'

"Yes, and their diamonds : I have heard of one
Who made a beggar of an only son."

'Better a beggar, than to see him tied
To art and spite, to insolence and pride.'

"Sir, were I you, I'd strive to be polite,
Against my nature, for a single night."

'Against their nature, they might show their skill
With small success, who're maids against their will.'

Is this too much ! alas ! my bashful muse
Cannot with half their virulence abuse.
And hark ! at other tables discord reigns,
With feign'd contempt for losses and for gains ;
Passions awhile are bridled ; then they rage,
In waspish youth, and in resentful age :
With scraps of insult—"Sir, when next you play,
Reflect whose money 'tis you throw away.
No one on earth can less such things regard,
But when one's partner doesn't know a card——"

'I scorn suspicion, ma'am, but while you stand
Behind that lady, pray keep down your hand.'

'Good Heaven revoke ! remember, if the set
Be lost, in honour you should pay the debt.'

"There, there's your money ; but, while I have
I'll never more sit down with man and wife ; [life,
They snap and snarl indeed, but in the heat
Of all their spleen, their understandings meet ;
They are free-masons, and have many a sign,
That we, poor devils ! never can divine :
May it be told, do ye divide th' amount,
Or goes it all to family account !"

Next is the club, where to their friends in town,
Our country neighbours once a month come down ;
We term it *free-and-easy*, and yet we
Find it no easy matter to be free :
Even in our small assembly, friends among,
Are minds perverse, there's something will be wrong ;
Men are not equal ; some will claim a right
To be the kings and heroes of the night ;
Will their own favourite themes and notions start,
And you must hear, offend them, or depart.

There comes Sir Thomas from his village-seat,
Happy he tells us all his friends to meet ;
He brings the ruin'd brother of his wife,
Whom he supports, and makes him sick of life ;
A ready witness whom he can produce
Of all his deeds—a butt for his abuse :
Soon as he enters, has the guests espied,
Drawn to the fire, and to the glass applied—
"Well, what's the subject !—what are you about
The news, I take it—come, I'll help you out ;"—
And then, without one answer, he bestows
Freely upon us all he hears and knows ;
Gives us opinions, tells us how he votes,
Recites the speeches, adds to them his notes,
And gives old ill-told tales for new-born anecdotes ;
Yet cares he nothing what we judge or think,
Our only duty's to attend and drink :
At length, admonish'd by his gout, he ends
The various speech, and leaves at peace his friends ;
But now, alas ! we've lost the pleasant hour,
And wisdom flies from wine's superior power.

Wine, like the rising sun, possession gains,
And drives the mist of dulness from the brains ;
The gloomy vapour from the spirit flies,
And views of gaiety and gladness rise :
Still it proceeds ; till from the glowing heat,
The prudent calmly to their shades retreat ;—
Then is the mind o'ercast—in wordy rage
And loud contention angry men engage ; [spite,
Then spleen and pique, like fireworks, thrown in
To mischief turn the pleasures of the night ;

Anger abuses, malice loudly rails,
 Revenge awakes, and anarchy prevails:
 Till wine, that raised the tempest, makes it cease,
 And maudlin love insists on instant peace;
 He, noisy mirth and roaring song commands,
 Gives idle toasts, and joins unfriendly hands;
 Till fuddled friendship vows esteem and weeps,
 And jovial folly drinks and sings and sleeps.

A club there is of *smokers*—Dare you come
 To that close, clouded, hot, narcotic room!
 When, midnight past, the very candles seem
 Dying for air, and give a ghastly gleam;
 When curling fumes in lazy wreaths arise,
 And prozing toppers rub their winking eyes;
 When the long tale, renew'd when last they
 Is spliced anew, and is unfinish'd yet; [met,
 When but a few are left the house to tire,
 And they half-sleeping by the sleepy fire;
 Ev'n the poor ventilating vane, that flow
 Of late so fast, is now grown drowsy too;
 When sweet, cold, clammy punch its aid bestows,
 Then thus the midnight conversation flows:—

"Then, as I said, and—mind me—as I say,
 At our last meeting—you remember?"—"Aye;"
 "Well, very well—then freely as I drink
 I spoke my thought—you take me—what I think:
 And sir," said I, "if I a freeman be,
 It is my bounden duty to be free."

"Aye, there you posed him: I respect the chair,
 But man is man, although the man's a mayor:
 If Muggins live—no, no!—if Muggins die,
 He'll quit his office—neighbour, shall I try?"

"I'll speak my mind, for here are none but
 friends:

They're all contending for their private ends;
 No public spirit—once a vote would bring,
 I say a vote—was then a pretty thing,
 It made a man to serve his country and his king:
 But for that place, that Muggins must resign,
 You've my advice,—'tis no affair of mine."

The poor man has his club, he comes and spends
 His hoarded pittance with his chosen friends;
 Nor this alone,—a monthly dole he pays,
 To be assisted when his health decays;
 Some part his prudence, from the day's supply,
 For cares and troubles in his age, lays by;
 The printed rules he guards with painted frame,
 And shows his children where to read his name:
 Those simple words his honest nature move,
 That bond of union tied by laws of love:
 This is his pride, it gives to his employ
 New value, to his home another joy;
 While a religious hope its balm applies
 For all his fate inflicts and all his state denies.

Much would it please you, sometimes to explore
 The peaceful dwellings of our borough poor;
 To view a sailor just return'd from sea,
 His wife beside; a child on either knee,
 And others crowding near, that none may lose
 The smallest portion of the welcome news; [high,
 What dangers pass'd, "when seas ran mountains
 When tempests raved, and horrors veil'd the sky;
 When prudence fail'd, when courage grow'd dismay'd,
 When the strong fainted, and the weak'd pray'd,—

Then in the yawning gulf far down we drove,
 And gazed upon the billowy mount above;
 Till up that mountain, swinging with the gale,
 We view'd the horrors of the watery vale."

The trembling children look with stedfast eyes,
 And panting, sob involuntary sighs:
 Soft sleep awhile his torpid touch delays,
 And all is joy and piety and praise.

Masons are ours, free-masons—but alas!
 To their own bards I leave the mystic class;
 In vain shall one, and not a gifted man,
 Attempt to sing of this enlighten'd clan:
 I know no word, boast no directing sign,
 And not one token of the race is mine;
 Whether with Hiram, that wise widow's son,
 They came from Tyre to royal Solomon,
 Two pillars raising by their skill profound,
 Boaz and Jachin through the East renown'd:
 Whether the Sacred Books their rise express,
 Or books profane, 'tis vain for me to guess;
 It may be, lost in date remote and high,
 They know not what their own antiquity;
 It may be, too, derived from cause so low,
 They have no wish their origin to show:
 If, as crusaders, they combined to wrest
 From heathen lords the land they long possess'd;
 Or were at first some harmless club, who made
 Their idle meetings solemn by parade;
 Is but conjecture—for the task unfit,
 Awe-struck and mute, the puzzling theme I quit:
 Yet, if such blessings from their order flow,
 We should be glad their moral code to know;
 Trowels of silver are but simple things,
 And aprons worthless as their apron-strings.
 But if indeed you have the skill to teach
 A social spirit, now beyond our reach;
 If man's warm passions you can guide and bind,
 And plant the virtues in the wayward mind;
 If you can wake to christian-love the heart,—
 In mercy, something of your powers impart.

But as it seems we masons must become
 To know the secret, and must then be dumb;
 And as we venture for uncertain gains,
 Perhaps the profit is not worth the pains. [stood
 When Bruce, that dauntless traveller, thought he
 On Nile's first rise! the fountain of the flood,
 And drank exulting in the sacred spring,
 The critics told him it was no such thing;
 That springs unnumber'd round the country ran,
 But none could show him where the first began:
 So might we feel, should we our time bestow,
 To gain these secrets and these signs to know;
 Might question still if all the truth we found,
 And firmly stood upon the certain ground;
 We might our title to the mystery dread,
 And fear we drank not at the river-head.

Griggs and Gregorians here their meetings hold,
 Convivial sects, and *bucks* alert and bold;
 A kind of masons, but without their sign;
 The bonds of union—pleasure, song, and wine:
 Man, a gregarious creature, loves to fly
 Where he the trackings of the herd can spy;
 Still to be one with many he desires,
 Although it leads him through the thorns and briars.

A few! but few there are, who in the mind
 Perpetual source of consolation find;

The weaker many to the world will come,
For comforts seldom to be found from home.

When the faint hands no more a brimmer hold,
When flannel-wreaths the useless limbs infold,
The breath impeded, and the bosom cold ;
When half the pillow'd man the palsy chains,
And the blood falters in the bloated veins,—
Then as our friends no further aid supply,
Than hope's cold phrase and courtesy's soft sigh,
We should that comfort for ourselves ensure,
Which friends could not, if we could friends, procure.

Early in life, when we can laugh aloud,
There's something pleasant in a social crowd,
Who laugh with us—but will such joy remain,
When we lie struggling on the bed of pain ?
When our physician tells us with a sigh,
No more on hope and science to rely,
Life's staff is useless then ; with labouring breath
We pray for hope divine—the staff of death—
This is a scene which few companions grace, [place.
And where the heart's first favourites yield their

Here all the aid of man to man must end,
Here mounts the soul to her eternal Friend ;
The tenderest love must here its tie resign,
And give the aspiring heart to love divine.

Man feels his weakness, and to numbers run,
Himself to strengthen, or himself to shun ;
But though to this our weakness may be prone,
Let's learn to live, for we must die, alone.

LETTER XI.

Inns.

All the comforts of life in a tavern are known,
'Tis his home who possesses not one of his own ;
And to him who has rather too much of that one,
'Tis the house of a friend where he's welcome to run ;
The instant you enter my door you're my lord,
With whose taste and whose pleasure I'm proud to accord,
And the louder you call and the longer you stay,
The more I am happy to serve and obey.

To the house of a friend if you're pleased to retire,
You must all things admit, you must all things admire ;
You must pay with observance the price of your treat,
You must eat what is praised, and must praise what ; you eat
But here you may come, and no tax we require,
You may loudly condemn what you greatly admire ;
You may growl at our wishes and mine may be their wine ;
And may quarrel at the rascals who please you so well.

At your wish we attend, and confess that your speech
On the nation's affairs might the Minister teach ;
His views you may blame, and his measures oppose,
There's no tavern-treason—you're under the rose ;
Should rebellions arise in your own little state,
With me you may safely their consequence wait ;
To recruit your lost spirits 'tis prudent to come,
And to fly to a friend when the devil's at home.

That I've faults is confess'd ; but it won't be denied,
'Tis my interest the faults of my neighbours to hide ;
If I've sometimes lent scandal occasion to prate,
I've often conceal'd what she'd love to relate ;
If to Justice's bar some have wandered from mine,
'Twas because the dull rogues wouldn't stay by their wine ;
And for brawls at my house, well the poet explains,
That men drink shallow draughts and so madden their brains.

INNS.

A difficult Subject for Poetry—Invocation of the Muse.—
Description of the principal Inn and those of the first
class—The large deserted Tavern—Those of a second
order—Their Company—One of particular description—
A lower kind of Public-houses: yet distinguished among
themselves—Houses on the Quays for Sailors—The
Green-Man: its Landlord, and the Adventure of his
Marriage, &c.

Much do I need, and therefore will I ask,
A muse to aid me in my present task ;
For then with special cause we beg for aid,
When of our subject we are most afraid :

Inns are this subject—'tis an ill-drawn lot,
So, thou who gravely triflest, fail me not.
Fail not, but haste, and to my memory bring
Scenes yet unsung, which few would choose to sing :
Thou mad'st a Shilling splendid ; thou hast thrown
On humble themes the graces all thine own ;
By thee the Mistress of a Village-School
Became a queen, enthroned upon her stool ;
And far beyond the rest thou gav'st to shine,
Belinda's Lock—that deathless work was thine.

Come, lend thy cheerful light, and give to please,
These seats of revelry, these scenes of ease ;
Who sings of Inns, much danger has to dread,
And needs assistance from the fountain-head.

High in the street, o'erlooking all the place,
The rampant *Lion* shows his kingly face ;
His ample jaws extend from side to side,
His eyes are glaring, and his nostrils wide ;
In silver shag the sovereign form is drest,
A mane horrific sweeps his ample chest ;
Elate with pride, he seems to assert his reign,
And stands the glory of his wide domain.

Yet nothing dreadful to his friends the sight,
But sign and pledge of welcome and delight :
To him the noblest guest the town detains,
Flies for repast, and in his court remains ;
Him too the crowd with longing looks admire,
Sigh for his joys, and modestly retire ;
Here not a comfort shall to them be lost
Who never ask or never feel the cost.

The ample yards on either side contain
Buildings where order and distinction reign :—
The splendid carriage of the wealthier guest,
The ready chaise and driver smartly drest ;
Whiskys and gigs and carriages are there,
And high-fed prancers many a raw-boned pair.
On all without a lordly host sustains
The care of empire, and observant reigns ;
The parting guest beholds him at his side,
With pomp obsequious, bending in his pride ;
Round all the place his eyes all objects meet,
Attentive, silent, civil and discreet.
O'er all within the lady-hostess rules,
Her bar she governs, and her kitchen schools ;
To every guest the appropriate speech is made,
And every duty with distinction paid ;
Respectful, easy, pleasant or polite—
“ Your honour's servant — Mister Smith, good
night.”

Next, but not near, yet honoured through the town,
Thereswag, incongruous pair! the *Bear and Crown* ;
That *Crown* suspended gems and ribbands deck,
A golden chain hangs o'er that furry neck :
Unlike the nobler beast, the *Bear* is bound,
And with the *Crown* so near him, scowls uncrown'd ;
Less his dominion, but alert are all
Without, within, and ready for the call ;
Smart lads and light run nimbly here and there,
Nor for neglected duties mourns the *Bear*.

To his retreats, on the election-day,
The losing party found their silent way ;
There they partook of each consoling good,
Like him uncrown'd, like him in sullen mood—
Threatening, but bound.—Here meet a social kind,
Our various clubs for various cause combined ;

Nor has he pride, but thankful takes as gain,
The dew-drops shaken from the *Lion's* mane:
A thriving couple here their skill display,
And share the profits of no vulgar sway.

Third in our Borough's list appears the sign
Of a fair queen—the gracious *Caroline*;
But in decay—each feature in the face
Has stain of time, and token of disgrace.
The storm of winter, and the summer-sun,
Have on that form the work of treason done;
Have, like the *guillotine*, the royal neck
Parted in twain—the figure is a wreck.
To this poor face was never paint applied,
The unseemly work of cruel time to hide;
Here we may rightly such neglect upbraid,
Paint on such faces is by prudence laid.
Large the domain, but all within combine
To correspond with the dishonour'd sign;
And all around dilapidates; you call—
But none replies—they're inattentive all:
At length a ruin'd stable holds your steed,
While you through large and dirty rooms proceed,
Spacious and cold; a proof they once had been
In honour,—now magnificently mean;
Till in some small half-furnished room you rest,
Whose dying fire denotes it had a guest.
In those you pass'd, where formersplendour reign'd,
You saw the carpets torn, the paper stain'd;
Squares of discordant glass in windows fix'd,
And paper oil'd in many a space betwixt;
A soil'd and broken sconce, a mirror crack'd,
With table underpropp'd, and chairs new-back'd;
A marble side-slab with ten thousand stains,
And all an ancient tavern's poor remains.

With much entreaty, they your food prepare,
And acid wine afford, with meagre fare;
Heartless you sup; and when a dozen times
You've read the fractured window's senseless
rhymes;
Have been assured that "*Phoebe Green*" was fair,
And "*Peter Jackson*" took his supper there;
You reach a chilling chamber, where you dread
Damps, hot or cold, from a tremendous bed;
Late comes your sleep, and you are waken'd soon
By rustling tatters of the old festoon.

O'er this large building, thus by time defaced,
A servile couple has its owner placed,
Who not unmindful that its style is large,
To lost magnificence adapt their charge:
Thus an old beauty, who has long declined,
Keeps former dues and dignity in mind;
And wills that all attention should be paid
For graces vanish'd and for charms decay'd.

Few years have pass'd since brightly 'cross the
way
Lights from each window shot the lengthen'd ray,
And busy looks in every face were seen,
Through the warm precincts of the reigning queen:
There fires inviting shone, and all around
Was heard the tinkling bells' seducing sound;
The nimble waiters to that sound from far
Sprang to the call, then hasten'd to the bar;
Where a glad priestess of the temple away'd,
The most obedient, and the most obey'd;
Rosy and round, adorn'd in crimson vest,
And flaming ribbands at her ample breast:

She, skill'd like *Circe*, tried her guests to move,
With looks of welcome and with words of love;
And such her potent charms, that men unwise
Were soon transform'd and fitted for the sties.

Her port in bottles stood, a well-stain'd row,
Drawn for the evening from the pipe below;
Three powerful spirits fill'd a parted case,
Some cordial-bottles stood in secret place;
Fair acid-fruits in nets above were seen,
Her plate was splendid, and her glasses clean;
Basons and bowls were ready on the stand,
And measures clatter'd in her powerful hand.

Inferior houses now our notice claim,
But who shall deal them their appropriate fame?
Who shall the nice, yet known distinction, tell,
Between the peal complete and single bell?

Determine, ye, who on your shining nags
Wear oil-skin beavers and bear seal-skin bags;
Or ye, grave toppers, who with coy delight
Snugly enjoy the sweetness of the night;
Ye travellers all, superior inns denied
By moderate purse, the low by decent pride;
Come and determine,—will ye take your place
At the full orb, or half the lunar face?
With the *Black-Boy* or *Angel* will ye dine?
Will ye approve the *Fountain* or the *Fine*?
Horses the white or black will ye prefer?
The *Silver-Swan*, or *Swan* opposed to her—
Rare bird! whose form the raven-plumage decks,
And graceful curve her three alluring necks!

All these a decent entertainment give,
And by their comforts comfortably live.

Shall I pass by the *Boar*?—there are who cry,
"Beware the *Boar*," and pass determined by:
Those dreadful tusks, those little peering eyes
And churning chaps are tokens to the wise.
There dwells a kind old aunt, and there you see
Some kind young nieces in her company;
Poor village nieces, whom the tender dame
Invites to town, and gives their beauty fame;
The grateful sisters feel the important aid,
And the good aunt is flattered and repaid.
What though it may some cool observers strike,
That such fair sisters should be so unlike;
That still another and another comes,
And at the matron's table smiles and blooms;
That all appear as if they meant to stay
Time undefined, nor name a parting day;
And yet, though all are valued, all are dear,
Causeless they go, and seldom more appear!

Yet let Suspicion hide her odious head,
And Scandal vengeance from a Burgess dread:
A pious friend, who with the ancient dame
At sober cribbage takes an evening game;
His cup beside him, through their play he quaffs
And oft renews, and innocently laughs;
Or growing serious, to the text resorts,
And from the Sunday-sermon makes reports;
While all, with grateful glee, his wish attend,
A grave protector, and a powerful friend:
But Slander says, who indistinctly sees,
Once he was caught with *Silvia* on his knees;—
A cautious Burgess with a careful wife
To be so caught!—'tis false, upon my life.

Next are a lower kind, yet not so low
But they, among them, their distinctions know ;
And when a thriving landlord aims so high
As to exchange the *Chequer* for the *Pye*,
Or from *Duke William* to the *Dog* repairs,
He takes a finer coat and fiercer airs.

Pleased with his power, the poor man loves to say
What favourite inn shall share his evening's pay ;
Where he shall sit the social hour, and lose
His past-day's labours and his next-day's views.
Our seamen too have choice : one takes a trip
In the warm cabin of his favourite ship ;
And on the morrow in the humbler boat
He rows, till Fancy feels herself afloat ;
Can ho the sign—*Three Jolly Sailors* pass,
Who hears a fiddle and who sees a lass !

The *Anchor* too affords the seaman joys,
In small smoked room, all clamour, crowd, and noise ;

Where a curved settle half surrounds the fire,
Where fifty voices purl and punch require :
They come for pleasure in their leisure hour,
And they enjoy it to their utmost power ;
Standing they drink, they swearing smoke, while
Call or make ready for a second call : [all
There is no time for trifling—"Do ye see ?
We drink and drub the French extempore."

See ! round the room, on every beam and balk,
Are mingled scrolls of hieroglyphic chalk ;
Yet nothing heeded—would one stroke suffice
To blot out all, here honour is too nice,—
"Let knarish landmen think such dirty things,
We're British tars, and British tars are kings."

But the *Green-Man* shall I pass by unsung,
Which mine own *James* upon his sign-post hung ?
His sign, his image—for he once was seen
A squire's attendant, clad in keeper's green ;
Ere yet with wages more, and honour less,
He stood behind me in a graver dress.

James in an evil hour went forth to woo
Young *Juliet Hart*, and was her *Romeo* :
They'd seen the play, and thought it vastly sweet
For two young lovers by the moon to meet ;
The nymph was gentle, of her favours free,
Even at a word—no *Rosalind* was she ;
Nor, like that other *Juliet*, tried his truth
With—"Be thy purpose marriage, gentle youth !"
But him received, and heard his tender tale
When sang the lark, and when the nightingale :
So in few months the generous lass was seen
I' the way that all the *Capulets* had been.

Then first repentance seized the amorous man,
And—shame on love—he reason'd and he ran ;
The thoughtful *Romeo* trembled for his purse,
And the sad sounds, "for better and for worse."

Yet could the lover not so far withdraw,
But he was haunted both by love and law :
Now law dismay'd him as he view'd its fangs,
Now pity seized him for his *Juliet's* pangs ;
Then thoughts of justice and some dread of jail,
Where all would blame him and where none might bail ;
These drew him back, till *Juliet's* hut appear'd,
Where love had drawn him when he should have fear'd.

There sat the father in his wicker throne,
Uttering his curses in tremendous tone ;
With foulest names his daughter he reviled,
And look'd a very Herod at the child :
Nor was she patient, but with equal scorn,
Bade him remember when his Joe was born :
Then rose the mother, eager to begin
Her plea for frailty, when the swain came in.

To him she turn'd, and other theme began,
Show'd him his boy, and bade him be a man ;
"An honest man, who, when he breaks the laws,
Will make a woman honest if there's cause."
With lengthen'd speech she proved what came to pass
Was no reflection on a loving lass :
"If she your love as wife and mother claim,
What can it matter which was first the name ?
But 'tis most base, 'tis perjury and theft,
When a lost girl is like a widow left ;
The rogue who ruins"—here the father found
His spouse was treading on forbidden ground.

'That's not the point,'—quoth he,—'I don't suppose

My good friend Fletcher to be one of those ;
What's done amiss he'll mend in proper time—
I hate to hear of villany and crime :
'Twas my misfortune, in the days of youth,
To find two lasses pleading for my truth ;
The case was hard, I would with all my soul
Have wedded both, but law is our controul ;
So one I took, and when we gained a home,
Her friend agreed—what could she more?—to come ;
And when she found that I'd a widow'd bed,
Me she desir'd—what could I less?—to wed.
An easier case is yours : you've not the smart
That two fond pleaders cause in one man's heart ;
You've not to wait from year to year distress'd,
Before your conscience can be laid at rest ;
There smiles your bride, there sprawls your new-born son,
—A ring, a licence, and the thing is done.'

"My loving James,"—the lass began her plea,
"I'll make thy reason take a part with me :
Had I been froward, skittish, or unkind,
Or to thy person or thy passion blind ;
Had I refused, when 'twas thy part to pray,
Or put thee off with promise and delay ;
Thou might'st in justice and in conscience fly,
Denying her who taught thee to deny :
But, James, with me thou hadst an easier task,
Bonds and conditions I forebore to ask ;
I laid no traps for thee, no plots or plans,
Nor marriage named by licence or by banns ;
Nor would I now the parson's aid employ,
But for this cause,"—and up she held her boy.

Motives like these could heart of flesh resist ?
James took the infant, and in triumph kissed ;
Then to his mother's arms the child restored,
Made his proud speech and pledged his worthy word.

"Three times at church our banns shall publish'd be,
Thy health be drunk in bumpers three times three ;
And thou shalt grace (bedeck'd in garments gay)
The christening-dinner on the wedding-day."

James at my door then made his parting-bow,
Took the *Green-Man*, and is a master now.

LETTER XII.

Players.

These are monarchs none respect,
 Heroes, yet an humble crew,
 Nobles whom the crowd correct,
 Wealthy men, whom duns pursue;
 Beauties, shrinking from the view
 Of the day's detecting eye;
 Lovers, who with much ado
 Long-forsaken damsels woo,
 And heave the ill-faig'd sigh.
 These are misers, craving means
 Of existence through the day;
 Famous scholars, coining scenes
 Of a dull bewildering play;
 Ragged beaux and misses grey
 Whom the rabble praise and blame;
 Proud and mean, and sad and gay,
 Tolling after ease are they,
 Infamous*, and boasting fame.

PLAYERS.

They arrive in the Borough—Welcomed by their former friends—Are better fitted for comic than tragic scenes: yet better approved in the latter by one part of their audience. —Their general character and pleasantry.—Particular distresses and labours.—Their fortitude and patience.—A private Rehearsal.—The vanity of the aged Actress.—A Heroine from the milliner's shop.—A deluded Tradesman.—Of what persons the Company is composed.—Character and Adventures of Frederick Thompson.

DRAWN by the annual call, we now behold
 Our troop dramatic, heroes known of old,
 And those, since last they march'd, enlisted and
 enroll'd:

Mounted on hacks or borne in waggons some,
 The rest on foot (the humbler brethren) come.
 Three favour'd places, an unequal time,
 Join to support this company sublime:
 Ours for the longer period—see how light
 Yon parties move, their former friends in sight,
 Whose claims are all allow'd, and friendship glads
 the night.

Now public rooms shall sound with words divine,
 And private lodgings hear how heroes shine;
 No talk of pay shall yet on pleasure steal,
 But kindest welcome bless the friendly meal;
 While o'er the social jug and decent cheer,
 Shall be described the fortunes of the year.

Peruse these bills, and see what each can do,—
 Behold! the prince, the slave, the monk, the Jew;
 Change but the garment, and they'll all engage
 To take each part and act in every age:
 Cull'd from all houses, what a house are they!
 Swept from all barns, our borough-critics say;
 But with some portion of a critic's ire,
 We all endure them; there are some admire:
 They might have praise, confined to farce alone,
 Full well they grin, they should not try to groan;
 But then our servants' and our seamen's wives
 Love all that rant and rapture as their lives;
 He who *Squire Richard's* part could well sustain,
 Finds as *King Richard* he must roar again—
 "My horse! my horse!"—Lo! now to their abodes,
 Come lords and lovers, empresses and gods.
 The master mover of these scenes has made
 No trifling gain in this adventurous trade;
 Trade we may term it, for he duly buys
 Arms out of use and undirected eyes;
 These he instructs, and guides them as he can,
 And vends each night the manufactured man:
 Long as our custom lasts, they gladly stay,
 Then strike their tents, like Tartars! and away!

* Strolling players are thus held in a legal sense.

The place grows bare where they too long remain,
 But grass will rise ere they return again.

Children of Thespis, welcome! knights and queens!
 Counts! barons! beauties! when before your scenes,
 And mighty monarchs thundering from your throne;
 Then step behind, and all your glory's gone:
 Of crown and palace, throne and guards bereft,
 The pomp is vanish'd, and the care is left.
 Yet strong and lively is the joy they feel,
 When the full house secures the plenteous meal;
 Flatt'ring and flatter'd; each attempts to raise
 A brother's merits for a brother's praise:
 For never hero shows a prouder heart,
 Than he who proudly acts a hero's part;
 Nor without cause; the boards, we know, can yield
 Place for fierce contest, like the tented field.

Graceful to tread the stage, to be in turn
 The prince we honour and the knave we spurn;
 Bravely to bear the tumult of the crowd,
 The hiss tremendous, and the censure loud:
 These are their parts,—and he who these sustains,
 Deserves some praise and profit for his pains.
 Heroes at least of gentler kind are they,
 Against whose swords no weeping widows pray,
 No blood their fury sheds, no havoc marks their way.

Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depress'd,
 Your days all pass'd in jeopardy and jest;
 Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
 Not warn'd by misery, not enriched by gain;
 Whom justice pitying, chides from place to place,
 A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race,
 Who cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
 Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
 Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain
 Of tragic woe, feel spirits light and vain,
 Distress and hope—the mind's, the body's wear,
 The man's affliction and the actor's tear:
 Alternate times of fasting and excess
 Are yours, ye smiling children of distress.

Slaves though you be, your wandering freedom
 seems,
 And with your varying views and restless schemes,
 Your griefs are transient, as your joys are dreams

Yet keen those griefs—ah! what avail thy charms
 Fair *Juliet*! what that infant in thine arms;
 What those heroic lines thy patience earns,
 What all the aid thy present *Romeo* earns
 Whilst thou art crowded in that lumbering wain,
 With all thy plaintive sisters to complain!

Nor is there lack of labour—to rehearse,
 Day after day, poor scraps of prose and verse;
 To bear each other's spirit, pride and spite,
 To hide in rant the heart-ache of the night;
 To dress in gaudy patch-work, and to force
 The mind to think in the appointed course—
 This is laborious, and may be defined
 The bootless labour of the thriftless mind.

There is a veteran dame; I see her stand
 Intent and pensive with her book in hand;
 Awhile her thoughts she forces on her part,
 Then dwells on objects nearer to the heart;
 Across the room she paces, gets her tone,
 And fits her features for the Danish throne;
 To-night a queen—I mark her motion slow,
 I hear her speech, and Hamlet's mother know.

Methinks 'tis pitiful to see her try,
For strength of arms and energy of eye ;
With vigour lost, and spirits worn away,
Her pomp and pride she labours to display ;
And when awhile she's tried her part to act,
To find her thoughts arrested by some fact ;
When struggles more and more severe are seen
In the plain actress than the Danish queen,—
At length she feels her part, she finds delight,
And fancies all the plaudits of the night :
Old as she is, she smiles at every speech,
And thinks no youthful part beyond her reach ;
But as the mist of vanity again
Is blown away, by press of present pain,
Sad and in doubt she to her purse applies
For cause of comfort, where no comfort lies ;
Then to her task she sighing turns again,—
"Oh! Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain."

And who that poor, consumptive, wither'd thing,
Who strains her slender throat and strives to sing!
Panting for breath, and forced her voice to drop,
And far unlike the inmate of the shop,
Where she, in youth and health, alert and gay,
Laugh'd off at night the labours of the day ;
With novels, verses, fancy's fertile powers,
And sister-converse pass'd the evening hours ;
But *Cynthia's* soul was soft, her wishes strong,
Her judgment weak, and her conclusions wrong :
The morning-call and counter were her dread,
And her contempt the needle and the thread :
But when she read a gentle damsel's part,
Her woe, her wish!—she had them all by heart.

At length the hero of the boards drew nigh,
Who spake of love till sigh re-echoed sigh ;
He told in honey'd words his deathless flame,
And she his own by tender vows became ;
Nor ring nor licence needed souls so fond,
Alphonso's passion was his *Cynthia's* bond :
And thus the simple girl, to shame betray'd,
Sinks to the grave forsaken and dismay'd.

Sick without pity, sorrowing without hope,
See her! the grief and scandal of the troop ;
A wretched martyr to a childish pride,
Her woe insulted, and her praise denied :
Her humble talents, though derided, used,
Her prospects lost, her confidence abused ;
All that remains—for she not long can brave
Increase of evils—is an early grave :

Ye gentle *Cynthias* of the shop, take heed
What dreams ye cherish and what looks ye read.

A decent sum had Peter Nottage made,
By joining bricks, to him a thriving trade :
Of his employment master and his wife,
This humble tradesman led a lordly life ;
The house of kings and heroes lack'd repairs,
And Peter, though reluctant, served the players :
Connected thus, he heard in way polite,—
"Come, Master Nottage, see us play to-night."
At first, 'twas folly, nonsense, idle stuff,
But seen for nothing it grew well enough ;
And better now—now best, and every night,
In this fool's paradise he drank delight ;
And as he felt the bliss, he wish'd to know
Whence all this rapture and these joys could flow ;
For if the seeing could such pleasure bring,
What must the feeling!—feeling like a king !

In vain his wife, his uncle, and his friend,
Cried "Peter! Peter! let such follies end ;
'Tis well enough these vagabonds to see,
But would you partner with a showman be!"

"Showman!" said Peter, "Did not Quin and
Clive,

And Roscius-Garrick, by the science thrive !
Showman!—'tis scandal ; I'm by genius led
To join a class who've Shakespeare at their head."

Poor Peter thus by easy steps became
A dreaming candidate for scenic fame,
And, after years consumed, infirm and poor,
He sits and takes the tickets at the door.

Of various men these marching troops are made,
Pen-spurning clerks, and lads contemning trade ;
Waiters and servants by confinement teased,
And youths of wealth by dissipation eased ;
With feeling nymphs, who, such resource at hand,
Scorn to obey the rigour of command ;
Some, who from higher views by vice are won,
And some of either sex by love undone ;
The greater part lamenting as their fall,
What some an honour and advancement call.

There are who names in shame or fear assume,
And hence our *Bevilles* and our *Savilles* come ;
It honours him from tailor's board kick'd down,
As Mister *Dormer* to amuse the town ;
Falling, he rises: but a kind there are
Who dwell on former prospects, and despair ;
Justly, but vainly, they their fate deplore,
And mourn their fall who fell to rise no more.

Our merchant Thompson, with his sons around,
Most mind and talent in his *Frederic* found :
He was so lively, that his mother knew,
If he were taught, that honour must ensue ;
It was not quite within the merchant's line
To think of college, but the boy would shine—
Thenshould he go—he'd prosper, none could doubt,
And school-boy stigmas would be all wash'd out ;
For there were marks upon his youthful face,
'Twixt vice and error—a neglected case—
These would submit to skill ; a little time,
And none could trace the error or the crime :
Then let him go, and once at college, he
Might choose his station—what would *Frederic* be!

'Twas soon determined—he could not descend
To pedant laws and lectures without end ;
And then the chapel—night and morn to pray,
Or mulet and threaten'd if he kept away ;
No! not to be a bishop—so he swore,
And at his college he was seen no more.

His debts all paid, the father with a sigh,
Plac'd him in office—"Do, my *Frederic*, try ;
Confine thyself a few short months, and then—"
He tried a fortnight, and threw down the pen.

Again demands were hush'd : "My son, you're
free,
But you're unsettled ; take your chance at sea :"
So in few days the midshipman equip'd,
Received the mother's blessing and was shipp'd.

Hard was her fortune! soon compell'd to meet
The wretched stripling staggering through the
street ;
For, rash, impetuous, insolent and vain,
The captain sent him to his friends again :

About the borough roved the unhappy boy,
And ate the bread of every chance employ ;
Of friends he borrow'd, and the parents yet
In secret fondness authorised the debt ;
The younger sister, still a child, was taught
To give with feign'd affright the pittance sought ;
For now the father cried—"It is too late
For trial more—I leave him to his fate,"—
Yet left him not ; and with a kind of joy
The mother heard of her desponding boy :
At length he sicken'd, and he found, when sick,
All aid was ready, all attendance quick ;
A fever seized him, and at once was lost
The thoughts of trespass, error, crime, and cost ;
The indulgent parents knelt beside the youth,
They heard his promise and believed his truth ;
And when the danger lessen'd on their view,
They cast off doubt, and hope assurance grew ;—
Nursed by his sisters, cherish'd by his sire,
Begg'd to be glad, encouraged to aspire,
His life, they said, would now all care repay,
And he might date his prospects from that day ;
A son, a brother to his home received,
They hoped for all things, and in all believed.

And now will pardon, comfort, kindness, draw
The youth from vice ! will honour, duty, law !
Alas ! not all : the more the trials lent,
The less he seem'd to ponder and repent ;
Headstrong, determined in his own career,
He thought reproof unjust and truth severe ;
The soul's disease was to its crisis come,
He first abused and then abjured his home ;
And when he chose a vagabond to be,
He made his shame his glory—"I'll be free."

Vice, dreadful habit ! when assumed so long,
Becomes at length inveterately strong ;
As more indulged, it gains the strength we lose,
Maintains its conquests and extends its views ;
Till the whole soul submitting to its chains,
It takes possession, and for ever reigns.

Friends, parents, relatives, hope, reason, love,
With anxious ardour for that empire strove ;
In vain their strife, in vain the means applied,
They had no comfort, but that all were tried ;
One strong vain trial made, the mind to move,
Was the last effort of parental love.

Ev'n then he watch'd his father from his home,
And to his mother would for pity come,
Where, as he made her tender terrors rise,
He talk'd of death, and threaten'd for supplies.

Against a youth so vicious and undone,
All hearts were closed, and every door but one :
The players received him, they with open heart
Gave him his portion and assign'd his part ;
And ere three days were added to his life,
He found a home, a duty, and a wife.

His present friends, though they were nothing
Nor ask'd how vicious he, or what his vice, [niece,
Still they expected he should now attend
To the joint duty as a useful friend ;
The lender too declared, with frown severe,
That none should pawn a robe that kings might
wear ;
And much it moved him, when he Hamlet play'd,
To see his father's ghost so drunken made :
Then too the temper, the unbending pride
Of this ally would no reproof abide :—

So leaving these, he march'd away, and join'd
Another troop, and other goods purloin'd ;
And other characters, both gay and sage,
Sober and sad, made stagger on the stage ;
Then to rebuke, with arrogant disdain,
He gave abuse, and sought a home again.

Thus changing scenes, but with unchanging vice,
Engaged by many, but with no one twice :
Of this, a last and poor resource, bereft,
He to himself, unhappy guide ! was left—
And who shall say where guided ! to what seats
Of starving villany ! of thieves and cheats !

In that sad time of many a dismal scene
Had he a witness (not inactive) been ;
Had leagued with petty pilferers, and had crept
Where of each sex degraded numbers slept :
With such associates he was long allied,
Where his capacity for ill was tried,
And that once lost, the wretch was cast aside :
For now, though willing with the worst to act,
He wanted powers for an important fact ;
And while he felt as lawless spirits feel,
His hand was palsied, and he couldn't steal.

By these rejected, is there lot so strange,
So low ! that he could suffer by the change !
Yes ! the new station as a fall we judge,—
He now became the harlots' humble drudge,
Their drudge in common : they combined to save
Awhile from starving their submissive slave ;
For now his spirit left him, and his pride,
His scorn, his rancour, and resentment died ;
Few were his feelings—but the keenest these,
The rage of hunger, and the sigh for ease ;
He who abused indulgence, now became
By want subservient and by misery tame ;
A slave, he begg'd forbearance ; bent with pain,
He shunn'd the blow,—“Ah ! strike me not again.”

Thus was he found : the master of a boy
Saw the sad wretch, whom he had known a boy ;
At first in doubt, but Frederic laid aside
All shame, and humbly for his aid applied :
He, tamed and smitten with the storms gone by,
Look'd for compassion through one living eye,
And stretch'd th' unpalsied hand : the seaman felt
His honest heart with gentle pity melt,
And his small boon with cheerful frankness dealt ;
Then made enquiries of the unhappy youth,
Who told, nor shame forbade him, all the truth.

“Young Frederic Thompson, to a chandler's
By harlots order'd, and afraid to stop !— [shop
What ! our good merchant's favourite to be seen
In state so loathsome and in dress so mean !”

So thought the seaman as he bade adieu,
And, when in port, related all he knew

But time was lost, inquiry came too late,
Those whom he served knew nothing of his fate ;
No ! they had seized on what the sailor gave,
Nor bore resistance from their abject slave ;
The spoil obtain'd, they cast him from the door,
Robb'd, beaten, hungry, pain'd, diseased, and poor

Then nature (pointing to the only spot
Which still had comfort for so dire a lot),
Although so feeble, led him on the way,
And hope look'd forward to a happier day :
He thought, poor prodigal ! a father yet
His woes would pity and his crimes forget ;

Nor had he brother who with speech severe
Would check the pity or refrain the tear :
A lighter spirit in his bosom rose,
As near the road he sought an hour's repose.

And there he found it : he had left the town,
But buildings yet were scattered up and down ;
To one of these, half-ruin'd and half-built,
Was traced this child of wretchedness and guilt ;
There on the remnant of a beggar's vest,
Thrown by in scorn ! the sufferer sought for rest ;
There was this scene of vice and woe to close,
And there the wretched body found repose."

LETTER XIII.

The Alms-House and Trustees.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

There are a sort of men whose raiment
Do cream and mantle like a standing pool,
And do a wilful stillness entertain :
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion,
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I open my lips let no dog bark."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

*Sum felix ; quis enim negat ? felixque manebit .
Hoc quoque quis dubitet ? Tutum me sopis fecit .*

THE ALMS-HOUSE AND TRUSTEES.

The frugal Merchant—Rivalship in Modes of Frugality—Private Exceptions to the general Manners—Alms-House built—Its Description—Founder dies—Six Trustees—Sir Denys Brand, a principal—His Eulogium in the Chronicles of the Day—Truth reckoned invidious on these Occasions—An Explanation of the Magnanimity and Wisdom of Sir Denys—His kinds of Moderation and Humility—Laughton, his Successor, a planning, ambitious, wealthy Man—Advancement in Life his perpetual Object, and all Things made the Means of it—His Idea of Falsehood—His Resentment dangerous : how removed—Success produces Love of Flattery ; his daily Gratification—His Merits and Acts of Kindness—His proper Choice of Alms-Men—In this respect meritorious—His Predecessor not so cautious.

LEAVE now our streets, and in yon plain behold
Those pleasant seats for the reduced and old ;
A merchant's gift, whose wife and children died,
When he to saving all his powers applied ;
He wore his coat till every thread was bare,
And fed his body with the meanest fare.
He had a female cousin, who with care
Walk'd in his steps and learn'd of him to spare ;
With emulation and success they strove,
Improving still, still seeking to improve,
As if that useful knowledge they would gain—
How little food would human life sustain :
No pauper came their table's crumbs to crave,
Scraping they lived, but not a scrap they gave :
When beggars saw the frugal merchant pass,
It moved their pity, and they said, "Alas !
Hard is thy fate, my brother," and they felt
A beggar's pride as they that pity dealt :
The dogs, who learn of man to scorn the poor,
Bark'd him away from every decent door ;
While they who saw him bare, but thought him rich,
To show respect or scorn, they knew not which.

But while our merchant seem'd so base and mean,
He had his wanderings, sometimes, "not unseen ;"
To give in secret was a favourite act,
Yet more than once they took him in the fact :

Haunts have been traced to which he nightly went
And serious sums in private pleasures spent ;
Oft has he cheer'd the wretched, at a rate
For which he daily might have dined on plate ;
He has been seen—his hair all silver-white,
Shaking and ahining—as he stole by night,
To feed unenvied on his still delight.
A two-fold taste he had ; to give and spare,
Both were his duties, and had equal care ;
It was his joy, to sit alone and fast,
Then send a widow and her boys repast :
Tears in his eyes would, spite of him, appear,
But he from other eyes has kept the tear :
All in a wintry night from far he came,
To soothe the sorrows of a suffering dame ;
Whose husband robb'd him, and to whom he meant
A lingering, but reforming punishment :
Home then he walk'd, and found his anger rise,
When fire and rush-light met his troubled eyes ;
But these extinguish'd, and his prayer address
To Heaven in hope, he calmly sank to rest.

His seventieth year was past, and then was seen
A building rising on the Northern Green,
There was no blinding all his neighbours' eyes,
Or surely no one would have seen it rise :
Twelve rooms contiguous stood, and six were near,
There men were placed, and sober matrons here ;
There were behind, small useful gardens made,
Benches before, and trees to give them shade ;
In the first room were seen, above, below,
Some marks of taste, a few attempts at show ;
The founder's picture and his arms were there,
(Not till he left us,) and an elbow'd chair ;
There, 'mid these signs of his superior place,
Sat the mild ruler of this humble race.

Within the row are men who strove in vain,
Through years of trouble, wealth and ease to gain ;
Less must they have than an appointed sum,
And freemen been, or hither must not come ;
They should be decent and command respect
(Though needing fortune) whom these doors protect,
And should for thirty dismal years have tried
For peace unfelt and competence denied.

Strange ! that o'er men thus train'd in sorrow's
school,
Power must be held and they must live by rule ;
Infirm, corrected by misfortunes, old,
Their habits settled and their passions cold ;
Of health, wealth, power, and worldly cares, bereft,
Still must they not at liberty be left ;
There must be one to rule them, to restrain
And guide the movements of his erring train.

If then control imperious, check severe,
Be needed where such reverend men appear ;
To what would youth, without such checks, aspire,
Free the wild wish, uncurb'd the strong desire !
And where (in college or in camp) they found
The heart ungovern'd and the hand unbound !

His house endow'd, the generous man resign'd
All power to rule, nay power of choice declined ;
He and the female saint survived to view
Their work complete, and bade the world adieu !

Six are the guardians of this happy seat,
And one presides when they on business meet ;
As each expires, the five a brother choose,
Nor would Sir Denys Brand the charge refuse ;

True, 'twas beneath him, "but to do men good
Was motive never by his heart withstood :"
He too is gone, and they again must strive
To find a man in whom his gifts survive.

Now, in the various records of the dead,
Thy worth, Sir Denys, shall be weigh'd and read;
There we the glory of thy house shall trace,
With each alliance of thy noble race.

Yes! here we have him!—"Came in William's
reign,
The Norman-Brand; the blood without a stain;
From the fierce Dane and ruder Saxon clear,
Pict, Irish, Scot, or Cambrian mountaineer;
But the pure Norman was the sacred spring,
And he, Sir Denys, was in heart a king:
Erect in person and so firm in soul,
Fortune he seem'd to govern and control;
Generous as he who gives his all away,
Prudent as one who toils for weekly pay;
In him all merits were decreed to meet,
Sincere though cautious, frank and yet discreet,
Just all his dealings, faithful every word,
His passions' master, and his temper's lord."

Yet more, kind dealers in decaying fame?
His magnanimity you next proclaim;
You give him learning, join'd with sound good sense,
And match his wealth with his benevolence;
What hides the multitude of sins, you add,
Yet seem to doubt if sins he ever had.

Poor honest Truth! thou writ'st of living men,
And art a railer and detractor then;
They die, again to be described, and now
A foe to merit and mankind art thou!

Why banish truth? it injures not the dead,
It aids not them with flattery to be fed;
And when mankind such perfect pictures view,
They copy less, the more they think them true.
Let us a mortal as he was behold,
And see the dress adhering to the gold;
When we the errors of the virtuous state,
Then erring men their worth may emulate.

View then this picture of a noble mind,
Let him be wise, magnanimous, and kind;
What was the wisdom? Was it not the frown
That keeps all question, all inquiry down?
His words were powerful and decisive all,
But his slow reasons came for no man's call.
"Tis thus," he cried, no doubt with kind intent,
To give results and spare all argument:—

"Let it be spared—all men at least agree
Sir Denys Brand had magnanimity:
His were no vulgar charities; none saw
Him like the merchant to the hut withdraw;
He left to meaner minds the simple deed,
By which the houseless rest, the hungry feed;
His was a public bounty vast and grand,
'Twas not in him to work with viewless hand;
He raised the room that towers above the street,
A public room where grateful parties meet;
He first the life-boat plann'd; to him the place
Is deep in debt—'twas he revived the race;
To every public act this hearty friend
Would give with freedom or with frankness lend;
His money built the jail, nor prisoner yet
Sits at his case, but he must feel the debt;

To these let candour add his vast display,
Around his mansion all is grand or gay,
And this is bounty with the name of pay."

I grant the whole, nor from one deed detract,
But wish recorded too the private act;
All these were great, but still our hearts approve
Those simpler tokens of the Christian love;
'Twould give me joy some gracious deed to meet,
That has not call'd for glory through the street:
Who felt for many, could not always shun,
In some soft moment, to be kind to one;
And yet they tell us, when Sir Denys died,
That not a widow in the Borough sigh'd;
Great were his gifts, his mighty heart I own,
But why describe what all the world has known?

The rest is petty pride, the useless art
Of a vain mind to hide a swelling heart:
Small is his private room: you'd find him there
By a plain table, on a paltry chair;
A wretched floor-cloth, and some prints around,
The easy purchase of a single pound:
These humble trifles and that study small
Make a strong contrast with the servants' hall;
There barely comfort, here a proud excess,
The pompous seat of pamper'd idleness,
Where the sleek rogues with one consent declare,
They would not live upon his Honour's fare.
He daily took but one half-hour to dine,
On one poor dish and some three sips of wine
Then he'd abuse them for their sumptuous feasts,
And say, "My friends! you make yourselves like
One dish suffices any man to dine, [beasts;
But you are greedy as a herd of swine;
Learn to be temperate."—Had they dared t' obey,
He would have praised and turn'd them all away.

You'd meet Sir Denys in a morning ride,
And be convinced he'd not a spark of pride;
For that grey coat, not new for many a year,
Hides all that would like decent dress appear;
An old brown pony 'twas his will to ride,
Who shuffled onward, and from side to side;
A five-pound purchase, but so fat and sleek,
His very plency made the creature weak.

"Sir Denys Brand! and on so poor a steed!"
"Poor! it may be—such things I never heed:"
And who that youth behind, of pleasant mien,
Equipp'd as one who wishes to be seen;
Upon a horse, twice victor for a plate,
A noble hunter, bought at dearest rate!—
Him the lad fearing, yet resolved to guide,
He curbs his spirit, while he strokes his pride.

"A handsome youth, Sir Denys; and a horse
Of finer figure never trod the course,—
Yours, without question!"—"Yes! I think a groom
Bought me the beast; I cannot say the sum:
I ride him not, it is a foolish pride
Men have in cattle—but my people ride;
The boy is—hark ye, sirrah! what's your name?
Ay, Jacob, yes! I recollect—the same;
As I bethink me now, a tenant's son—
I think a tenant—is your father one?"

There was an idle boy who ran about,
And found his master's humble spirit out;
He would at awful distance snatch a look,
Then run away and hide him in some nook;

"For oh!" quoth he, "I dare not fix my sight
On him, his grandeur puts me in a fright;
Oh! Mister Jacob, when you wait on him,
Do you not quake and tremble every limb!"

The steward soon had orders—"Summers, see
That Sam be clothed, and let him wait on me."

Sir Denys died, bequeathing all affairs
In trust to Laughton's long-experienced cares;
Before a guardian, and Sir Denys dead,
All rule and power devolved upon his head:
Numbers are call'd to govern, but in fact
Only the powerful and assuming act.

Laughton, too wise to be a dupe to fame,
Cared not a whit of what descent he came,
Till he was rich; he then conceived the thought
To fish for pedigree, but never caught:
All his desire, when he was young and poor,
Was to advance; he never cared for more;
"Let me buy, sell, be factor, take a wife,
Take any road, to get along in life."

Was he a miser then! a robber! foe
To those who trusted! a deceiver!—No!
He was ambitious; all his powers of mind
Were to one end controll'd, improved, combined;
Wit, learning, judgment, were, by his account,
Steps for the ladder he design'd to mount:
Such step was money: wealth was but his slave,
For power he gain'd it, and for power he gave;
Full well the borough knows that he'd the art
Of bringing money to the surest mart;
Friends too were aids, they led to certain ends,
Increase of power and claim on other friends.
A favourite step was marriage: then he gain'd
Seat in our hall, and o'er his party reign'd;
Houses and lands he bought, and long'd to buy,
But never drew the springs of purchase dry;
And thus at last they answer'd every call,
The failing found him ready for their fall:
He walks along the street, the mart, the quay,
And looks and mutters, "This belongs to me."
His passions all partook the general bent,
Interest inform'd him when he should resent,
How long resist, and on what terms relent:
In points where he determined to succeed,
In vain might Reason or Compassion plead;
But, gain'd his point, he was the best of men,
'Twas loss of time to be vexatious then:
Hence he was mild to all men whom he led,
Of all who dared resist, the scourge and dread.

Falsehood in him was not the useless lie
Of boasting pride or laughing vanity;
It was the gainful, the persuading art,
That made its way and won the doubting heart,
Which argued, soften'd, humbled, and prevail'd;
Nor was it tried till every truth had fail'd;
No sage on earth could more than he despise
Degrading, poor, unprofitable lies.

Though fond of gain, and grieved by wanton
To social parties he had no distaste; [waste.
With one presiding purpose in his view,
He sometimes could descend to trifle too!
Yet, in these moments, he had still the art
To ope the looks, and close the guarded heart;
And, like the public host, has sometimes made
A grand repast, for which the guests have paid.

At length, with power endued and wealthy grown,
Frailties and passions, long suppress'd, were shown;
Then to provoke him was a dangerous thing,
His pride would punish and his temper sting;
His powerful hatred sought the avenging hour,
And his proud vengeance struck with all his power,
Save when the offender took a prudent way
The rising storm of fury to allay:
This might he do, and so in safety sleep,
By largely casting to the angry deep;
Or, better yet, (its swelling force to assuage,)
By pouring oil of flattery on its rage.

And now, of all the heart approved, possess'd,
Fear'd, favour'd, follow'd, dreaded, and carress'd,
He gently yields to one mellifluous joy,
The only sweet that is not found to cloy,
Bland adulation! other pleasures pall
On the sick taste, and transient are they all;
But this one sweet has such enchanting power,
The more we take, the faster we devour;
Nauseous to those who must the dross apply,
And most disgusting to the standers-by;
Yet in all companies will Laughton feed,
Nor care how grossly men perform the deed.

As gazes the nursing, or, what comes more near,
Some Friendly-Island chief, for hourly cheer;
When wives and slaves, attending round his seat,
Prepare by turns the masticated meat;
So for this master, husband, parent, friend,
His ready slaves their various efforts blend,
And, to their lord still eagerly inclined,
Pour the crude trash of a dependent mind.

But let the Muse assign the man his due:
Worth he possess'd, nor were his virtues few;—
He sometimes help'd the injured in their cause;
His power and purse have back'd the failing laws;
He for religion has a due respect,
And all his serious notions are correct;
Although he pray'd and languish'd for a son,
He grew resign'd when Heaven denied him one;
He never to this quiet mansion sends
Subject unfit, in compliment to friends:
Not so Sir Denys, who would yet protest
He always chose the worthiest and the best;
Not men in trade by various loss brought down,
But those whose glory once amazed the town,
Who their last guinea in their pleasures spent,
Yet never fell so low as to repent;
To these his pity he could largely deal, [feel.
Wealth they had known, and therefore want could

Three seats were vacant while Sir Denys reign'd,
And three such favourites their admission gain'd;
These let us view, still more to understand
The moral feelings of Sir Denys Brand.

LETTER XIV.

Inhabitants of the Alms-House.

*Nunquam parvo contenta peracta
Exquestitorum terra pelagique ciborum
Ambitionis fames et laute gloriæ menes.*
[CLAUDIAN, in Rufinum.
Behold what blessing wealth to life can lend!—POPE.

LIFE OF BLANEY.

Blaney, a wealthy Heir, dissipated, and reduced to Poverty
—His Fortune restored by Marriage: again consumed—
His Manner of Living in the West Indies—Recalled to

Yet at the last, his noble mind to show,
And in his misery how he bore the blow,
He view'd his only guinea, then suppress'd,
For a short time, the tumults in his breast,
And, moved by pride, by habit and despair,
Gave it an opera-bird to hum an air.

Come ye! who live for pleasure! come, behold
A man of pleasure when he's poor and old;
When he looks back through life and cannot find
A single action to relieve his mind;
When he looks forward, striving still to keep
A steady prospect of eternal sleep;
When not one friend is left of all the train
Whom 'twas his pride and boast to entertain,—
Friends now employ'd from house to house to run,
And say, "Alas! poor Blaney is undone!"—
Those whom he'd daily shaken by the hand,
By whom he stood as long as he could stand,
Who seem'd to him from all deception clear,
And who, more strange! might think themselves
sincere.

Lo! now the hero shuffling through the town,
To hunt a dinner and to beg a crown;
To tell an idle tale that boys may smile;
To bear a strumpet's billet-doux a mile;
To cull a wanton for a youth of wealth,
(With reverend view to both his taste and health);
To be a useful, needy thing between
Fear and desire—the pander and the screen;
To flatter pictures, houses, horses, dress,
The wildest fashion or the worst excess;
To be the grey seducer, and entice
Unbearded folly into acts of vice;
And then, to level every fence which law
And virtue fix to keep the mind in awe,
He first inveigles youth to walk astray,
Next prompts and soothes them in their fatal way,
Then vindicates the deed, and makes the mind his
prey.

Unhappy man! what pains he takes to state—
(Proof of his fear!) that all below is fate;
That all proceed in one appointed track,
Where none can stop, or take their journey back:
Then what is vice or virtue?—yet he'll rail
At priests till memory and quotation fail;
He'll even read to learn the ill they've done,
And calls them vipers, every mother's son.

He is the harlot's aid, who wheedling tries
To move her friend for vanity's supplies;
To weak indulgence he'll dispose the mind,
Loth to be duped, but willing to be kind;
And if successful—what the labour pays?
He gets the friend's contempt and Chloe's praise,
Who, in her triumph, condescends to say,
"What a good creature Blaney was to-day!"

Hear the poor demon when the young attend,
And willing ear to vile experience lend;
When he relates (with laughing, leering eye)
The tale licentious, mixed with blasphemy:
No genuine gladness his narrations cause,
The frailest heart denies sincere applause;
And many a youth has turn'd him half aside,
And laugh'd aloud, the sign of shame to hide.

Blaney, no aid in his vile cause to lose,
Buys pictures, prints, and a licentious muse:

He borrows every help from every art,
To stir the passions and mislead the heart:
But from the subject let us soon escape,
Nor give this feature all its ugly shape;
Some to their crimes, escape from satire owe;
Who shall describe what Blaney dares to show!

While thus the man, to vice and passion slave,
Was, with his follies, moving to the grave,
The ancient ruler of this mansion died,
And Blaney boldly for the seat applied:
Sir Denys Brand, then guardian, join'd his suit;
"Tis true," said he, "the fellow's quite a brute—
A very beast; but yet, with all his sin,
He has a manner—let the devil in."

They half complied, they gave the wish'd retreat,
But raised a worthier to the vacant seat.

Thus forced on ways unlike each former way,
Thus led to prayer without a heart to pray,
He quits the gay and rich, the young and free,
Among the badge-men with a badge to be:
He sees a humble tradesman raised to rule
The grey-beard pupils of this moral school;
Where he himself, an old licentious boy,
Will nothing learn, and nothing can enjoy;
In temperate measures he must eat and drink,
And, pain of pains! must live alone and think.

In vain, by fortune's smiles, thrice affluent made,
Still has he debts of ancient date unpaid;
Thrice into penury by error thrown,
Not one right maxim has he made his own;
The old-men shun him,—some his vices hate,
And all abhor his principles and prate;
Nor love nor care for him will mortal show,
Save a frail sister in the female row.

LETTER XV.

Inhabitants of the Alms-house..

She early found herself mistress of herself. All she did was right: all she said was admired. Early, very early did she dismiss blushes from her cheek: she could not blush, because she could not doubt; and silence, whatever was the subject, was as much a stranger to her as diffidence.

RICHARDSON.

CLELIA.

Her lively and pleasant Manners—Her Reading and Declamation—Her Intercourse with different Classes of Society—Her kind of Character—the favoured Lover—Her Management of him: his of her—After one Period, Clelia with an Attorney: her Manner and Situation there—Another such Period, when her Fortune still declines—Mistress of an Inn—A Widow—Another such Interval: she becomes poor and infirm, but still vain and frivolous—The fallen Vanity—Admitted into the House: meets Blaney.

WE had a sprightly nymph—in every town
Are some such sprights, who wander up and down;
She had her useful arts, and could contrive,
In time's despite, to stay at twenty-five;—
"Here will I rest; move on, thou lying year,
This is mine age, and I will rest me here."

Arch was her look, and she had pleasant ways
Your good opinion of her heart to raise;
Her speech was lively, and with ease express'd,
And well she judg'd the temper she address'd:
If some soft stripling had her keenness felt,
She knew the way to make his anger melt:

Wit was allow'd her, though but few could bring
Direct example of a witty thing ;
'Twas that gay, pleasant, smart, engaging speech,
Her beaux admired, and just within their reach ;
Not indiscreet perhaps, but yet more free
Than prudish nymphs allow their wit to be.

Novels and plays, and poems old and new,
Were all the books our nymph attended to ;
Yet from the press no treatise issued forth,
But she would speak precisely of its worth.

She with the London stage familiar grew,
And every actor's name and merit knew ;
She told how this or that their part mistook,
And of the rival Romances gave the look ;
Of either house 'twas hers the strength to see,
Then judge with candour—"Drury-lane for me."

What made this knowledge, what this skill com-
A fortnight's visit in Whitechapel-street. [plete !

Her place in life was rich and poor between,
With those a favourite, and with these a queen ;
She could her parts assume, and condescend
To friends more humble while an humble friend ;
And thus a welcome, lively guest could pass,
Threading her pleasant way from class to class.

"Her reputation?"—That was like her wit,
And seem'd her manner and her state to fit ;
Something there was, what, none presumed to say,
Clouds lightly passing on a smiling day,—
Whispers and hints which went from ear to ear,
And mix'd reports no judge on earth could clear.

But of each sex a friendly number press'd
To joyous banquets this alluring guest :
There, if indulging mirth, and freed from awe,
If pleasing all, and pleased with all she saw,
Her speech were free, and such as freely dwelt
On the same feelings all around her felt ;
Or if some fond presuming favourite tried
To come so near as once to be denied ;
Yet not with brow so stern or speech so nice,
But that he ventured on denial twice :—
If these have been, and so has Scandal taught,
Yet Malice never found the proof she sought.

But then came one, the Lovelace of his day,
Rich, proud, and crafty, handsome, brave, and gay ;
Yet loved he not those labour'd plans and arts,
But left the business to the ladies' hearts,
And when he found them in a proper train,
He thought all else superfluous and vain :
But in that training he was deeply taught,
And rarely fail'd of gaining all he sought ;
He knew how far directly on to go,
How to recede and dally to and fro ;
How to make all the passions his allies,
And, when he saw them in contention rise,
To watch the wrought-up heart, and conquer by
surprise.

Our heroine fear'd him not ; it was her part,
To make sure conquest of such gentle heart—
Of one so mild and humble ; for she saw
In Henry's eye a love chastised by awe.
Her thoughts of virtue were not all sublime,
Nor virtuous all her thoughts ; 'twas now her time
To bait each hook, in every way to please,
And the rich prize with dextrous hand to seize.

She had no virgin-terrors ; she could stray
In all love's maze, nor fear to lose her way ;
Nay, could go near the precipice, nor dread
A failing caution or a giddy head ;
She'd fix her eyes upon the roaring flood,
And dance upon the brink where danger stood.

'Twas nature all, she judged, in one so young,
To drop the eye and falter in the tongue ;
To be about to take, and then command
His daring wish, and only view the hand :
Yes ! all was nature ; it became a maid
Of gentle soul t' encourage love afraid ;—
He, so unlike the confident and bold,
Would fly in mute despair to find her cold :
The young and tender germ requires the sun
To make it spread ; it must be smiled upon.
Thus the kind virgin gentle means devised,
To gain a heart so fond, a hand so prized ;
More gentle still she grew, to change her way
Would cause confusion, danger, and delay :
Thus (an increase of gentleness her mode),
She took a plain, unvaried, certain road,
And every hour believed success was near,
Till there was nothing left to hope or fear.

It must be own'd that in this strife of hearts,
Man has advantage—has superior arts :
The lover's aim is to the nymph unknown,
Nor is she always certain of her own ;
Or has her fears, nor these can so disguise,
But he who searches, reads them in her eyes,
In the avenging frown, in the regretting sighs :
These are his signals, and he learns to steer
The straighter course, whenever they appear.

"Pass we ten years, and what was Clelia's fate ?"
At an attorney's board alert she sat,
Not legal mistress : he with other men
Once sought her hand, but other views were then :
And when he knew he might the bliss command,
He other blessing sought, without the hand ;—
For still he felt alive the lambent flame,
And offered her a home,—and home she came.

There, though her higher friendships lived no more,
She loved to speak of what she shared before—
"Of the dear Lucy, heiress of the Hall,—
Of good Sir Peter,—of their annual ball,
And the fair countess !—Oh ! she loved them all !"
The humbler clients of her friend would stare,
The knowing smile,—but neither caused her care ;
She brought her spirits to her humble state,
And sooth'd with idle dreams her frowning fate.

"Ten summers pass'd, and how was Clelia
Alas ! she suffer'd in this trying ten ; [then ?"
The pair had parted : who to him attend,
Must judge the nymph unfaithful to her friend ;
But who on her would equal faith bestow,
Would think him rash,—and surely she must know.

Then as a matron Clelia taught a school,
But nature gave not talents fit for rule :
Yet now, though marks of wasting years were seen,
Some touch of sorrow, some attack of spleen ;
Still there was life, a spirit quick and gay,
And lively speech and elegant array

The Griffin's landlord these allured so far,
He made her mistress of his heart and bar ;

He had no idle retrospective whim,
Till she was his, her deeds concern'd not him :
So far was well,—but Clelia thought not fit
(In all the *Griffin* needed) to submit :
Gaily to dress and in the bar preside,
Sooth'd the poor spirit of degraded pride ;
But cooking, waiting, welcoming a crew
Of noisy guests, were arts she never knew :
Hence daily wars, with temporary truce,
His vulgar insult, and her keen abuse ;
And as their spirits wasted in the strife,
Both took the *Griffin's* ready aid of life ;
But she with greater prudence—Harry tried
More powerful aid, and in the trial died ;
Yet drew down vengeance : in no distant time,
The insolvent *Griffin* struck his wings sublime ;—
Forth from her palace walk'd the ejected queen,
And show'd to frowning fate a look serene ;
Gay spite of time, though poor, yet well attired,
Kind without love, and vain if not admired.

Another term is past ; ten other years
In various trials, troubles, views, and fears :
Of these some pass'd in small attempts at trade ;
Houses she kept for widowers lately made ;
For now she said, "They'll miss the endearing
friend,

And I'll be there the soften'd heart to bend :"
And true a part was done as Clelia plann'd—
The heart was soften'd, but she miss'd the hand.
She wrote a novel, and Sir Denys said,
The dedication was the best he read ; [grossed
But Edgeworths, Smiths, and Radcliffes so en-
The public ear, that all her pains were lost,
To keep a toy-shop was attempt the last, [past.
There too she fail'd, and schemes and hopes were

Now friendless, sick and old, and wanting bread,
The first-born tears of fallen pride were shed—
True, bitter tears ; and yet that wounded pride,
Among the poor, for poor distinctions sigh'd.
Though now her tales were to her audience fit ;
Though loud her tones, and vulgar grown her wit ;
Though now her dress—(but let me not explain
The piteous patch-work of the needy-vain,
The flirtish form to coarse materials lent,
And one poor robe through fifty fashions sent) ;
Though all within was sad, without was mean,—
Still 'twas her wish, her comfort to be seen :
She would to plays on lowest terms resort,
Where once her box was to the beaux a court ;
And, strange delight ! to that same house, where
Joined in the dance, all quietly and glee, [she,
Now with the menials crowding to the wall,
She'd see, not share, the pleasures of the ball,
And with degraded vanity unfold,
How she too triumph'd in the years of old.
To her poor friends 'tis now her pride to tell
On what a height she stood before she fell ;
At church she points to one tall seat, and "there
We sat," she cries, "when my papa was mayor."
Not quite correct in what she now relates,
She alters persons, and she forges dates ;
And finding memory's weaker help decay'd,
She boldly calls invention to her aid.

Touch'd by the pity he had felt before,
For her Sir Denys oped the alma-house door ;
"With all her faults," he said, "the woman knew
How to distinguish—had a manner too ;

And, as they say, she is allied to some
In decent station—let the creature come."

Here she and Blancy meet, and take their view
Of all the pleasures they would still pursue :
Hour after hour they sit, and nothing hide
Of vices past ; their follies are their pride ;
What to the sober and the cool are crimes,
They boast—exulting in those happy times ;
The darkest deeds no indignation raise,
The purest virtue never wins their praise ;
But still they on their ancient joys dilate,
Still with regret departed glories state,
And mourn their grievous fall, and curse their
rigorous fate.

LETTER XVI

Inhabitants of the Alma-house.

Thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp—it thou wast any way
given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; thy path should be by
this fire. Oh! thou'rt a perpetual triumph, thou hast saved me a
thousand marks in links and torches, walking in a night betwixt
tavern and tavern.

SHAKESPEARE.

BENBOW.

An improper companion for the Badgemen of the Alma-
house—He resembles Bardolph—Left in trade by his
Father—Contracts useless Friendships—His Friends
drink with him, and employ others—Called worthy and
honest ! Why—Effect of Wine on the Mind of Man—Ben-
bow's common subject, the praise of departed friends and
patrons—Squire Aggill, at the Grange ; his manners, ser-
vants, friends—True to his Church ; ought therefore to
be spared—His Son's different conduct—Vexation of the
Father's spirit if admitted to see the alteration—Captain
Dowling, a boon companion, ready to drink at all times,
and with any company : famous in his Club-room—His
easy Departure—Dolly Murrey, a maiden advanced in
years : abides by Ratafia and Cards—Her free manners
—Her skill in the game—Her preparation and death—
Benbow, how interrupted : his submission.

SEE! yonder Badgeman, with that glowing face,
A meteor shining in this sober place ;
Vast sums were paid, and many years were past,
Ere gems so rich around their radiance cast :
Such was the fiery front that Bardolph wore,
Guiding his master to the tavern-door ;
There first that meteor rose, and there alone,
In its due place, the rich effulgence shone :
But this strange fire the seat of peace invades,
And shines portentous in these solemn shades.

Benbow, a boon companion, long approved
By jovial sets, and (as he thought) beloved,
Was judged as one to joy and friendship prone,
And deem'd injurious to himself alone ;
Gen'rous and free, he paid but small regard
To trade, and fail'd ; and some declared "'twas
hard."

These were his friends—his foes conceived the case
Of common kind ;—he sought and found disgrace :
The reasoning few, who neither scorn'd nor loved,
His feelings pitied and his faults reproved.

Benbow, the father, left possessions fair,
A worthy name and business to his heir ;
Benbow, the son, those fair possessions sold,
And lost his credit, while he spent the gold :
He was a jovial trader : men enjoy'd
The night with him ; his day was unemploy'd ;

So when his credit and his cash were spent,
Here, by mistaken pity, he was sent;
Of late he came, with passions unsubdued,
And shared and cursed the hated solitude,
Where gloomy thoughts arise, where grievous
cares intrude.

Known but in drink,—he found an easy friend,
Well pleased his worth and honour to commend;
And thus informed, the guardian of the trust
Heard the applause, and said the claim was just;
A worthy soul! unfitted for the strife,
Care and contention of a busy life;
Worthy, and why?—that o'er the midnight bowl
He made his friend the partner of his soul,
And any man his friend!—then thus in glee,
"I speak my mind, I love the truth," quoth he;
Till 'twas his fate that useful truth to find,
'Tis sometimes prudent not to speak the mind.

With wine inflated, man is all upblown,
And feels a power which he believes his own;
With fancy soaring to the skies, he thinks
His all the virtues all the while he drinks;
But when the *gas* from the *balloon* is gone,
When sober thoughts and serious cares come on,
Where then the worth that in himself he found?—
Vanish'd!—and he sank grov'ling on the ground.

Still some conceit will Benbow's mind inflate,
Poor as he is,—'tis pleasant to relate
The joys he once possess'd—it soothes his present
state.

Seated with some grey beardsman, he regrets
His former feasting, though it swell'd his debts;
Toppers once famed, his friends in earlier days,
Well he describes, and thinks description praise:
Each hero's worth with much delight he paints,
Martyrs they were, and he would make them saints.

"Alas, alas!" Old England now may say,
"My glory withers; it has had its day:
We're fallen on evil times; men read and think;
Our bold forefathers loved to fight and drink.

"Then lived the good 'Squire Asgill—what a
change
Has death and fashion shown us at the Grange?
He bravely thought it best became his rank,
That all his tenants and his tradesmen drank;
He was delighted from his favourite room
To see them 'cross the park go daily home,
Praising aloud the liquor and the host,
And striving who should venerate him most.

"No pride had he, and there was difference small
Between the master's and the servants' hall;
And here or there the guests were welcome all.
Of Heaven's free gifts he took no special care,
He never quarrel'd for a simple hare;
But sought, by giving sport, a sportsman's name,
Himself a poacher, though at other game:
He never planted nor inclosed—his trees
Grew like himself, untroubled and at ease:
Bounds of all kinds he hated, and had felt
Choked and imprison'd in a modern belt,
Which some rare genius now has twined about
The good old house, to keep old neighbours out:
Along his valleys, in the evening-hours,
The borough-damsels stray'd to gather flowers,

Or, by the brakes and brushwood of the park,
To take their pleasant rambles in the dark.

"Some prudes, of rigid kind, forbore to call
On the kind females—favourites at the hall;
But better natures saw, with much delight,
The different orders of mankind unite;
'Twas schooling pride to see the footman wait,
Smile on his sister and receive her plate.

"His worship ever was a churchman true,
He held in scorn the methodistic crew;
May God defend the church, and save the king,
He'd pray devoutly and divinely sing.
Admit that he the holy day would spend
As priests approved not, still he was a friend:
Much then I blame the preacher, as too nice,
To call such trifles by the name of vice;
Hinting, though gently and with cautious speech,
Of good example—'tis their trade to preach:
But still 'twas pity, when the worthy 'squire
Stuck to the church; what more could they re-
'Twas almost joining that fanatic crew, [quire?
To throw such morals at his honour's pew;
A weaker man, had he been so reviled,
Had left the place—he only swore and smiled.

"But think, ye rectors and ye curates, think,
Who are your friends, and at their frailties wink;
Conceive not—mounted on your Sunday-throne,
Your fire-brands fall upon your foes alone;
They strike your patrons—and, should all withdraw
In whom your wisdoms may discern a flaw,
You would the flower of all your audience lose,
And spend your crackers on their empty pews.

"The father dead, the son has found a wife,
And lives a formal, proud, unsocial life;—
The lands are now inclosed; the tenants all,
Save at a rent-day, never see the Hall:
No lass is suffer'd o'er the walks to come,
And if there's love, they have it all at home.

"Oh! could the ghost of our good 'squire arise,
And see such change; 'twould not believe its eyes;
'Twould sadly glide about from place to place,
And mourn the manners of a feeble race:
At that long table, where the servants found
Mirth and abundance while the year went round;
Where a huge pollard on the winter fire,
At a huge distance made them all retire;
Where not a measure in the room was kept,
And but one rule—they tipp'd till they slept,—
There would it see a pale old hag preside,
A thing made up of stinginess and pride;
Who carves the meat, as if the flesh could feel,
Careless whose flesh must miss the plenteous meal:
Here would the ghost a small coal-fire behold,
Not fit to keep one body from the cold;
Then would it flit to higher rooms, and stay
To view a dull, dress company at play;
All the old comfort, all the genial fare
For ever gone! how sternly would it stare;
And though it might not to their view appear,
'Twould cause among them lassitude and fear;
Then wait to see—where he delight has seen—
The dire effect of fretfulness and spleen.

"Such were the worthies of these better days;
We had their blessings—they shall have our praise.

"Of Captain Dowling would you hear me speak?
 I'd sit and sing his praises for a week :
 He was a man, and man-like all his joy,—
 I'm led to question was he ever boy?
 Beef was his breakfast ;—if from sea and salt,
 It relish'd better with his wine of malt ;
 Then, till he dined, if walking in or out,
 Whether the gravel teased him or the gout,
 Though short in wind and flannel'd every limb,
 He drank with all who had concerns with him :
 Whatever trader, agent, merchant, came,
 They found him ready, every hour the same ;
 Whatever liquors might between them pass,
 He took them all, and never balk'd his glass :
 Nay, with the seamen working in the ship,
 At their request, he'd share the grog and flip :
 But in the club-room was his chief delight,
 And punch the favourite liquor of the night ;
 Man after man they from the trial shrank,
 And Dowling ever was the last who drank :
 Arrived at home, he, ere he sought his bed,
 With pipe and brandy would compose his head ;
 Then half an hour was o'er the news beguiled,
 When he retired as harmless as a child.
 Set but aside the gravel and the gout,
 And breathing short—his sand ran fairly out.

"At fifty-five we lost him—after that
 Life grows insipid, and its pleasures flat ;
 He had indulged in all that man can have,
 He did not drop a dotard to his grave ;
 Still to the last, his feet upon the chair,
 With rattling lungs now gone beyond repair ;
 When on each feature Death had fix'd his stamp,
 And not a doctor could the body vamp ;
 Still at the last, to his beloved bow'd
 He clung, and cheer'd the sadness of his soul ;
 For though a man may not have much to fear,
 Yet death looks ugly, when the view is near :
 —'I go,' he said, 'but still my friends shall say,
 'Twas as a man—I did not sneak away ;
 An honest life, with worthy souls I've spent,—
 Come fill my glass ;'—he took it and he went.

"Poor Dolly Murrey !—I might live to see
 My hundredth year, and not such lass as she.
 Easy by nature, in her humour gay,
 She chose her comforts, ratafia and play :
 She loved the social game, the decent glass ;
 And was a jovial, friendly, laughing lass ;
 We sat not then at *whist* demure and still,
 But pass'd the pleasant hours at gay *quadrille* :
 Lame in her side, we placed her in her seat,
 Her hands were free, she cared not for her feet ;
 As the game ended, came the glass around,
 (So was the loser cheer'd, the winner crown'd.)
 Mistress of secrets, both the young and old
 In her confided—not a tale she told ;
 Love never made impression on her mind,
 She held him babish, and his captives blind ;
 She suffer'd no man her free soul to vex,
 Her sex's pattern, without thoughts of sex ;
 Our timid girls and lovers half afraid,
 All shunn'd the speeches of the frank old maid.

"Once in her chair we'd placed the good old lass,
 Where first she took her preparation-glass ;
 By lucky thought she'd been that day at prayers,
 And long before had fix'd her small affairs ;
 So all was easy—on her cards she cast
 A smiling look ; I saw the thought that pass'd :

'A king,' she call'd—though conscious of her skill,
 'Do more,' I answer'd—'More,' she said, 'I will ;'
 And more she did—Cards answer'd to her call,
 She saw the mighty to her mightier fall :
 'A vole ! a vole !' she cried, 'tis fairly won,
 My game is ended and my work is done ;—
 This said, she gently, with a single sigh,
 Died as one taught and practised how to die.

"Such were the dead-departed ; I survive,
 To breathe in pain among the dead-alive."

The bell then call'd these ancient men to pray,
 "Again !" said Benbow,—"tells it every day !
 Where is the life I led !"—He sigh'd and walk'd
 his way.

LETTER XVII.

The Hospital and Governors.

Blessed be the man who provideth for the sick and needy : the Lord
 shall deliver him in time of trouble.

Quia dederis, solas semper habebis opes.

MARTIAL.

Nil negat, et sase vel non poscentibus offert.

CLAUDIAN.

THE HOSPITAL AND GOVERNORS.

Christian Charity anxious to provide for future as well as
 present Miseries—Hence the Hospital for the diseased—
 Description of a recovered Patient—The Building ; how
 erected—The Patrons and Governors—Eusebius—The
 more active Manager of Business a moral and correct
 Contributor—One of different description—Good, the
 Result, however intermixed with Imperfection.

An ardent spirit dwells with Christian love,
 The eagle's vigour in the pitying dove ;
 'Tis not enough that we with sorrow sigh,
 That we the wants of pleading man supply ;
 That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,
 Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal :
 Not these suffice—to sickness, pain, and woe,
 The Christian spirit loves with aid to go ;
 Will not be sought, waits not for want to plead,
 But seeks the duty—nay, prevents the need ;
 Her utmost aid to every ill applies,
 And plans relief for coming miseries.

Hence yonder building rose : on either side
 Far stretch'd the wards, all airy, warm, and wide ;
 And every ward has beds by comfort spread,
 And smooth'd for him who suffers on the bed :
 There all have kindness, most relief,—for some
 Is cure complete,—it is the sufferer's home ;
 Fevers and chronic ills, corroding pains,
 Each accidental mischief man sustains ; [lame,
 Fractures and wounds, and wither'd limbs and
 With all that, slow or sudden, vex our frame,
 Have here attendance—Here the sufferers lie,
 (Where love and science every aid apply,) [die.
 And heal'd with rapture live, or sooth'd by comfort

See ! one relieved from anguish, and to-day
 Allow'd to walk and look an hour away ;
 Two months confined by fever, frenzy, pain,
 He comes abroad and is himself again ;
 'Twas in the spring, when carried to the place,
 The snow fell down and melted in his face.

'Tis summer now ; all objects gay and new,
 Smiling alike the viewer and the view :

He stops as one unwilling to advance,
Without another and another glance ;
With what a pure and simple joy he sees
Those sheep and cattle browsing at their ease !
Easy himself, there's nothing breathes or moves,
But he would cherish—all that lives he loves :
Observing every ward as round he goes,
He thinks what pain, what danger they inclose ;
Warm in his wish for all who suffer there,
At every view he meditates a prayer :
No evil counsels in his breast abide,
There joy and love, and gratitude reside.

The wish that Roman necks in one were found,
That he who form'd the wish might deal the wound,
This man has never heard ; but of the kind,
Is that desire which rises in his mind ;
He'd have all English hands (for further he
Cannot conceive extends our charity),
All but his own, in one right-hand to grow,
And then what hearty shake would he bestow !

"How rose the building ?"—Piety first laid
A strong foundation, but she wanted aid ;
To Wealth unwieldy was her prayer address'd,
Who largely gave, and she the donor bless'd :
Unwieldy Wealth then to his couch withdrew,
And took the sweetest sleep he ever knew.

Then busy Vanity sustain'd her part,
"And much," she said, "it moved her tender heart ;
To her all kinds of man's distress were known,
And all her heart adopted as its own."

Then Science came—his talents he display'd,
And Charity with joy the dome survey'd ;
Skill, wealth, and vanity, obtain the fame,
And piety, the joy that makes no claim.

Patrons there are, and governors, from whom
The greater aid and guiding orders come ;
Who voluntary cares and labours take,
The sufferers' servants for the service's sake ;
Of these a part I give you—but a part,—
Some hearts are hidden, some have not a heart.

First let me praise—for so I best shall paint
That pious moralist, that reasoning saint !
Can I of worth like thine, Eusebius, speak ?
The man is willing, but the muse is weak ;—
'Tis thine to wait on woe ! to soothe ! to heal !
With learning social, and polite with zeal :
In thy pure breast, although the passions dwell,
They're train'd by virtue and no more rebel ;
But have so long been active on her side,
That passion now might be itself the guide.

Law, conscience, honour, all obey'd ; all give
The approving voice, and make it bliss to live ;
While faith, when life can nothing more supply,
Shall strengthen hope and make it bliss to die.

He preaches, speaks and writes with manly sense.
No weak neglect, no labour'd eloquence ;
Goodness and wisdom are in all his ways,
The rude revere him and the wicked praise.

Upon humility his virtues grow,
And tower so high because so fix'd below ;
As wider spreads the oak his boughs around,
When deeper with his roots he digs the solid ground.

By him, from ward to ward, is every aid
The sufferer needs, with every care convey'd :

Like the good tree he brings his treasure forth,
And, like the tree, unconscious of his worth :
Meek as the poorest publican is he,
And strict as lives the strictest Pharisee ;
Of both, in him unite the better part,
The blameless conduct and the humble heart.

Yet he escapes not ; he, with some, is wise
In carnal things, and loves to moralise :
Others can doubt, if all that Christian care
Has not its price—there's something he may share :
But this and ill severer he sustains,
As gold the fire, and as unhurt remains ;
When most reviled, although he feels the smart,
It wakes to nobler deeds the wounded heart,
As the rich olive, beaten for its fruit,
Puts forth at every bruise a bearing shoot.

A second friend we have, whose care and zeal
But few can equal—few indeed can feel :
He lived a life obscure, and profits made
In the coarse habits of a vulgar trade.
His brother, master of a hoy, he loved
So well, that he the calling disapproved :
"Alas! poor Tom!" the landman oft would sigh,
When the gale freshen'd and the waves ran high ;
And when they parted, with a tear he'd say,
"No more adventure!—here in safety stay."
Nor did he feign ; with more than half he had,
He would have kept the scaman, and been glad.

Alas ! how few resist, when strongly tried—
A rich relation's nearer kinsman died ;
He sicken'd, and to him the landman went,
And all his hours with cousin Ephraim spent.
This Thomas heard, and cared not: "I," quoth he,
"Have one in port upon the watch for me."
So Ephraim died, and when the will was shown,
Isaac, the landman, had the whole his own :
Who to his brother sent a moderate purse,
Which he return'd in anger, with his curse ;
Then went to sea, and made his grog so strong,
He died before he could forgive the wrong.

The rich man built a house, both large and high,
He enter'd in and set him down to sigh ;
He planted ample woods and gardens fair,
And walk'd with anguish and compunction there ;
The rich man's pines, to every friend a treat,
He saw with pain, and he refused to eat ;
His daintiest food, his richest wines, were all
Turn'd by remorse to vinegar and gall :
The softest down, by living body press'd,
The rich man bought, and tried to take his rest ;
But care had thorns upon his pillow spread,
And scatter'd sand and nettles in his bed :
Nervous he grew,—would often sigh and groan,—
He talk'd but little, and he walk'd alone ;
Till by his priest convinced, that from one deed
Of genuine love would joy and health proceed ;
He from that time with care and zeal began
To seek and soothe the grievous ills of man ;
And as his hands their aid to grief apply,
He learns to smile and he forgets to sigh.

Now he can drink his wine and taste his food,
And feel the blessings, Heaven has dealt, are good
And since the suffering seek the rich man's door,
He sleeps as soundly as when young and poor.

Here much he gives—is urgent more to gain ;
He begs—rich beggars seldom sue in vain :
Preachers most fam'd, he moves, the crowd to move,
And never wearies in the work of love :

He rules all business, settles all affairs,
He makes collections, he directs repairs ;
And if he wrong'd one brother,—heaven forgive
The man by whom so many brethren live !

Then, 'mid our signatures, a name appears,
Of one for wisdom famed above his years ;
And these were forty : he was from his youth
A patient searcher after useful truth :
To language little of his time he gave,
To science less, nor was the muse's slave ;
Sober and grave, his college sent him down,
A fair example for his native town.

Slowly he speaks, and with such solemn air,
You'd think a Socrates or Solon there ;
For though a Christian, he's disposed to draw
His rules from reason's and from nature's law.

"Know," he exclaims, "my fellow mortals, know,
Virtue alone is happiness below ;
And what is virtue ?—prudence first to choose
Life's real good,—the evil to refuse ;
Add justice then, the eager hand to hold,
To curb the lust of power and thirst of gold ;
Join temperance next, that cheerful health insures,
And fortitude unmoved, that conquers or endures."

He speaks, and lo !—the very man you see,
Prudent and temperate, just and patient he,
By prudence taught his worldly wealth to keep,
No folly wastes, no avarice swells the heap ;
He no man's debtor, no man's patron lives ;
Save sound advice, he neither asks nor gives ;
By no vain thoughts or erring fancy away'd,
His words are weighty, or at least are weigh'd ;
Temperate in every place—abroad, at home,
Thence will applause, and hence will profit come ;
And health from either—he in time prepares
For sickness, age, and their attendant cares,
But not for fancy's ills ;—he never grieves
For love that wounds or friendship that deceives ;
His patient soul endures what Heaven ordains,
But neither feels nor fears ideal pains.

"Is aught then wanted in a man so wise ?"
Alas !—I think he wants infirmities ;
He wants the ties that knit us to our kind—
The cheerful, tender, soft, complacent mind,
That would the feelings, which he dreads, excite,
And make the virtues he approves delight ;
What dying martyrs, saints, and patriots feel,
The strength of action and the warmth of zeal.

Again attend !—and see a man whose cares
Are nicely placed on either world's affairs,—
Merchant and saint ; 'tis doubtful if he knows
To which account he most regard bestows ;
Of both he keeps his ledger ;—there he reads
Of gainful ventures and of godly deeds ;
There all he gets or loses find a place,
A lucky bargain and a lack of grace.

The joys above this prudent man invite
To pay his tax—devotion !—day and night ;
The pains of hell his timid bosom awe,
And force obedience to the church's law :
Hence that continual thought,—that sole manna,—
Those sad good works, and that laborious prayer.

All these (when conscience, waken'd and afraid,
To think how avarice calls and is obey'd)

He in his journal finds, and for his grief
Obtains the transient opium of relief.

"Sink not, my soul !—my spirit, rise and look
O'er the fair entries of this precious book :
Here are the sins, our debts ;—this fairer side
Has what to carnal wish our strength denied ;
Has those religious duties every day
I paid,—which so few upon the Sabbath pay ;
Here too are conquests over frail desires,
Attendance due on all the church requires ;
Then alms I give—for I believe the word
Of Holy Writ, and lend unto the Lord,
And if not all th' importunate demand,
The fear of want restrains my ready hand ;
—Behold ! what sums I to the poor resign,
Sums writ in Heaven's own book, as well as mine :
Rest then, my spirit !—Fasting, prayers, and alms,
Will soon suppress these idly-raised alarms,
And weigh'd against our frailties, place in view
A noble balance in our favour due :
Add, that I yearly here affix my name,
Pledge for large payment—not from love of fame,
But to make peace within ;—that peace to make,
What sums I lavish ! and what gains forsake !
Cheer up, my heart !—let's cast off every doubt,
Pray without dread, and place our money out."

Such the religion of a mind that steers
Its way to bliss, between its hopes and fears ;
Whose passions in due bounds each other keep,
And thus subdued, they murmur till they sleep ;
Whose virtues all their certain limits know,
Like well-dried herbs that neither fade nor grow ;
Who for success and safety ever tries,
And with both worlds alternately complies.
Such are the guardians of this blest estate,
Whate'er without, they're praised within the gate ;
That they are men, and have their faults, is true,
But here their worth alone appears in view :
The Muse indeed, who reads the very breast,
Has something of the secrets there express'd,
But yet in charity ;—and when she sees
Such means for joy or comfort, health or ease,
And knows how much united minds effect,
She almost dreads their failings to detect ;
But truth commands :—in man's erroneous kind,
Virtues and frailties mingle in the mind,
Happy !—when fears to public spirit move,
And even vices do the work of love.

LETTER XVIII.

The Poor and their Dwellings.

*Bene Pauperibus
Humili tecto contenta latet.*—Saxo.
Show not to the poor thy pride,
Let their home a cottage be ;
Nor the feeble lady hide
In a palace fit for thee ;
Let him not about him see
Lusty fellows, ample halls,
Or a gate his boundary be,
Where no friend or kinsman calls.
Let him not one walk behold,
That only one which he must tread,
Nor a chamber large and cold,
Where the aged and sick are led ;
Better far his humble abode,
Humble shades of neighbours by,
And the old and tatter'd bed,
Where he sleeps and hopes to die.

To quit of torpid sluggishness the cave,
And from the powerful arms of sloth be free,
'Tis rising from the dead.—Alas ! it cannot be.

THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

THE POOR AND THEIR DWELLINGS.

The Method of treating the Borough Paupers—Many maintained at their own Dwellings—Some Characters of the Poor—The Schoolmistress, when aged—The Idiot—The poor Sailor—The declined Tradesman and his companion—This contrasted with the Maintenance of the Poor in a common mansion erected by the Hundred—The Objections to this Method: not Want, nor Cruelty, but the necessary Evils of this Mode—What they are—Instances of the Evil—A Return to the Borough-Poor—The Dwellings of these—The Lanes and bye-ways—No attention here paid to Convenience—The Pools in the Pathways—Amusements of Sea-port Children—The Town-Flora—Herbs on Walls and vacant spaces—A Female Inhabitant of an Alley—A large Building let to several poor Inhabitants—Their Manners and Habits.

Yes! we've our borough vices, and I know
How far they spread, how rapidly they grow;
Yet think not virtue quits the busy place,
Nor charity, the virtues' crown and grace.

"Our poor, how feed we?"—To the most we give
A weekly dole, and at their homes they live;
Others together dwell,—but when they come
To the low roof, they see a kind of home,
A social people whom they've ever known,
With their own thoughts and manners like their own.

At her old house, her dress, her air the same,
I see mine ancient letter-loving dame: [mand;
"Learning, my child," said she, "shall fame com-
Learning is better worth than house or land—
For houses perish, lands are gone and spent;
In learning then excel, for that's most excellent."

"And what her learning?"—"Tis with awe to look
In every verse throughout one sacred Book;
From this her joy, her hope, her peace is sought;
This she has learn'd, and she is nobly taught.

If aught of mine have gain'd the public ear;
If RUTLAND deigns these humble tales to hear:
If critics pardon what my friends approved;
Can I mine ancient widow pass unmoved?
Shall I not think what pains the matron took,
When first I trembled o'er the gilded book?
How she, all patient, both at eve and morn,
Her needle pointed at the guarding horn;
And how she soothed me, when with study sad,
I labour'd on to reach the final ad!
Shall I not grateful still the dame survey,
And ask the muse the poet's debt to pay!

Nor I alone, who hold a triffler's pen,
But half our bench of wealthy, weighty men,
Who rule our borough, who enforce our laws;
They own the matron as the leading cause,
And feel the pleasing debt, and pay the just applause:
To her own house is borne the week's supply;
There she in credit lives, there hopes in peace to die.

With her a harmless idiot we behold,
Who hoards up silver shells for shining gold;
These he preserves, with unremitted care,
To buy a seat, and reign the borough's mayor:
Alas!—who could the ambitious changeling tell,
That what he sought our rulers dared to sell!

Near these a sailor, in that hut of thatch
(A fish-boat's cabin is its nearest match),
Dwells, and the dungeon is to him a seat,
Large as he wishes—in his view complete:

A lockless coffer and a lidless hutch
That hold his stores, have room for twice as much
His one spare shirt, long glass, and iron box,
Lie all in view; no need has he for locks:
Here he abides, and, as our strangers pass,
He shows the shipping, he presents the glass;
He makes (unask'd) their ports and business known,
And (kindly heard) turns quickly to his own,
Of noble captains, heroes every one,—
You might as soon have made the steeple run:
And then his messmates, if you're pleased to stay,
He'll one by one the gallant souls display,
And as the story verges to an end,
He'll wind from deed to deed, from friend to friend;
He'll speak of those long lost, the brave of old,
As princes generous and as heroes bold;
Then will his feelings rise, till you may trace
Gloom, like a cloud, frown o'er his manly face,—
And then a tear or two, which sting his pride;
These he will dash indignantly aside,
And splice his tale;—now take him from his cot,
And for some cleaner berth exchange his lot,
How will he all that cruel aid deplore!
His heart will break and he will fight no more.

Here is the poor old merchant: he declined,
And, as they say, is not in perfect mind;
In his poor house, with one poor maiden friend,
Quiet he paces to his journey's end.

Rich in his youth, he traded and he fail'd;
Again he tried, again his fate prevail'd;
His spirits low, and his exertions small,
He fell perforce, he seem'd decreed to fall:
Like the gay knight, unapt to rise was he,
But downward sank with sad alacrity.
A borough-place we gain'd him—in disgrace
For gross neglect, he quickly lost the place;
But still he kept a kind of sullen pride,
Striving his wants to hinder or to hide:
At length, compell'd by very need, in grief
He wrote a proud petition for relief.

"He did suppose a fall, like his, would prove
Of force to wake their sympathy and love;
Would make them feel the changes all may know,
And stir them up a due regard to show."

His suit was granted;—to an ancient maid,
Relieved herself, relief for him was paid:
Here they together (meet companions) dwell,
And dismal tales of man's misfortunes tell:
"Twas not a world for them, God help them! they
Could not deceive, nor flatter, nor betray;
But there's a happy change, a scene to come,
And they, God help them! shall be soon at home."

If these no pleasures nor enjoyments gain,
Still none their spirits nor their speech restrain;
They sigh at ease, mid comforts they complain.
The poor will grieve, the poor will weep and sigh,
Both when they know, and when they know not why;
But we our bounty with such care bestow,
That cause for grieving they shall seldom know.

Your plan I love not;—with a number you
Have placed your poor, your pitiable few;
There, in one house, throughout their lives to be,
The pauper-palace which they hate to see:
That giant building, that high-bounding wall,
Those bare-worn walks, that lofty thundering hall!

That large loud clock, which tolls each dreaded hour,
Those gates and locks, and all those signs of power:
It is a prison, with a milder name,
Which few inhabit without dread or shame.

Be it agreed—the poor who hither come,
Partake of plenty, seldom found at home;
That airy rooms and decent beds are meant,
To give the poor by day, by night, content;
That none are frighten'd, once admitted here,
By the stern looks of lordly overseer:
Grant that the guardians of the place attend,
And ready ear to each petition lend;
That they desire the grieving poor to show
What ills they feel, what partial acts they know,
Not without promise, may desire to heal
Each wrong they suffer and each woe they feel.

Alas! their sorrows in their bosoms dwell,
They've much to suffer, but have nought to tell;
They have no evil in the place to state,
And dare not say, it is the house they hate:
They own there's granted all such place can give,
But live repining, for 'tis there they live.

Grandsires are there, who now no more must see,
No more must nurse upon the trembling knee
The lost loved daughter's infant progeny:
Like death's dread mansion, this allows not place
For joyful meetings of a kindred race.

Is not the matron there, to whom the son
Was wont at each declining day to run;
He (when his toil was over) gave delight,
By lifting up the latch, and one "Good night!"
Yes; she is here, but nightly to her door
The son, still labouring, can return no more.

Widows are here, who in their huts were left,
Of husbands, children, plenty, ease bereft;
Yet all that grief within the humble shed
Was soften'd, soften'd in the humble bed:
But here, in all its force, remains the grief,
And not one softening object for relief.

Who can, when here, the social neighbour meet?
Who learn the story current in the street?
Who to the long-known intimate impart
Facts they have learned or feelings of the heart?—
They talk indeed, but who can choose a friend,
Or seek companions at their journey's end?

Here are not those whom they, when infants, knew;
Who, with like fortune, up to manhood grew;
Who, with like troubles, at old age arrived;
Who, like themselves, the joy of life survived;
Whom time and custom so familiar made,
That looks the meaning in the mind convey'd:
But here to strangers, words nor looks impart
The various movements of the suffering heart;
Nor will that heart with those alliance own,
To whom its views and hopes are all unknown.

What, if no grievous fears their lives annoy,
Is it not worse no prospects to enjoy?
'Tis cheerless living in such bound'd view,
With nothing dreadful, but with nothing new;
Nothing to bring them joy, to make them weep,—
The day itself is, like the night, asleep:
Or on the sameness, if a break be made,
'Tis by some pauper to his grave convey'd;
By smuggled news from neighb'ring village told,
News never true, or truth a twelvemonth old;

By some new inmate doom'd with them to dwell,
Or justice come to see that all goes well;
Or change of room, or hour of leave to crawl
On the black footway winding with the wall,
Till the stern bell forbids, or master's sterner call.

Here too the mother sees her children train'd,
Her voice excluded and her feelings pain'd:
Who govern here, by general rules must move,
Where ruthless custom rends the bond of love.
Nations we know have nature's law transgress'd,
And snatch'd the infant from the parent's breast;
But still for public good the boy was train'd,
The mother suffer'd, but the matron gain'd:
Here nature's outrage serves no cause to aid,
The ill is felt, but not the Spartan made.

Then too I own, it grieves me to behold
Those ever virtuous, helpless now and old,
By all for care and industry approved,
For truth respected, and for temper loved;
And who, by sickness and misfortune tried,
Gave want its worth and poverty its pride:
I own it grieves me to behold them sent
From their old home; 'tis pain, 'tis punishment,
To leave each scene familiar, every face,
For a new people and a stranger race;
For those who, sunk in sloth and dead to shame,
From scenes of guilt with daring spirits came;
Men, just and guileless, at such manners start,
And bless their God that time has fenced their heart,
Confirm'd their virtue, and expell'd the fear
Of vice in minds so simple and sincere.

Here the good pauper, losing all the praise
By worthy deeds acquired in better days,
Breathes a few months, then to his chamber led,
Expires, while strangers prattle round his bed.

The grateful hunter, when his horse is old,
Wills not the useless favourite to be sold;
He knows his former worth, and gives him place
In some fair pasture, till he's run his race:
But has the labourer, has the seaman done
Less worthy service, though not dealt to one?
Shall we not then contribute to their ease,
In their old haunts where ancient objects please?
That, till their sight shall fail them, they may
trace
The well-known prospect and the long-loved face.

The noble oak, in distant ages seen,
With far-stretch'd boughs and foliage fresh and
green,

Though now its bare and fork branches show
How much it lacks the vital warmth below,
The stately ruin yet our wonder gains,
Nay, moves our pity, without thought of pains:
Much more shall real wants and cares of age
Our gentler passions in their cause engage;—
Drooping and burthen'd with a weight of years,
What venerable ruin man appears!
How worthy pity, love, respect, and grief—
He claims protection—he compels relief;—
And shall we send him from our view, to brave
The storms abroad, whom we at home might save,
And let a stranger dig our ancient brother's grave?
No!—we will shield him from the storm he fears,
And when he falls, enshroud him with our tears.

Farewell to these; but all our poor to know,
Let's seek the winding lane, the narrow row,

Suburban prospects, where the traveller stops
To see the sloping tenement on props,
With building yards immix'd, and humble sheds
and shops:

Where the "Cross-Keys" and "Plumber's-Arms"
invite

Laborious men to taste their coarse delight;
Where the low porches, stretching from the door,
Gave some distinction in the days of yore,
Yet now neglected, more offend the eye,
By gloom and ruin than the cottage by:
Places like these the noblest town endures,
The gayest palace has its sinks and sewers.

Here is no pavement, no inviting shop,
To give us shelter when compell'd to stop;
But plashy puddles stand along the way,
Fill'd by the rain of one tempestuous day;
And these so closely to the buildings run,
That you must ford them, for you cannot shun;
Though here and there convenient bricks are laid,
And door-side heaps afford their dubious aid.

Lo! yonder shed; observe its garden-ground,
Which that low piling, form'd of wreck, surround;
There dwells a fisher; if you view his boat,
With bed and barrel—'tis his house afloat;
Look at his house, where ropes, nets, blocks, abound,
Tar, pitch, and oakum—'tis his boat aground:
That space enclosed, but little he regards,
Spread o'er with reliicks of masts, sails, and yards:
Fish by the wall, on spit of elder, rest,
Of all his food, the cheapest and the best,
By his own labour caught, for his own hunger drest.

Here our reformers come not; none object
To paths polluted, or upbraid neglect;
None care that ashy heaps at doors are cast,
That coal-dust flies along the blinding blast:
None heed the stagnant pools on either side,
Where new-launch'd ships of infant-sailors ride:
Rodneys in rags here British valour boast,
And lipping Nelsons fright the Gallic coast.
They fix the rudder, set the swelling sail,
They point the bowsprit, and they blow the gale:
True to her port, the frigate scuds away,
And o'er that frowning ocean finds her bay:
Her owner rigg'd her and he knows her worth,
And sees her, fearless, gunwale-deep go forth;
Dreadless he views his sea, by breezes curl'd,
When inch-high billows vex the watery world.

There, led by food they love, to rankest size,
Around the dwellings docks and wormwood rise;
Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit;
On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
And pencil'd flower of sickly scent is seen;
At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,
With fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings;
Above (the growth of many a year) is spread
The yellow level of the stone-crop's bed;
In every chink delights the fern to grow,
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below:*

* This scenery is, I must acknowledge, in a certain degree like that heretofore described in the *VILLAGE*; but that also was a maritime country:—if the objects be similar, the pictures must (in their principal features) be alike, or be bad pictures. I have varied them as much as I could, consistently with my wish to be accurate.

These, with our sea-weeds, rolling up and down,
Form the contracted Flora† of the town.

Say, wilt thou more of scenes so sordid know?
Then will I lead thee down the dusty row;
By the warm alley and the long close lane,—
There mark the fractured door and paper'd pane,
Where flags the noon-tide air, and as we pass,
We fear to breathe the putrefying mass:
But fearless yonder matron; she disdains
To sigh for zephyrs from ambrosial plains;
But mends her meshes torn, and pours her lay
All in the stifling fervour of the day.

Her naked children round the alley run,
And roll'd in dust, are bronzed beneath the sun;
Or gamble round the dame, who, loosely drest,
Woos the coy breeze to fan the open breast:
She, once a handmaid, strove by decent art
To charm her sailor's eye and touch his heart;
Her bosom then was veil'd in kerchief clean,
And fancy left to form the charms unseen.

But when a wife, she lost her former care,
Nor thought on charms, nor time for dress could spare;
Careless she found her friends who dwelt beside,
No rival beauty kept alive her pride:
Still in her bosom virtue keeps her place,
But decency is gone, the virtue's guard and grace.

See that long boarded building!—by these stairs
Each humble tenant to that home repairs—
By one large window lighted—it was made
For some bold project, some design in trade:
This fail'd,—and one, a humourist in his way,
(He was the humour,) bought it in decay;
Nor will he sell, repair, or take it down,
'Tis his,—what cares he for the talk of town!
"No! he will let it to the poor;—a home
Where he delights to see the creatures come:"
"They may be thieves;"—"Well, so are richer men;"
"Or idlers, cheats, or prostitutes;"—"What then?"
"Outcasts pursued by justice, vile and base;"
"They need the more his pity and the place:"
Convert to system his vain mind has built,
He gives asylum to deceit and guilt.

In this vast room, each place by habit fix'd,
Are sexes, families, and ages mix'd,—
To union forced by crime, by fear, by need,
And all in morals and in modes agreed;
Some ruin'd men, who from mankind remove;
Some ruin'd females, who yet talk of love;
And some grown old in idleness—the prey
To vicious spleen, still railing through the day;
And need and misery, vice and danger bind
In sad alliance each degraded mind.

That window view!—oil'd paper and old glass,
Stain the strong rays, which, though impeded, pass,
And give a dusty warmth to that huge room,
The conquered sunshine's melancholy gloom;
When all those western rays, without so bright,
Within become a ghastly glimmering light,
As pale and faint upon the floor they fall,
Or feebly gleam on the opposing wall:

† The reader unacquainted with the language of botany is informed, that the *Flora* of a place means the vegetable species it contains, and is the title of a book which describes them.

That floor, once oak, now pieced with fir unplanned,
Or, where not pieced, in places bored and stain'd;
That wall once whiten'd, now an odious sight,
Stain'd with all hues, except its ancient white;
The only door is fasten'd by a pin,
Or stubborn bar, that none may hurry in:
For this poor room, like rooms of greater pride,
At times contains what prudent men would hide.

Where'er the floor allows an even space,
Chalking and marks of various games have place;
Boys, without foresight, pleased in halts swing;
On a fix'd hook men cast a flying ring;
While gin and snuff their female neighbours share,
And the black beverage in the fractured ware.

Onswinging shelf are things incongruous stored—
Scraps of their food,—the cards and cribbage-board,—
With pipes and pouches; while on peg below,
Hang a lost member's fiddle and its bow:
That still reminds them how he'd dance and play,
Ere sent untimely to the convicts' Bay.

Here by a curtain, by a blanket there,
Are various beds conceal'd, but none with care;
Where some by day and some by night, as best
Suit their employments, seek uncertain rest;
The drowsy children at their pleasure creep
To the known crib, and there securely sleep.

Each end contains a grate, and these beside
Are hung utensils for their boil'd and fried—
All used at any hour, by night, by day,
As suit the purse, the person, or the prey.

Above the fire, the mantle-shelf contains
Of china-ware some poor unmatched remains;
There many a tea-cup's gaudy fragment stands,
All placed by Vanity's unwearied hands:
For here she lives, e'en here she looks about,
To find some small consoling objects out:
Nor heed these Spartan dames their house, nor sit
'Mid cares domestic,—they nor sew nor knit;
But of their fate discourse, their ways, their wars,
With arm'd authorities, their 'scapes and scars:
These lead to present evils, and a cup,
If fortune grant it, winds description up.

High hung at either end, and next the wall,
Two ancient mirrors show the forms of all,
In all their force;—these aid them in their dress,
But with the good, the evils too express,
Doubling each look of care, each token of distress.

LETTER XIX.

The Poor of the Borough.

*Nocte brevem si forte induit cura soporem,
Et toto versata thoro jam membra quiescunt,
Continuo templum et violati Numinis aras,
Et quod præcipuis mentem sudoribus urget,
Te videt in somnis; tua sacra et major imago
Humana turbat pavidum, cogique facit.*

JUVENAL, SAT. 13.

*Nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et citè vult fieri; sed quæ reverentia legum,
Quis metus, aut pudor est unquam properantis avari?*

JUVENAL, SAT. 14.

THE PARISH-CLERK.

Began his duties with the late Vicar, a grave and austere
man; one fully orthodox; a detector and opposer of the

wiles of Satan—His opinion of his own fortitude—The
more frail offended by these professions—His good advice
gives further provocation—They invent stratagems to
overcome his virtue—His triumph—He is yet not
invulnerable: is assaulted by fear of want, and avarice
—He gradually yields to the seduction—He reasons with
himself and is persuaded—He offends, but with terror;
repeats his offence: grows familiar with crime: is de-
tected—His sufferings and death.

With our late Vicar, and his age the same,
His clerk, hight Jachin, to his office came; [frame:
The like slow speech was his, the like tall slender
But Jachin was the gravest man on ground,
And heard his master's jokes with look profound;
For worldly wealth this man of letters sigh'd,
And had a sprinkling of the spirit's pride:
But he was sober, chaste, devout and just,
One whom his neighbours could believe and trust:
Of none suspected, neither man nor maid
By him were wrong'd, or were of him afraid.

There was indeed a frown, a trick of state
In Jachin;—formal was his air and gait;
But if he seem'd more solemn and less kind,
Than some light men to light affairs confined,
Still 'twas allow'd that he should so behave
As in high seat, and be severely grave.

This book-taught man with ready mind received
More than the Church commanded or believed;
He held that Satan, since the world began,
In every act, had strife with every man;
That never evil deed on earth was done,
But of the acting parties he was one;
The flattering guide to make ill prospects clear;
To smooth rough ways, the constant pioneer;
The ever-tempting, soothing, softening power,
Ready to cheat, seduce, deceive, devour.

"Me has the sly seducer oft withstood,"
Said pious Jachin,—“but he gets no good;
I pass the house where swings the tempting sign,
And pointing, tell him, “Satan, that is thine:”
I pass the damsels pacing down the street,
And look more grave and solemn when we meet;
Nor doth it irk me to rebuke their smiles,
Their wanton ambling and their watchful wiles:
Nay, like the good John Bunyan, when I view
Those forms, I'm angry at the ills they do;
That I could pinch and spoil in sin's despite,
Beauties! which frail and evil thoughts excite.”

“At feasts and banquets seldom am I found,
And (save at church) abhor a tuneful sound;
To plays and shows I run not to and fro,
And where my master goes, forbear to go.”

No wonder Satan took the thing amiss,
To be opposed by such a man as this—
A man so grave, important, cautious, wise,
Who dared not trust his feeling or his eyes;
No wonder he should lurk and lie in wait,
Should fit his hooks and ponder on his bait,
Should on his movements keep a watchful eye,
For he'd a fish to catch who led the fry.

* John Bunyan, in one of the many productions of his
zeal, has ventured to make public this extraordinary sen-
timent, which the frigid piety of our clerk so readily
adopted.

With his own peace our clerk was not content,
He tried, good man ! to make his friends repent.

"Nay, nay, my friends, from inns and taverns fly,
You may suppress your thirst, but not supply :
A foolish proverb says, *the devil's at home* :
But he is there, and tempts in every room :
Men feel, they know not why, such places please ;
His are the spells—they're idleness and ease ;
Magic of fatal kind he throws around,
Where care is banish'd but the heart is bound.

"Think not of beauty ; when a maid you meet,
Turn from her view and step across the street :
Dread all the sex : their very look's a charm,
A smile should fright you and a word alarm :
E'en I myself, with all my watchful care,
Have for an instant felt th' insidious snare,
And caught my sinful eyes at th' endangering stare ;
Till I was forced to snite my bounding breast
With forceful blow and bid the bold-one rest.

"Go not with crowds when they to pleasure run,
But public joy in private safety shun :
When bells, diverted from their true intent,
Ring loud for some deluded mortal sent
To hear or make long speech in Parliament ;
What time the many, that unruly beast,
Roars its rough joy and shares the final feast :
Then heed my counsel, shut thine ears and eyes,
A few will hear me—for the few are wise."

Not Satan's friends, nor Satan's self could hear
The cautious man who took of souls such care ;
An interloper,—one who, out of place,
Had volunteer'd upon the side of grace :
There was his master ready once a week
To give advice ; what further need he seek !
"Amen, so be it :"—what had he to do
With more than this !—'twas insolent and new ;
And some determined on a way to see
How frail he was, that so it might not be.

First they essay'd to tempt our saint to sin,
By points of doctrine argued at an inn ;
Where he might warily reason, deeply drink,
Then lose all power to argue and to think.

In vain they tried ; he took the question up,
Clear'd every doubt, and barely touch'd the cup :
By many a text he proved his doctrine sound,
And look'd in triumph on the tempters round.

Next 'twas their care an artful lass to find,
Who might consult him, as perplex'd in mind ;
She they conceived might put her ease with fears,
With tender tremblings and seducing tears ;
She might such charms of various kind display,
That he would feel their force and melt away :
For why of nymphs such caution and such dread,
Unless he felt, and fear'd to be misled ?

She came, she spake : he calmly heard her case,
And plainly told her 'twas a want of grace ;
Bade her "such fancies and affections check,
And wear a thicker muslin on her neck."
Abash'd, his human foes the combat fled,
And the stern clerk yet higher held his head.
They were indeed a weak, impatient set,
But their shrewd prompter had his engines yet ;
Had various means to make a mortal trip,
Who shunn'd a flowing bowl and rosy lip ;

And knew a thousand ways his heart to move,
Who flies from banquets and who laughs at love.

Thus far the playful muse has lent her aid,
But now departs, of graver theme afraid ;
Her may we seek in more appropriate time,—
There is no jesting with distress and crime.

Our worthy clerk had now arrived at fame,
Such as but few in his degree might claim ;
But he was poor, and wanted not the sense
That lowly rates the praise without the pence :
He saw the common herd with reverence treat
The weakest burghers whom they chanced to meet ;
While few respected his exalted views,
And all beheld his doublet and his shoes :
None, when they meet, would to his parts allow,
(Save his poor boys) a hearing or a bow :
To this false judgment of the vulgar mind,
He was not fully, as a saint, resign'd :
He found it much his jealous soul affect,
To fear derision and to find neglect.

The year was bad, the christening fees were small,
The weddings few, the parties paupers all :
Desire of gain, with fear of want combined,
Raised sad commotion in his wounded mind ;
Wealth was in all his thoughts, his views, his dreams,
And prompted base desires and baseless schemes.

Alas ! how often erring mortals keep
The strongest watch against the foes who sleep ;
While the more wakeful, bold and artful foe
Is suffered guardless and unmark'd to go.

Once in a month the sacramental bread
Our clerk with wine upon the table spread ;
The custom this, that, as the vicar reads,
He for our off'rings round the church proceeds :
Tall spacious seats the wealthier people hid,
And none had view of what his neighbour did ;
Laid on the box and mingled when they fell,
Who should the worth of each oblation tell !
Now as poor Jachin took the usual round,
And saw the alms and heard the metal sound,
He had a thought ;—at first it was no more
Than—"these have cash and give it to the poor :"
A second thought from this to work began—
"And can they give it to a poorer man !"
Proceeding thus,— "My merit could they know,
And knew my need, how freely they'd bestow !
But though they know not, these remain the same,
And are a strong, although a secret claim :
To me, alas ! the want and worth are known,
Why then, in fact, 'tis but to take my own."

Thought after thought poured in, a tempting
train,—

"Suppose it done,—who is it could complain !
How could the poor ? for they such trifles share,
As add no comfort, as suppress no care ;
But many a pittance makes a worthy heap,—
What says the law, that silence puts to sleep :—
Nought then forbids, the danger could we shun,
And sure the business may be safely done.

"But am I earnest ?—earnest ! No.—I say,
If such my mind, that I could plan away,
Let me reflect ;—I've not allow'd me time
To purse the pieces, and if dropt they'd chime :"
Fertile is evil in the soul of man,—
He paus'd,—said Jachin, "They may drop on bran.

Why then 'tis safe and (all consider'd) just.
The poor receive it,—'tis no breach of trust:
The old and widows may their trifles miss,
There must be evil in a good like this:
But I'll be kind—the sick I'll visit twice,
When now but once, and freely give advice.
Yet let me think again:—"Again he tried,
For stronger reasons on his passion's side,
And quickly these were found, yet slowly he complied.

The morning came: the common service done—
Shut every door,—the solemn rite begun;—
And as the priest the sacred sayings read,
The clerk went forward, trembling as he tread;
O'er the tall pew he held the box, and heard
The offer'd piece; rejoicing as he fear'd:
Just by the pillar, as he cautious tripp'd,
And turned the aisle, he then a portion slipp'd
From the full store, and to the pocket sent,
But held a moment—and then down it went.

The priest read on, on walked the man afraid,
Till a gold offering in the plate was laid;
Trembling he took it, for a moment stopp'd,
Then down it fell and sounded as it dropp'd;
Amazed he started, for th' affrighted man,
Lost and bewildered, thought not of the bran;
But all were silent, all on things intent
Of high concern, none ear to money lent;
So on he walked, more cautious than before,
And gain'd the purposed sum and one piece more.

Practice makes perfect;—when the month came round,

He dropp'd the cash, nor listened for a sound;
But yet, when last of all th' assembled flock,
He ate and drank,—it gave the electric shock:
Oft was he forced his reasons to repeat,
Ere he could kneel in quiet at his seat;
But custom soothed him—ere a single year
All this was done without restraint or fear:
Cool and collected, easy and composed,
He was correct till all the service closed;
Then to his home without a groan or sigh,
Gravely he went and laid his treasure by.

Want will complain: some widows had expressed
A doubt if they were favour'd like the rest;
The rest described with like regret their dole,
And thus from parts they reasoned to the whole;
When all agreed some evil must be done,
Or rich men's hearts grew harder than a stone.

Our easy vicar cut the matter short,
He would not listen to such vile report.

All were not thus—there govern'd in that year
A stern stout churl, an angry overseer;
A tyrant fond of power, loud, lewd, and most severe:

Him the mild vicar, him the graver clerk,
Advised, reproved, but nothing would he mark,
Save the disgrace, "and that, my friends," said he,

"Will I avenge, whenever time may be."
And now, alas! 'twas time; for man to man
Doubt and alarm and shrewd suspicions ran.

With angry spirit, and with sly intent,
This parish ruler to the altar went;
A private mark he fix'd on shillings three,
And but one mark could in the money see;
Besides, in peering round he chanced to note
A sprinkling alight on Jachin's Sunday coat:
All doubt was over: when the flock were bless'd,
In wrath he rose, and thus his mind express'd.

"Foul deeds are here!" and saying this, he took

The clerk, whose conscience, in her cold fit, shook:
His pocket then was emptied on the place;
All saw his guilt; all witnessed his disgrace:
He fell, he fainted, not a groan, a look,
Escaped the culprit; 'twas a final stroke
A death-wound never to be heal'd; a fall
That all had witness'd, and amazed were all.

As he recover'd, to his mind it came,
"I owe to Satan this disgrace and shame:"
All the seduction now appeared in view;
"Let me withdraw," he said, and he withdrew;
No one withheld him, all in union cried,
E'en the avenger,—"*We are satisfied*:"
For what has death in any form to give,
Equal to that man's terrors, if he live!

He lived in freedom, but he hourly saw
How much more fatal justice is than law;
He saw another in his office reign,
And his mild master treat him with disdain;
He saw that all men shunn'd him, some reviled,
The harsh pass'd frowning, and the simple smiled;
The town maintain'd him, but with some reproof,
And clerks and scholars proudly kept aloof.

In each lone place, dejected and dismay'd,
Shrinking from view, his wasting form he laid;
Or to the restless sea and roaring wind,
Gave the strong yearnings of a ruin'd mind:
On the broad beach, the silent summer-day,
Stretch'd on some wreck, he wore his life away;
Or where the river mingles with the sea,
Or on the mud-bank by the elder-tree,
Or by the bounding marsh-dyke, there was he:
And when unable to forsake the town,
In the blind courts he sat, desponding down—
Always alone, then feebly would he crawl
The church-way walk, and lean upon the wall:
Too ill for this, he lay beside the door,
Compell'd to hear the reasoning of the poor:
He look'd so pale, so weak, the pitying crowd
Their firm belief of his repentance vow'd;
They saw him then so ghastly and so thin,
That they exclaim'd, "Is this the work of Sin?"

"Yes," in his better moments, he replied,
"Of sinful avarice and the spirit's pride;—
While yet untempted, I was safe and well;
Temptation came; I reason'd, and I fell:
To be man's guide and glory I design'd,
A rare example for our sinful kind;
But now my weakness and my guilt I see,
And am a warning—man, be warn'd by me!"

He said, and saw no more the human face;
To a lone loft he went, his dying-place,
And as the vicar of his state inquired,
Turn'd to the wall and silently expired!

LETTER XX.

The Poor of the Borough.

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodwill.
SHAKESPEARE. LEAR.

"No charms she now can boast," 'tis true,
But other charmers wither too;
"And she is old,"—the fact I know,
And old will other heroines grow;
But not like them has she been laid,
In ruin'd castle, sore dismay'd;
Where naughty man and ghostly sprite
Fill'd her pure mind with awe and dread,
Stalk'd round the room, put out the light,
And shook the curtains round her bed.
No cruel uncle kept her land;
No tyrant father forced her hand;
She had no vizen virgin-aunt,
Without whose aid she could not eat,
And yet who poison'd all her meat,
With gibe and sneer and taunt.
Yet of the heroine she'd a share.
She saved a lover from despair,
And granted all his wish, in spite
Of what she knew and felt was right;
But heroine then no more,
She own'd the fault, and wept and pray'd,
And humbly took the parish aid,
And dwelt among the poor.

ELLEN ORFORD.

The Widow's Cottage—Blind Ellen one—Hers not the sorrows or adventures of Heroines—What these are, first described—Deserted Wives; rash Lovers; courageous Danicels: in desolated Mansions; in grievous Perplexity—These evils, however severe, of short Duration—Ellen's Story—Her Employment in Childhood—First Love; first Adventure; its miserable Termination—An idiot Daughter—A Husband—Care in Business without Success—The Men's Despondency, and its Effect—Their Children: how disposed of—One particularly unfortunate—Fate of the Daughter—Ellen keeps a School and is happy—Becomes blind: loses her School—Her Consolations.

OBSERVE yon tenement, apart and small,
Where the wet pebbles shine upon the wall;
Where the low benches lean beside the door,
And the red paling bounds the space before;
Where *thrift* and *lavender*, and *lad's-love** bloom,—
That humble dwelling is the widow's home:
There live a pair, for various fortunes known,
But the blind Ellen will relate her own;—
Yet ere we hear the story she can tell,
On prouder sorrows let us briefly dwell.

I've often marvel'd, when by night, by day,
I've mark'd the manners moving in my way,
And heard the language and beheld the lives
Of lass and lover, goddesses and wives,
That books, which promise much of life to give,
Should show so little how we truly live.

To me it seems, their females and their men
Are but the creatures of the author's pen;
Nay, creatures borrow'd and again convey'd
From book to book—the shadows of a shade:
Life, if they'd search, would show them many a
The ruin sudden and the misery strange! [change;
With more of grievous, base, and dreadful things,
Than novelists relate or poet sings:
But they, who ought to look the world around,
Spy out a single spot in fairy-ground;
Where all, in turn, ideal forms behold,
And plots are laid and histories are told.

Time have I lent—I would their debt were less—
To flowery pages of sublime distress;

* The lad's or boy's love of some counties, is the plant southernwood, the *Artemisia abrotanum* of botanists.

And to the heroine's soul-distracting fears
I early gave my sixpences and tears:
Oft have I travell'd in these tender tales,
To *Darnley-Cottages* and *Maple-Vales*,
And watched the fair-one from the first-born sigh,
When *Henry* pass'd and gazed in passing by;
Till I beheld them pacing in the park,
Close by a coppice where 'twas cold and dark;
When such affection with such fate appear'd,
Want and a father to be shunn'd and fear'd,
Without employment, prospect, cot, or cash,
That I have judged the heroic souls were rash.

Now shifts the scene,—the fair in tower confined,
In all things suffers but in change of mind;
Now woo'd by greatness to a bed of state,
Now deeply threaten'd with a dungeon's grate;
Till suffering much and being tried enough,
She shines, triumphant maid!—temptation-proof.

Then was I led to vengeful monks, who mix
With nymphs and swains, and play unpriestly tricks;
Then view'd *banditti*, who in forest wide,
And cavern vast, indignant virgins hide;
Who, hemm'd with bands of sturdiest rogues about,
Find some strange succour, and come virgins out.

I've watch'd a wintry night on castle-walls,
I've stalk'd by moon-light through deserted halls,
And when the weary world was sunk to rest,
I've had such sights as—may not be express'd.

Lo! that chateau, the western tower decay'd,
The peasants shun it,—they are all afraid;
For there was done a deed!—could walls reveal,
Or timbers tell it, how the heart would feel!
Most horrid was it:—for, behold, the floor
Has stain of blood, and will be clean no more:
Hark to the winds! which through the wide saloon
And the long passage send a dismal tune,—
Music that ghosts delight in;—and now heed
Yon beauteous nymph, who must unmask the deed;
See! with majestic sweep she swims alone
Through rooms all dreary, guided by a groan:
Though windows rattle, and though tap'stries shake,
And the feet falter every step they take,
'Mid moans and gibing sprites she silent goes,
To find a something, which will soon expose
The villanous and wiles of her determined foes:
And, having thus adventured, thus endured,
Fame, wealth, and lover, are for life secured.

Much have I fear'd, but am no more afraid,
When some chaste beauty, Iysme wretch betray'd,
Is drawn away with such distracted speed,
That she anticipates a dreadful deed:
Not so do I—Let solid walls impound
The captive fair, and dig a moat around;
Let there be brazen locks and bars of steel,
And keepers cruel, such as never feel;
With not a single note the purse supply,
And when she begs, let men and maids deny:
Be windows those from which she dares not fall,
And help so distant, 'tis in vain to call;
Still means of freedom will some power devise,
And from the baffled ruffian snatch his prize.

To northern Wales, in some sequester'd spot,
I've follow'd fair *Louisa* to her cot;
Where, then a wretched and deserted bride,
The injured fair-one wish'd from man to hide;

Till by her fond repenting *Belville* found,
By some kind chance—the straying of a hound,
He at her feet craved mercy, nor in vain,
For the relenting dove flew back again.

There's something rapturous in distress, or, oh!
Could *Clementina* bear her lot of woe!
Or what she underwent, could maiden undergo!
The day was fix'd; for so the lover sigh'd,
So knelt and craved, he couldn't be denied;
When, tale most dreadful! every hope adieu,—
For the fond lover is the brother too:
All other griefs abate; this monstrous grief
Has no remission, comfort, or relief;
Four ample volumes, through each page disclose,—
Good Heaven protect us! only woes on woes;
Till some strange means afford a sudden view
Of some vile plot, and every woe adieu*!

Now should we grant these beauties all endure
Severest pangs, they've still the speediest cure:
Before one charm be wither'd from the face,
Except the bloom, which shall again have place,
In wedlock ends each wish, in triumph all disgrace;
And life to come, we fairly may suppose,
One light, bright contrast to these wild dark woes.

These let us leave, and at her sorrows look,
Too often seen, but seldom in a book;
Let her who felt, relate them:—on her chair
The heroine sits—in former years, the fair,
Now aged and poor; but Ellen Orford knows,
That we should humbly take what Heaven bestows.

"My father died—again my mother wed,
And found the comforts of her life were fled;
Her angry husband, vex'd through half his years
By loss and troubles, fill'd her soul with fears:
Their children many, and 'twas my poor place
To nurse and wait on all the infant race;
Labour and hunger were indeed my part,
And should have strengthened an erroneous heart.

"Sore was the grief to see him angry come,
And, teased with business, make distress at home:
The father's fury and the children's cries
I soon could bear, but not my mother's sighs;
For she look'd back on comforts and would say,
'I wrong'd thee, Ellen,' and then turn away:
Thus, for my age's good, my youth was tried,
And this my fortune till my mother died.

"So, amid sorrow much and little cheer—
A common case, I pass'd my twentieth year;
For these are frequent evils; thousands share
An equal grief—the like domestic care.

* As this incident points out the work alluded to, I wish it to be remembered, that the gloomy tenour, the querulous melancholy of the story, is all I censure. The language of the writer is often animated, and is, I believe, correct; the characters well drawn, and the manners described from real life; but the perpetual occurrence of sad events, the protracted list of teasing and perplexing mischances, joined with much waspish invective, unallayed by pleasantry or sprightliness, and these continued through many hundred pages, render publications, intended for amusement and executed with ability, heavy and displeasing:—You find your favourite persons happy in the end; but they have teased you so much with their perplexities by the way, that you were frequently disposed to quit them in their distresses.

"Then in my days of bloom, of health and youth,
One, much above me, vow'd his love and truth:
We often met, he dreading to be seen,
And much I question'd what such dread might mean:
Yet I believed him true; my simple heart
And undirected reason took his part.

"Can he who loves me, whom I love, deceive!
Can I such wrong of one so kind believe,
Who lives but in my smile, who trembles when I
grieve!

"He dared not marry, but we met to prove
What sad encroachments and deceits has love:
Weak that I was, when he, rebuked, withdrew,
I let him see that I was wretched too;
When less my caution, I had still the pain
Of his or mine own weakness to complain.

"Happy the lovers class'd alike in life,
Or happier yet the rich endowing wife;
But most aggrieved the fond believing maid,
Of her rich lover tenderly afraid:
You judge th' event; for grievous was my fate,
Painful to feel, and shameful to relate:
Ah! sad it was my burthen to sustain,
When the least misery was the dread of pain;
When I have grieving told him my disgrace,
And plainly mark'd indifference in his face.

"Hard! with these fears and terrors to behold
The cause of all, the faithless lover cold;
Impatient grown at every wish denied,
And barely civil, soothed and gratified;
Peevish when urged to think of vows so strong,
And angry when I spake of crime and wrong.

"All this I felt, and still the sorrow grew,
Because I felt that I deserved it too,
And begg'd my infant stranger to forgive
The mother's shame, which in herself must live.

"When known that shame, I, soon expell'd from
With a frail sister shared a hovel's gloom; [home,
There barely fed—(what could I more request?)
My infant slumberer sleeping at my breast.
I from my window saw his blooming bride,
And my seducer smiling at her side;
Hope lived till then; I sank upon the floor,
And grief and thought and feeling were no more:
Although revived, I judged that life would close,
And went to rest, to wonder that I rose:
My dreams were dismal,—wheresoe'er I stray'd,
I seem'd ashamed, alarm'd, despised, betray'd;
Always in grief, in guilt, disgraced, forlorn,
Mourning that one so weak, so vile, was born;
The earth a desert, tumult in the sea,
The birds affrighten'd fled from tree to tree,
Obscured the setting sun, and every thing like me.
But Heaven had mercy, and my need at length
Urged me to labour and renew'd my strength.

"I strove for patience as a sinner must,
Yet felt th' opinion of the world unjust;
There was my lover, in his joy, esteem'd,
And I, in my distress, as guilty deem'd;
Yet sure, not all the guilt and shame belong
To her who feels and suffers for the wrong:
The cheat at play may use the wealth he's won,
But is not honour'd for the mischief done;
The cheat in love may use each villain-art,
And boast the deed that breaks the victim's heart.

"Four years were past; I might again have found
Some erring wish, but for another wound:
Lovely my daughter grew, her face was fair,
But no expression ever brighten'd there;
I doubt'd long, and vainly strove to make
Some certain meaning of the words she spake;
But meaning there was none, and I survey'd
With dread the beauties of my idiot-maid.

"Still I submitted;—Oh! 'tis meet and fit
In all we feel to make the heart submit;
Gloomy and calm my days, but I had then,
It seem'd, attractions for the eyes of men:
The sober master of a decent trade
O'erlook'd my errors, and his offer made;
Reason assented:—true, my heart denied,
'But thou,' I said, 'shalt be no more my guide.'

"When wed, our toil and trouble, pains and care,
Of means to live procur'd us humble share;
Five were our sons,—and we, though careful, found
Our hopes declining as the year came round;
For I perceived, yet would not soon perceive,
My husband stealing from my view to grieve;
Silent he grew, and when he spoke he sigh'd,
And surly look'd and peevishly replied:
Pensive by nature, he had gone of late
To those who preach'd of destiny and fate,
Of things fore-doom'd, and of election-grace,
And how in vain we strive to run our race;
That all by works and moral worth we gain,
Is to perceive our care and labour vain;
That still the more we pay, our debts the more remain;
That he who feels not the mysterious call,
Lies bound in sin, still groveling from the fall.
My husband felt not:—our persuasion, prayer,
And our best reason, darken'd his despair;
His very nature changed; he now reviled
My former conduct,—he reproach'd my child:
He talk'd of bastard slips, and curs'd his bed,
And from our kindness to concealment fled;
For ever to some evil change inclined,
To every gloomy thought he lent his mind,
Nor rest would give to us, nor rest himself could
His son suspended saw him, long bereft [find;—
Of life, nor prospect of revival left.

"With him died all our prospects, and once more
I shared th' allotments of the parish poor;
They took my children too, and this I know
Was just and lawful, but I felt the blow:
My idiot-maid and one unhealthy boy
Were left, a mother's misery and her joy.

"Three sons I follow'd to the grave, and one—
Oh! can I speak of that unhappy son?
I would all memory of his fate were fled,
He was our second child, our darling Ned;
Before the world seduced him, what a grace
And smile of gladness shone upon his face!
Then he had knowledge; finely would he write,
Study to him was pleasure and delight;
Great was his courage, and but few could stand
Against the sleight and vigour of his hand;
The maidens loved him;—when he came to die,
No, not the coldest could suppress a sigh:
Here I must cease—how can I say, my child
Was by the bad of either sex beguiled?
Worst of the bad—they taught him that the laws
Made wrong and right; there was no other cause;

That all religion was the trade of priests,
And men, when dead, must perish like the beasts;—
And he, so lively and so gay before,—
Ah! spare a mother—I can tell no more.

"Int'rest was made that they should not destroy
The comely form of my deluded boy—
But pardon came not; damp the place and deep
Where he was kept, as they'd a tiger keep;
For he, unhappy! had before them all
Vow'd he'd escape, whatever might befall.

"He'd means of dress, and dress'd beyond his
And so to see him in such dismal scenes, [means;
I cannot speak it—cannot bear to tell
Of that sad hour—I heard the passing-bell!

"Slowly they went; he smiled and look'd so
smart,
Yet sure he shudder'd when he saw the cart,
And gave a look—until my dying-day,
That look will never from my mind away:
Oft as I sit, and ever in my dreams,
I see that look, and they have heard my screams.

"Now let me speak no more—yet all declared
That one so young, in pity should be spared,
And one so manly;—on his graceful neck,
That chains of jewels might be proud to deck,
To a small mole a mother's lips have press'd,—
And there the cord—my breath is sore oppress'd.—

"I now can speak again:—my elder boy
Was that year drown'd,—a scaman in a boy:
He left a numerous race; of these would some
In their young troubles to my cottage come,
And these I taught—an humble teacher I—
Upon their Heavenly Parent to rely.

"Alas! I needed such reliance more:—
My idiot-girl, so simply gay before,
Now wept in pain; some wretch had found a time,
Depraved and wicked, for that coward-crime;
I had indeed my doubt, but I suppress'd
The thought that day and night disturb'd my rest;
She and that sick-pale brother—but why strive
To keep the terrors of that time alive!

"The hour arrived, the new, the undreaded pain,
That came with violence and yet came in vain.
I saw her die: her brother too is dead;
Nor own'd such crime—what is it that I dread?

"The parish-aid withdrawn, I look'd around,
And in my school a blest subsistence found—
My winter-calm of life: to be of use
Would pleasant thoughts and heavenly hopes pro-
I loved them all;—it sooth'd me to presage [duce;
The various trials of their ripper age,
Then dwell on mine, and bless the Power who gave
Pains to correct us, and remorse to save.

"Yes! these were days of peace, but they are
A trial came, I will believe, a last; [past,—
I lost my sight, and my employment gone,
Useless I live, but to the day live on;
Those eyes which long the light of heaven en-
Were not by pain, by agony destroy'd: [joyed
My senses fail not all; I speak, I pray;
By night my rest, my food I take by day;
And as my mind looks cheerful to my end,
I love mankind and call my God my friend."

LETTER XXI.

The Door of the Borough.

Copiet melius quam desines: ultima prima
Cedunt. Dissimiles hic vir et ille puer.
Orin. Dmasin. Hmrcul.

Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that, in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.

EMULIA TO TIMOTHY.

ABEL KEENE.

Abel, a poor man, Teacher of a School of the lower order: is placed in the Office of a Merchant: is alarmed by Discourses of the Clerks: unable to reply: becomes a Convert: dresses, drinks, and ridicules his former conduct—The Remonstrance of his Sister, a devout maiden—Its effect—The Merchant dies—Abel returns to Poverty unpitied, but relieved—His abject Condition—His Melancholy—He wanders about: is found—his own Account of himself and the Revolutions in his Mind.

A QUIET simple man was Abel Keene,
He meant no harm, nor did he often mean:
He kept a school of loud rebellious boys,
And growing old, grew nervous with the noise;
When a kind merchant hired his useful pen,
And made him happiest of accomplishing men:
With glee he rose to every easy day,
When half the labour brought him twice the pay.

There were young clerks, and there the merchant's son,
Choice spirits all, who wish'd him to be one;
It must, no question, give them lively joy,
Hopes long indulged, to combat and destroy:
At these they level'd all their skill and strength,
He fell not quickly, but he fell at length:
They quoted books, to him both bold and new,
And scorn'd as fables all he held as true;
"Such Monkish Stories and such Nursery Lies,"
That he was struck with terror and surprise.

"What! all his life had he the laws obey'd,
Which they broke through and were not once afraid!
Had he so long his evil passions check'd,
And yet at last had nothing to expect!
While they their lives in joy and pleasure led,
And then had nothing, at the end, to dread!
Was all his priest with so much zeal convey'd,
A part! a speech! for which the man was paid!
And were his pious books, his solemn prayers,
Not worth one tale of the admired Voltaire's!
Then was it time, while yet some years remain'd,
To drink untroubled and to think unchain'd,
And on all pleasures, which his purse could give,
Freely to seize, and, while he lived, to live."

Much time he passed in this important strife,
The bliss or bane of his remaining life;
For converts all are made with care and grief,
And pangs attend the birth of unbelief;
Nor pass they soon:—with awe and fear he took
The flow'ry way, and cast back many a look.

The youths applauded much his wise design,
With weighty reasoning o'er their evening wine;
And much in private 'twould their mirth improve,
To hear how Abel spake of life and love;
To hear him own what grievous pains it cost,
Ere the old saint was in the sinner lost,

Ere his poor mind, with every deed alarm'd,
By wit was settled and by vice was charm'd.

For Abel enter'd in his boud career,
Like boys on ice, with pleasure and with fear;
Lingering, yet longing for the joy, he went,
Repenting now, now dreading to repent:
With awkward pace, and with himself at war,
Far gone, yet frighten'd that he went so far;
Oft for his efforts he'd solicit praise,
And then proceed with blunders and delays:
The young more aptly passion's calls pursue,
But age and weakness start at scenes so new, [do,
And tremble when they've done, for all they dared to

At length example Abel's dread removed,
With small concern he sought the joys he loved;
Not resting here, he claimed his share of fame,
And first their votary, then their wit became;
His jest was bitter and his satire bold,
When he his tales of formal brethren told;
What time with pious neighbours he discuss'd
Their boasted treasure and their boundless trust:
"Such were our dreams," the jovial elder cried;
"Awake and live," his youthful friends replied.

Now the gay clerk a modest drab despised,
And clad him smartly as his friends advised;
So fine a coat upon his back he threw,
That not an alley-boy old Abel knew;
Broad polish'd buttons blazed that coat upon,
And just beneath the watch's trinkets shone,—
A splendid watch, that pointed out the time,
To fly from business and make free with crime:
The crimson waistcoat and the silken hose
Rank'd the lean man among the borough beaux:
His raven hair he crop'd with fiercer disdain,
And light elastic locks encazed his brain:
More pliant pupil who could hope to find,
So deck'd in person and so changed in mind!

When Abel walk'd the streets, with pleasant
He met his friends, delighted to be seen; [mien,
And when he rode along the public way,
No beau so gaudy and no youth so gay.

His pious sister, now an ancient maid,
For Abel fearing, first in secret pray'd; [vey'd:
Then thus in love and scorn her notions she con-

"Alas! my brother! can I see thee pace
Hood-wink'd to hell, and not lament thy case,
Nor stretch my feeble hand to stop thy headlong race!
Lo! thou art bound; a slave in Satan's chain,
The righteous Abel turn'd the wretched Cain;
His brother's blood against the murderer cried,
Against thee thine, unhappy suicide!
Are all our pious nights and peaceful days,
Our evening readings and our morning praise,
Our spirits' comfort in the trials sent,
Our hearts' rejoicings in the blessings lent,
All that o'er grief a cheering influence shed,
Are these for ever and for ever fled!

"When in the years gone by, the trying years
When faith and hope had strife with wants and fears,
Thy nerves have trembled till thou couldst not eat
(Dress'd by this hand) thy morsel of simple meat;
When, grieved by fastings, gall'd by fates severe,
Slow pass'd the days of the successful year;
Still in these gloomy hours, my brother then
Had glorious views, unseen by prosperous men:

And when thine heart has felt its wish denied,
What gracious texts hast thou to grief applied;
Till thou hast enter'd in thine humble bed,
By lofty hopes and heavenly musings fed;
Then I have seen thy lively looks express
The spirit's comforts in the man's distress.

"Then didst thou cry, exulting, 'Yes, 'tis fit,
'Tis meet and right, my heart! that we submit:'
And wilt thou, Abel, thy new pleasures weigh
Against such triumphs!—Oh! repent and pray.

"What are thy pleasures!—with the gay to sit,
And thy poor brain torment for awkward wit;
All thy good thoughts (thou had'st them) to re-
And give a wicked pleasure to the vain; [strain,
Thy long lean frame by fashion to attire,
That lads may laugh, and wantons may admire;
To raise the mirth of boys, and not to see,
Unhappy maniac! that they laugh at thee.

"These boyish follies, which alone the boy
Can idly act or gracefully enjoy,
Add new reproaches to thy fallen state,
And make men scorn what they would only hate.

"What pains, my brother, dost thou take to prove
A taste for follies which thou canst not love!
Why do thy stiffening limbs the steed bestride—
That lads may laugh to see thou canst not ride!
And why (I feel the crimson tinge my cheek)
Dost thou by in Diamond-alley sneak!

"Farewell! the parish will thy sister keep,
Where she in peace shall pray and sing and sleep,
Save when for thee she mourns, thou wicked,
wandering sheep!

When youth is fall'n, there's hope the young may
But fallen age for ever hopeless lies: [rise,
Torn up by storms and placed in earth once more,
The younger tree may sun and soil restore;
But when the old and sapless trunk lies low,
No care or soil can former life bestow;
Reserved for burning is the worthless tree;
And what, O Abel! is reserved for thee?"

These angry words our hero deeply felt,
Though hard his heart, and indisposed to melt!
To gain relief he took a glass the more,
And then went on as careless as before:
Henceforth, uncheck'd, amusements he partook,
And (save his ledger) saw no decent book;
Him found the merchant punctual at his task,
And that perform'd, he'd nothing more to ask;
He cared not how old Abel play'd the fool,
No master he, beyond the hours of school:
Thus they proceeding, had their wine and joke,
Till merchant Dixon felt a warning stroke,
And, after struggling half a gloomy week,
Left his poor clerk another friend to seek.

Alas! the son, who led the saint astray,
Forgot the man whose follies made him gay;
He cared no more for Abel in his need,
Than Abel cared about his hackney steed;
He now, alas! had all his earnings spent,
And thus was left to languish and repent;
No school nor clerkship found he in the place,
Now lost to fortune, as before to grace.

For town-relief the grieving man applied,
And begg'd with tears, what some with scorn denied;

Others look'd down upon the glowing vest,
And frowning, ask'd him at what price he dress'd!
Happy for him his country's laws are mild,
They must support him, though they still reviled;
Grieved, abject, scorn'd, insulted, and betray'd,
Of God unmindful, and of man afraid,—
No more he talk'd; 'twas pain, 'twas shame to speak,
His heart was sinking and his frame was weak.
His sister died with such serene delight,
He once again began to think her right;
Poor like himself, the happy spinster laid,
And sweet assurance blessed the dying maid:
Poor like the spinster, he, when death was nigh,
Assured of nothing, felt afraid to die.
The cheerful clerks who sometimes pass'd the door,
Just mention'd "Abel!" and then thought no more.
So Abel, pondering on his state forlorn,
Look'd round for comfort, and was chased by scorn.
And now we saw him on the beach reclined,
Or causeless walking in the wintry wind;
And when it raised a loud and angry sea,
He stood and gazed, in wretched reverie;
He heeded not the frost, the rain, the snow,
Close by the sea he walk'd alone and slow:
Sometimes his frame thro' many an hour he spread
Upon a tomb-stone, moveless as the dead;
And was there found a sad and silent place,
There would he creep with slow and measured pace:
Then would he wander by the river's side,
And fix his eyes upon the falling tide;
The deep dry ditch, the rushes in the fen,
And mossy crag-pits were his lodgings then:
There, to his discontented thoughts a prey,
The melancholy mortal pined away.

The neighbouring poor at length began to speak
Of Abel's ramblings—he'd been gone a week;
They knew not where, and little care they took
For one so friendless and so poor to look;
At last a stranger, in a pedler's shed,
Beheld him hanging—he had long been dead.
He left a paper, penn'd at sundry times,
Entitled thus—"My Groanings and my Crimes!"

"I was a Christian man, and none could lay
Aught to my charge; I walk'd the narrow way.
All then was simple faith, serene and pure,
My hope was steadfast, and my prospects sure;
Then was I tried by want and sickness sore,
But these I clapp'd my shield of faith before,
And cares and wants, and man's rebukes I bore:
Alas! new foes assail'd me; I was vain,
They stung my pride, and they confused my brain:
Oh, these deluders! with what glee they saw
Their simple dupe transgress the righteous law;
'Twas joy to them to view that dreadful strife,
When faith and frailty warr'd for more than life;
So with their pleasures they beguiled the heart,
Then with their logic they allay'd the smart;
They proved (so thought I then), with reasons strong,
That no man's feelings ever lead him wrong:
And thus I went, as on the varnish'd ice,
The smooth career of unbelief and vice.
Oft would the youths, with sprightly speech and
bold,
Their witty tales of naughty priests unfold;
'Twas all a craft,' they said, 'a cunning trade,
Not she the priests, but priests religion made:'
So I believed:—No, Abel! to thy grief,
So thou relinquish'dst all that was belief:

"I grew as very flint, and when the rest
Laugh'd at devotion, I enjoy'd the jest ;
But this all vanish'd like the morning dew,
When unemploy'd, and poor again I grew ;
Yes ! I was doubly poor, for I was wicked too.

"The mouse that trespass'd and the treasure stole,
Found his lean body fitted to the hole ;
Till having fattened, he was forced to stay,
And, fasting, starve his stolen bulk away :
Ah ! worse for me—grown poor, I yet remain
In sinful bonds, and pray and fast in vain.

"At length I thought, although these friends of sin
Hav' spread their net and caught their prey therein ;
Though my hard heart could not for mercy call,
Because, though great my grief, my faith was small ;
Yet, as the sick on skilful men rely,
The soul diseased may to a doctor fly.

"A famous one there was, whose skill had wrought
Cures past belief, and him the sinners sought ;
Numbers there were defiled by mire and filth,
Whom he recover'd by his goodly tilth :—
'Come then,' I said, 'let me the man behold,
'And tell my case.'—I saw him and I told.

"Oh ! please your reverence,' reverently I said,
'I once believed, and I was then misled ;
And now such doubts my sinful soul beset,
I dare not say that I'm a Christian yet :
Canst thou, good sir, by thy superior skill,
Inform my judgment and direct my will ?
Ah ! give thy cordial ; let my soul have rest,
And be the outward man alone distress'd ;
For at my state I tremble.'—'Tremble more,'
Said the good man, 'and then rejoice therefore ;
'Tis good to tremble ; prospects then are fair,
When the lost soul is plunged in deep despair :
Once thou wert simply honest, just and pure,
Whole, as thou thought'st, and never wish'd a cure :
Now thou hast plunged in folly, shame, disgrace ;
Now thou'rt an object meet for healing grace ;
No merit thine, no virtue, hope, belief,
Nothing hast thou, but misery, sin, and grief,
The best, the only titles to relief.'

"What must I do,' I said, 'my soul to free ?'
—'Do nothing, man ; it will be done for thee.'—
'But must I not, my reverend guide, believe ?'
—'If thou art call'd, thou wilt the faith receive.'—
'But I repent not.'—Angry he replied,
'If thou art called, thou needest nought beside :
Attend on us, and if 'tis Heaven's decree,
The call will come,—if not, ah ! woe for thee.'

"There then I waited, ever on the watch,
A spark of hope, a ray of light to catch ;
His words fell softly like the flakes of snow,
But I could never find mine heart o'erflow :
He cried aloud, till in the flock began
The sigh, the tear, as caught from man to man ;
They wept and they rejoiced, and there was I,
Hard as a flint, and as the desert dry :
To me no tokens of the call would come,
I felt my sentence and received my doom ;
But I complain'd—'Let thy repinings cease,
O ! man of sin, for they thy guilt increase ;
It bloweth where it listeth ;—die in peace.'
—'In peace, and perish !' I replied, 'impart
Some better comfort to a burthen'd heart.'
'Alas ! the priest return'd, 'can I direct
The heavenly call !—Do I proclaim the elect !

Raise not thy voice against the Eternal Will,
But take thy part with sinners and be still.'

"Alas ! for me, no more the times of peace
Are mine on earth—in death my pains may cease.

"Foes to my soul ! ye young seducers, know,
What serious ills from your amusements flow ;
Opinions, you with so much ease profess,
Overwhelm the simple and their minds oppress :
Let such be happy, nor with reasons strong,
That make them wretched, prove their notions
Let them proceed in that they deem the way, [wrong ;
Fast when they will, and at their pleasure pray
Yes, I have pity for my brethren's lot,
And so had Dives, but it help'd him not :
And is it thus ! I'm full of doubts : Adieu !
Perhaps his reverence is mistaken too."

LETTER XXII.

The Door of the Borough.

—Was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a need ;
Who but for fear knows no control,
Because his conscience, sear'd and dull,
Feels not the import of the deed ;
One whose brute feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires.

SCOTT, MARRIAGE.

Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd, came to my tent,
And every one did threat—

SHAKESPEARE, RO. HAD III.

The time hath been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end ; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

MACBETH.

PETER GRIMES.

The Father of Peter a Fisherman—Peter's early conduct—
His Grief for the old Man—He takes an Apprentice—
The Boy's Suffering and Fate—A second Boy : how he
died—Peter acquitted—A third Apprentice—A Voyage
by sea : the Boy does not return—Evil Report on Peter ;
he is tried and threatened—Lives alone—His melancholy
and incipient Madness—Is observed and visited—He
escapes and is taken ; is lodged in a Parish-house :
Women attend and watch him—He speaks in a delir-
ium : grows more collected—His Account of his Feelings
and visionary Terrors previous to his Death.

Old Peter Grimes made fishing his employ,
His wife he cabin'd with him and his boy,
And seem'd that life laborious to enjoy :
To town came quiet Peter with his fish,
And had of all a civil word and wish.
He left his trade upon the Sabbath-day,
And took young Peter in his hand to pray :
But soon the stubborn boy from care broke loose,
At first refused, then add'd his abuse :
His father's love he scorn'd, his power defied,
But being drunk, wept sorely when he died.

Yes ! then he wept, and to his mind there came
Much of his conduct, and he felt the shame,—
How he had oft the good old man reviled,
And never paid the duty of a child ;
How, when the father in his Bible read,
He in contempt and anger left the shed :
"It is the word of life," the parent cried ;
—"This is the life itself," the boy replied ;
And while Old Peter in amazement stood,
Gave the hot spirit to his boiling blood :—

How he, with oath and furious speech, began
To prove his freedom and assert the man ;
And when the parent check'd his impious rage,
How he had cursed the tyranny of age,—
Nay, once had dealt the sacrilegious blow
On his bare head, and laid his parent low ;
The father groan'd—"If thou art old," said he,
"And hast a son—thou wilt remember me :
Thy mother left me in a happy time, [crime."
Thou kill'st not her—Heaven spares the double

On an inn-settle, in his maudlin grief,
This he revolved, and drank for his relief.

Now lived the youth in freedom, but debarr'd
From constant pleasure, and he thought it hard ;
Hard that he could not every wish obey,
But must awhile relinquish ale and play ;
Hard ! that he could not to his cards attend,
But must acquire the money he would spend.

With greedy eye he look'd on all he saw,
He knew not justice, and he laugh'd at law ;
On all he mark'd, he stretch'd his ready hand ;
He fish'd by water and he filch'd by land :
Of in the night has Peter dropp'd his oar,
Fled from his boat and sought for prey on shore ;
Oft up the hedge-row glided, on his back
Bearing the orchard's produce in a sack,
Or farm-yard load, tug'd fiercely from the stack :
And as these wrongs to greater numbers rose,
The more he look'd on all men as his foes.

He built a mud-wall'd hovel, where he kept
His various wealth, and there he oft-times slept ;
But no success could please his cruel soul,
He wish'd for one to trouble and controul ;
He wanted some obedient boy to stand
And bear the blow of his outrageous hand ;
And hoped to find in some propitious hour
A feeling creature subject to his power.

Peter had heard there were in London then,—
Still have they being!—Workhouse-clearing men,
Who, undisturb'd by feelings just or kind,
Would parish-boys to needy tradesmen bind :
They in their want a trifling sum would take,
And toiling slaves of piteous orphans make.

Such Peter sought, and when a lad was found,
The sum was dealt him, and the slave was bound.
Some few in town observed in Peter's trap
A boy, with jacket blue and woollen cap ;
But none inquired how Peter used the rope,
Or what the bruise, that made the stripling stoop ;
None could the ridges on his back behold,
None sought him shivering in the winter's cold ;
None put the question,—“Peter, dost thou give
The boy his food?—What, man ! the lad must live :
Consider, Peter, let the child have bread,
He'll serve thee better if he's stroked and fed.”
None reason'd thus—and some, on hearing cries,
Said calmly, “Grimes is at his exercise.”

Pin'd, beaten, cold, pinch'd, threaten'd, and
abused—

His efforts punish'd and his food refused,—
Awake tormented,—soon aroused from sleep,—
Struck if he wept, and yet compell'd to weep,
The trembling boy dropp'd down and strove to pray,
Received a blow, and trembling turn'd away,
Or sobb'd and hid his piteous face ;—while he,
The savage master, grin'd in horrid glee :

He'd now the power he ever loved to show,
A feeling being subject to his blow.

Thus lived the lad, in hunger, peril, pain,
His tears despi'd, his supplications vain :
Compell'd by fear to lie, by need to steal,
His bed uneasy and unblest his meal,
For three sad years the boy his tortures bore,
And then his pains and trials were no more.

“How died he, Peter?” when the people said,
He growl'd—"I found him lifeless in his bed ;"
Then tried for softer tone, and sigh'd, “Poor Sam
is dead.” [ask'd,—

Yet murmurs were there, and some questions
How he was fed, how punish'd, and how task'd ;
Much they suspected, but they little proved,
And Peter pass'd untroubled and unmoved.

Another boy with equal ease was found,
The money granted, and the victim bound ;
And what his fate!—One night it chanced he fell
From the boat's mast and perish'd in her well,
Where fish were living kept, and where the boy
(So reason'd men) could not himself destroy :—

“Yes ! so it was,” said Peter, “in his play,
For he was idle both by night and day ;
He climb'd the main-mast and then fell below ;”—
Then show'd his corpse and pointed to the blow.
“What said the jury ?”—they were long in doubt,
But sturdy Peter faced the matter out :
So they dismiss'd him, saying at the time, [climb.”
“Keep fast your hatchway when you've boys who
This hit the conscience, and he coloured more
Than for the closest questions put before.

Thus all his fears the verdict set aside,
And at the slave-shop Peter still applied.

Then came a boy of manners soft and mild,—
Our seamen's wives with grief beheld the child :
All thought (the poor themselves) that he was one
Of gentle blood, some noble sinner's son,
Who had, belike, deceived some humble maid,
Whom he had first seduced, and then betray'd :
However this, he seem'd a gracious lad,
In grief submissive and with patience sad.

Passive he labour'd, till his slender frame
Bent with his loads, and he at length was lame :
Strange that a frame so weak could bear so long
The grossest insult and the foulest wrong ;
But there were causes—in the town they gave
Fire, food, and comfort, to the gentle slave ;
And though stern Peter, with a cruel hand,
And knotted rope, enforced the rude command,
Yet he consider'd what he'd lately felt,
And his vile blows with selfish pity dealt.
One day such draughts the cruel fisher made,
He could not vend them in his borough-trade,
But sail'd for London-mart : the boy was ill,
But ever humbled to his master's will ;
And on the river, where they smoothly sail'd,
He strove with terror and awhile prevail'd ;
But new to danger on the angry sea,
He clung affrighten'd to his master's knee :

The boat grew leaky and the wind was strong ;
Rough was the passage and the time was long ;
His liquor fail'd, and Peter's wrath arose,—
No more is known—the rest we must suppose,

Or learn of Peter;—Peter says, he “spied
The stripling’s danger and for harbour tried;
Meantime the fish, and then the apprentice died.”

The pitying women raised a clamour round,
And weeping said “thou hast thy ‘prentice drown’d?”

Now the stern man was summon’d to the Hall,
To tell his tale before the burghers all:
He gave the account; profess’d the lad he loved,
And kept his brazen features all unmoved.

The mayor himself with tone severe replied,—
“Henceforth with thee shall never boy abide;
Hire thee a freeman, whom thou durst not beat,
But who, in thy despite, will sleep and eat:
Free thou art now!—again shouldst thou appear,
Thou’lt find thy sentence, like thy soul, severe.”

Alas! for Peter not a helping hand,
So was he hated, could he now command;
Alone he row’d his boat, alone he cast
His nets beside, or made his anchor fast;
To hold a rope or hear a curse was none,—
He toil’d and rail’d; he groan’d and swore alone.

Thus by himself compell’d to live each day,
To wait for certain hours the tide’s delay;
At the same times the same dull views to see,
The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree;
The water only, when the tides were high,
When low, the mud half-cover’d and half-dry;
The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,
And bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks;
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.

When tides were neap, and, in the sultry day,
Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their
Which on each side rose swelling, and below lay,
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow;
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide;
Where the small eels, that left the deeper way
For the warm shore, within the shallows play;
Where gaping muscels, left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood;—
Here dull and hopeless he’d lie down and trace
How sidelong crabs had scrawl’d their crooked
Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry [race;
Of fishing gull or clanging golden-eye;
What time the sea-birds to the marsh would come,
And the loud bittern, from the bull-rush home,
Gave from the salt-ditch side the bellowing boom:
He nursed the feelings these dull scenes produce,
And loved to stop beside the opening sluice;
Where the small stream, confined in narrow bound,
Ran with a dull, unvaried, saddening sound;
Where all, presented to the eye or ear,
Oppress’d the soul with misery, grief, and fear.

Besides these objects, there were places three,
Which Peter seem’d with certain dread to see;
When he drew near them he would turn from each,
And loudly whistle till he pass’d the reach.*

* The reaches in a river are those parts which extend from point to point. Johnson has not the word precisely in this sense; but it is very common, and I believe used wherever a navigable river can be found in this country.

A change of scene to him brought no relief,
In town, ’twas plain, men took him for a thief,
The sailors’ wives would stop him in the street,
And say, “Now, Peter, thou’st no boy to beat:”
Infants at play, when they perceived him, ran,
Warning each other—“That’s the wicked man:”
He growl’d an oath, and in an angry tone
Curs’d the whole place and wish’d to be alone.

Alone he was, the same dull scenes in view,
And still more gloomy in his sight they grew:
Though man he hated, yet employ’d alone
At bootless labour, he would swear and groan,
Cursing the shoals that glided by the spot,
And gulls that caught them when his arts could not.

Cold nervous tremblings shook his sturdy frame,
And strange disease—he couldn’t say the name;
Wild were his dreams, and oft he rose in fright,
Waked by his view of horrors in the night,—
Horrors that would the sternest minds amaze,
Horrors that demons might be proud to raise:
And though he felt forsaken, grieved at heart,
To think he lived from all mankind apart;
Yet, if a man approach’d, in terrors he would start.

A winter pass’d since Peter saw the town,
And summer-lodgers were again come down;
These, idly curious, with their glasses spied
The ships in bay as anchor’d for the tide,—
The river’s craft,—the bustle of the quay,—
And sea-port views, which landmen love to see.

One, up the river, had a man and boat
Seen day by day, now anchor’d, now afloat;
Fisher he seem’d, yet used no net nor hook;
Of sea-fowl swimming by, no heed he took,
But on the gliding waves still fix’d his lazy look:
At certain stations he would view the stream,
As if he stood bewild’r’d in a dream,
Or that some power had chained him for a time,
To feel a curse or meditate on crime.

This known, some curious, some in pity went,
And others question’d—“Wretch, dost thou re-
pent?”

He heard, he trembled, and in fear resign’d
His boat: new terror filled his restless mind;
Furious he grew, and up the country ran,
And there they seiz’d him—a distemper’d man:—
Him we received, and to a parish-bed,
Follow’d and curs’d, the groaning man was led.

Here when they saw him, whom they used to
A lost, lone man, so harass’d and undone; [shun,
Our gentle females, ever prompt to feel,
Perceived compassion on their anger steal;
His crimes they couldn’t from their memories blot,
But they were griev’d, and trembled at his lot.

A priest too came, to whom his words are told;
And all the signs they shudder’d to behold.

“Look! look!” they cried; “his limbs with
horror shake,
And as he grinds his teeth, what noise they make!
How glare his angry eyes, and yet he’s not awake:
See what cold drops upon his forehead stand,
And how he clenches that broad bony hand.”

The priest attending found, he spoke at times
As one alluding to his fears and crimes :
" It was the fall ;" he mutter'd, " I can show
The manner how—I never struck a blow ;"—
And then aloud—" Unhand me, free my chain ;
On oath, he fell—it struck him to the brain :—
Why ask my father !—that old man will swear
Against my life ; besides, he wasn't there :—
What, all agreed ?—Am I to die to-day ?—
My Lord, in mercy, give me time to pray."

Then as they watch'd him, calmer he became,
And grew so weak he couldn't move his frame,
But murmuring spake,—while they could see and
The start of terror and the groan of fear ; [hear
See the large dew-heads on his forehead rise,
And the cold death-drop glaze his sunken eyes ;
Nor yet he died, but with unwonted force
Seem'd with some fancied being to discourse :
He knew not us, or with accustom'd art
He hid the knowledge, yet exposed his heart ;
'Twas part confession and the rest defence,
A madman's tale, with gleams of waking sense.

" I'll tell you all," he said, " the very day
When the old man first placed them in my way :
My father's spirit—he who always tried
To give me trouble, when he lived and died—
When he was gone, he could not be content
To see my days in painful labour spent,
But would appoint his meetings, and he made
Me watch at these, and so neglect my trade.

" 'Twas one hot noon, all silent, still, serene,
No living being had I lately seen ;
I paddled up and down and dipp'd my net,
But (such his pleasure) I could nothing get,—
A father's pleasure, when his toil was done,
To plague and torture thus an only son !
And so I sat and look'd upon the stream,
How it ran on, and felt as in a dream ;
But dream it was not ; no !—I fix'd my eyes
On the mid stream and saw the spirits rise ;
I saw my father on the water stand,
And hold a thin pale boy in either hand ;
And there they glided ghastly on the top
Of the salt flood, and never touch'd a drop : [tent,
I would have struck them, but they knew the in-
And smiled upon the oar, and down they went.

" Now, from that day, whenever I began
To dip my net, there stood the hard old man—
He and those boys : I humbled me and pray'd
They would be gone ;—they heeded not but stay'd :
Nor could I turn, nor would the boat go by,
But gazing on the spirits, there was I :
They bade me leap to death, but I was loth to die :
And every day, as sure as day arose,
Would these three spirits meet me ere the close ;
To hear and mark them daily was my doom,
And ' Come,' they said, with weak, sad, voices,
To row away with all my strength I tried, [' come.'
But there were they, hard by me in the tide,
The three unbodied forms—and ' Come,' still
' come,' they cried.

" Fathers should pity—but this old man shook
His hoary locks, and froze me by a look : [came
Thrice, when I struck them, through the water
A hollow groan, that weaken'd all my frame :

' Father !' said I, ' have mercy :'—He replied,
I know not what—the angry spirit lied,—
' Didst thou not draw thy knife ?' said he :—'Twas
But I had pity and my arm withdrew : [true,
He cried for mercy, which I kindly gave,
But he has no compassion in his grave.

" There were three places, where they ever rose,—
The whole long river has not such as those,—
Places accur'd, where, if a man remain,
He'll see the things which strike him to the brain ;
And there they made me on my paddle lean,
And look at them for hours ;—accurs'd scene !
When they would glide to that smooth eddy-space,
Then bid me leap and join them in the place ;
And at my groans each little villain sprite
Enjoy'd my pains and vanish'd in delight.

" In one fierce summer-day, when my poor brain
Was burning hot and cruel was my pain,
Then came this father-foe, and there he stood
With his two boys again upon the flood ;
There was more mischief in their eyes, more glee
In their pale faces when they glared at me :
Still did they force me on the oar to rest,
And when they saw me fainting and oppress'd,
He, with his hand, the old man, scoop'd the flood,
And there came flame about him mix'd with blood ;
He bade me stoop and look upon the place,
Then flung the hot-red liquor in my face ;
Burning it blazed, and then I roar'd for pain,
I thought the demons would have turn'd my brain.

" Still there they stood, and forced me to behold
A place of horrors—they cannot be told—
Where the flood open'd, there I heard the shriek
Of tortured guilt—no earthly tongue can speak :
' All days alike ! for ever !' did they say,
' And unremitted torments every day'
Yes, so they said :—' But here he ceased and gazed
On all around, affrighten'd and amazed ;
And still he tried to speak, and look'd in dread
Of frighten'd females gathering round his bed ;
Then dropp'd exhausted and appear'd at rest,
Till the strong foe the vital powers possess'd ;
Then with an inward, broken voice he cried,
' Again they come !' and mutter'd as he died.

LETTER XXIII.

Prisons.

*Pena autem vehementer ac multo severior illis,
Quae et Cædicius gravis invenit aut Rhodamanthus,
Nocte dieque sumum gestare in pectore testem.*
JOURNAL Nat. 13, l. 107.

" Think my former state a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shows us but this.—I am sworn brother now
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death.

RICHARD II.

PRISONS.

The Mind of Man accommodates itself to all situations :
Prisons otherwise would be intolerable.—Debtors : their
different kinds : Three particularly described ; others
more briefly.—An Arrested Prisoner : his account of his
Feelings and his Situation.—The alleviations of a Prison
—Prisoners for crimes.—Two condemned : a vindictive
Female : a Highwayman.—The interval between con-
demnation and execution.—His Feelings as the time
approaches.—His Dream.

'Tis well—that man to all the varying states
Of good and ill his mind accommodates,

He not alone progressive grief sustains,
But soon submits to unexperienced pains :
Change after change, all climes his body bears ;
His mind repeated shocks of changing cares :
Faith and fair virtue arm the nobler breast ;
Hope and mere want of feeling aid the rest.

Or who could bear to lose the balmy air
Of summer's breath, from all things fresh and fair,
With all that man admires or loves below ;
All earth and water, wood and vale bestow, [flow ;
Where rosy pleasures smile, whence real blessings
With sight and sound of every kind that lives,
And crowning all with joy that freedom gives !

Who could from these, in some unhappy day,
Bear to be drawn by ruthless arms away,
To the vile nuisance of a noisome room,
Where only insolence and misery come !
(Save that the curious will by chance appear,
Or some in pity drop a fruitless tear ;)
To a damp prison, where the very sight
Of the warm sun is favour and not right ;
Where all we hear or see, the feelings shock,
The oath and groan, the fetter and the lock !

Who could bear this and live !—Oh ! many a year
All this is borne, and miseries more severe ;
And some there are familiar with the scene,
Who live in mirth, though few become serene.

Far as I might the inward man perceive,
There was a constant effort—not to grieve ;
Not to despair, for better days would come,
And the freed debtor smile again at home :
Subdued his habits, he may peace regain,
And bless the woes that were not sent in vain.

Thus might we class the debtors here confined,
The more deceived, the more deceitful kind :
Here are the guilty race, who mean to live
On credit, that credulity will give ;
Who purchase, conscious they can never pay ;
Who know their fate, and traffic to betray ;
On whom no pity, fear, remorse, prevail,
Their aim a statute, their resource a gaol ;—
These, as the public spoilers, we regard,
No dun so harsh, no creditor so hard.

A second kind are they, who truly strive
To keep their sinking credit long alive ;
Success, nay prudence they may want, but yet
They would be solvent and deplore a debt ;
All means they use, to all expedients run,
And are by slow, sad steps at last undone :
Justly, perhaps, you blame their want of skill,
But mourn their feelings and absolve their will.

There is a debtor, who his trifling all
Spreads in a shop ; it would not fill a stall :
There at one window his temptation lays,
And in new modes disposes and displays :
Above the door you shall his name behold,
And what he vends in ample letters told,
The words Repository, Warehouse, all
He uses to enlarge concerns so small :
He to his goods assigns some beauty's name,
Then in her reign, and hopes they'll share her
fame ;
And talks of credit, commerce, traffic, trade,
As one important by their profit made ;

But who can paint the vacancy, the gloom,
And spare dimensions of one backward room ?
Wherein he dines, if so 'tis fit to speak,
Of one day's herring and the morrow's steak ;
An anchorite in diet, all his care
Is to display his stock and vend his ware.

Long waiting hopeless, then he tries to meet
A kinder fortune in a distant street ;
There he again displays, increasing yet
Corroding sorrow and consuming debt :
Alas ! he wants the requisites to rise—
The true connexions, the availing ties ;
They who succeed on certainties advance,
These are not times when men prevail by chance :
But still he tries, till, after years of pain,
He finds, with anguish, he has tried in vain.
Debtors are these on whom 'tis hard to press,
'Tis base, impolitic, and merciless.

To these we add a miscellaneous kind,
By pleasure, pride, and indolence confined ;
Those whom no calls, no warnings could divert,
The unexperienced, and the inexpert ;
The builder, idler, schemer, gamester, sot,
The folly diverse, but the same their lot ;
Victims of horses, lasses, drinking, dice,
Of every passion, humour, whim, and vice.

See ! that sad merchant, who but yesterday
Had a vast household in command and pay ;
He now entreats permission to employ
A boy he needs, and then entreats the boy.

And there sits one, improvident but kind,
Bound for a friend, whom honour could not bind ;
Sighing, he speaks to any who appear,
“ A treacherous friend—'twas that which sent me
here :
I was too kind,—I thought I could depend
On his bare word—he was a treacherous friend.”

A female too !—it is to her a home,
She came before—and she again will come :
Her friends have pity ; when their anger drops,
They take her home ;—she's tried her schools and
shops—
Plan after plan ;—but fortune would not mend,
She to herself was still the treacherous friend ;
And wheresoe'er began, all here was sure to end :
And there she sits as thoughtless and as gay,
As if she'd means, or not a debt to pay—
Or knew to-morrow she'd be call'd away—
Or felt a shilling and could dine to-day.

While thus observing, I began to trace
The sober'd features of a well-known face—
Looks once familiar, manners form'd to please,
And all illumined by a heart at ease :
But fraud and flattery ever claim'd a part
(Still unresisted) of that easy heart ;
But he at length beholds me—“ Ah ! my friend !
And have thy pleasures this unlucky end !”

“ Too sure,” he said, and smiling as he sigh'd ;
“ I went astray, though Prudence seem'd my guide ;
All she proposed I in my heart approved,
And she was honour'd, but my pleasure loved—
Pleasure, the mistress to whose arms I fled,
From wife-like lectures angry Prudence read.

"Why speak the madness of a life like mine,
The powers of beauty, novelty, and wine?
Why paint the wanton smile, the venal vow,
Or friends whose worth I can appreciate now!

"Oft I perceiv'd my fate, and then would say,
I'll think to-morrow, I must live to-day:
So am I here—I own the laws are just—
And here, where thought is painful, think I must:
But speech is pleasant, this discourse with thee
Brings to my mind the sweets of liberty,
Breaks on the sameness of the place, and gives
The doubtful heart conviction that it lives.

"Let me describe my anguish in the hour
When law detained me and I felt its power.

"When in that shipwreck, this I found my shore,
And join'd the wretched, who were wreck'd before;
When I perceived each feature in the face,
Pinch'd through neglect or turbid by disgrace;
When in these wasting forms affliction stood
In my afflicted view, it chill'd my blood;—
And forth I rush'd, a quick retreat to make,
Till a loud laugh proclaim'd the dire mistake:
But when the groan had settled to a sigh,
When gloom became familiar to the eye,
When I perceive how others seem to rest,
With every evil rankling in my breast,—
Led by example, I put on the man,
Sing off my sighs, and trifle as I can.

"Homer! nay Pope! (for never will I seek
Applause for learning—nought have I with Greek)
Gives us the secrets of his pagan hell,
Where ghost with ghost in sad communion dwell;
Where shade meets shade, and round the gloomy
They glide and speak of old heroic deeds,— [meads
What fields they conquered, and what foes they slew,
And sent to join the melancholy crew.

"When a new spirit in that world was found,
A thousand shadowy forms came flitting round;
Those who had known him, fond inquiries made,—
'Of all we left, inform us, gentle shade,
Now as we lead thee in our realms to dwell,
Our twilight groves and meads of Asphodel.'

"What paints the poet, is our station here,
Where we like ghosts and flitting shades appear:
This is the hell he sings, and here we meet,
And former deeds to new-made friends repeat;
Heroic deeds, which here obtain us fame,
And are, in fact, the causes why we came:
Yes! this dim region is old Homer's hell,
Abate but groves, and meads of Asphodel.

"Here, when a stranger from your world we spy,
We gather round him and for news apply;
He hears unheeding, nor can speech endure,
But shivering gazes on the vast obscure:
We smiling pity, and by kindness show
We felt his feelings and his terrors know;
Then speak of comfort—time will give him sight,
Where now 'tis dark; where now 'tis woe—delight.

"'Have hope,' we say, 'and soon the place to
Shall not a prison but a castle be: [thee
When to the wretch whom care and guilt confound,
The world's a prison, with a wider bound;
Go where he may, he feels himself confined,
And wears the fetters of an abject mind.'

"But now adieu! those giant-keys appear,
Thou art not worthy to be inmate here:
Go to thy world, and to the young declare
What we, our spirits and employments are;
Tell them how we the ills of life endure,
Our empire stable and our state secure;
Our dress, our diet, for their use describe,
And bid them haste to join the generous tribe:
Go to thy world, and leave us here to dwell,
Who to its joys and comforts bid farewell."

Farewell to these; but other scenes I view,
And other griefs, and guilt of deeper hue;
Where conscience gives to outward ills her pain,
Gloom to the night and pressure to the chain.
Here separate cells awhile in misery keep
Two doom'd to suffer: there they strive for sleep;
Ily day indulged, in larger space they range,
Their bondage certain, but their bounds have change.

One was a female, who had grievous ill
Wrought in revenge, and she enjoy'd it still;
With death before her and her fate in view,
Unsated vengeance in her bosom grew:
Sullen she was and threatening; in her eye
Glared the stern triumph that she dared to die:
But first a being in the world must leave—
'Twas once reproach; 'twas now a short reprieve.

She was a pauper bound, who early gave
Her mind to vice and doubly was a slave;
Upbraided, beaten, held by rough controul,
Revenge sustain'd, inspired and fill'd her soul:
She fired a full-stor'd barn, confess'd the fact,
And laugh'd at law and justified the act:
Our gentle vicar tried his powers in vain,
She answer'd not, or answer'd with disdain;
The approaching fate she heard without a sigh,
And neither cared to live nor fear'd to die.

Not so he felt, who with her was to pay
The forfeit, life—with dread he view'd the day,
And that short space which yet for him remain'd,
Till with his limbs his faculties were chain'd:
He paced his narrow bounds some ease to find,
But found it not,—no comfort reach'd his mind:
Each sense was palsied; when he tasted food,
He sigh'd and said, "Enough—'tis very good."
Since his dread sentence, nothing seem'd to be
As once it was—he seeing could not see,
Nor hearing, hear aright.—When first I came
Within his view, I fancied there was shame,
I judged resentment; I mistook the air,—
These fainter passions live not with despair;
Or but exist and die:—hope, fear, and love,
Joy, doubt, and hate, may other spirits move,
But touch not his, who every waking hour
Has one fix'd dread, and always feels its power.

"But will not mercy?"—No! she cannot plead
For such an outrage:—'twas a cruel deed:
He stopp'd a timid traveller:—to his breast,
With oaths and curses, was the danger press'd:—
No! he must suffer; pity we may find
For one man's pangs, but must not wrong mankind.

Still I behold him, every thought employ'd
On one dire view!—all others are destroy'd;
This makes his features ghastly, gives the tone
Of his few words resemblance to a groan:

He takes his tasteless food, and when 'tis done,
Counts up his meals, now lessen'd by that one ;
For expectation is on Time intent,
Whether he brings us joy or punishment.

Yes ! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain ;
He sees the judge and jury, when he shakes,
And loudly cries, " Not guilty," and awakes :
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compell'd to sleep.

Now comes the dream again : it shows each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between—
To call to suffering and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow and precede ;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them :
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be :
A priest attends—it seems, the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.

At this his terrors take a sudden flight,
He sees his native village with delight ;
The house, the chamber, where he once array'd
His youthful person ; where he knelt and pray'd :
Then too the comforts he enjoy'd at home,
The days of joy ; the joys themselves are come ;—
The hours of innocence ;—the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took
And told his hope ; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve and his retreating fears.

All now is present ;—'tis a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream !
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.

Yes ! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile :
Then come his sister and his village-friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield :—No ! never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind :
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and honour on the tongue ;
Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shows,
The bloom is softer and more sweetly glows ;—
Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane,—then linger in the mead,—
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,—
And pluck the blossom where the wild-bees hum ;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed ;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
O'er its rough bridge—and there behold the bay !—
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun—
The waves that faintly fall and slowly run—
The ships at distance and the boats at hand ;
And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
Counting the number and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea :
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles roll'd :
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,

And search for crimson weeds, which spreading
Or lie like pictures on the sand below ; [flow,
With all those bright red pebbles, that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon ;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by :
Pearl-shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour-fire,—
Tokens of bliss !—" Oh ! horrible ! a wave
Roars as it rises—save me, Edward ! save !"
She cries :—Alas ! the watchman on his way
Calls and lets in—truth, terror, and the day !

LETTER XXIV.

Schools.

*tu quoque ne metuas, quamvis schola verbera iulio
Incepit et truculentus senex, goret ora magister .
Degenere animos timor arguit : at tibi constet
Intrepidus, nec te clamor plagaque sonantes,
Nec matutinis agitet formidinis horis,
Quod scelerum vibrat ferula, quod multa supplex
Virga, quod molles cuticram prestat aluta.
Quod fervent trepidi subuella vestra tumultu,
Pompa luci, et vani fugiatur aena timoris.*

AUGUSTUS DE PRAECEPTO AD NERONEM.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,—
We love the play-place of our early days ;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stung
That feels not at that sight—and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill ;
The very name we carved subsisting still ;
The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
Though mangled, hack'd, and how'd, yet not destroy'd.
The little ones unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games and on the very spot ;
As happy as we once to kneel and draw
The chalky ring and knuckle down at taw.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
When first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfeeling sway,
We feel it e'en in age and at our latest day.

COWPER.

SCHOOLS.

Every kind to be found in the Borough—The School for
Infants—The School Preparatory : the Sagacity of the
Mistress in foreseeing Character—Day-Schools of the
lower kind—A Master with talents adapted to such
Pupils : one of superior qualifications—Boarding-Schools :
that for young Ladies : One going first to the Governess,
one finally returning Home—School for youth : Master
and Teacher ; various Dispositions and Capacities—The
Miser-Hoy—The Boy-Bully—Sons of Farmers : how
amused—What study will effect, examined—A college
life : One sent from his college to a benefice ; one re-
turned there in dignity—The advantages in either case
not considerable—Where then the good of a literary life ?
—Answered—Conclusion.

To every class we have a school assign'd,
Rules for all ranks and fool for every mind :
Yet one there is, that small regard to rule
Or study pays, and still is deem'd a school ;
That where a deaf, poor, patient widow sits,
And awes some thirty infants as she knits ;
Infants of humble, busy wives, who pay
Some trifling price for freedom through the day.
At this good matron's hut the children meet,
Who thus becomes the mother of the street :
Her room is small, they cannot widely stray,—
Her threshold high, they cannot run away :
Though deaf, she sees the rebel-heroes shout,—
Though lame, her white rod nimbly walks about ;
With band of yarn she keeps offenders in,
And to her gown the sturdiest rogue can pin :

Another matron of superior kind,
For higher schools prepares the rising mind ;
Preparatory she her learning calls,
The step first made to colleges and halls.

She early sees to what the mind will grow,
Nor abler judge of infant-powers I know ;
She sees what soon the lively will impede,
And how the steadier will in turn succeed ;
Observes the dawn of wisdom, fancy, taste,
And knows what parts will wear and what will waste ;
She marks the mind too lively, and at once
Sees the gay coxcomb and the rattling dunce.

Long has she lived, and much she loves to trace
Her former pupils, now a lordly race ;
Whom when she sees rich robes and furs bedeck,
She marks the pride which once she strove to check :
A burges comes, and she remembers well
How hard her task to make his worship spell ;
Cold, selfish, dull, inanimate, unkind,
'Twas but by anger he display'd a mind :
Now civil, smiling, complaisant, and gay,
The world has worn th' unsocial crust away ;
That sullen spirit now a softness wears,
And, save by fits, e'en dulness disappears :
But still the matron can the man behold,
Dull, selfish, hard, inanimate and cold.
A merchant passes,—“ Probity and truth, [youth.”
Prudence and patience, mark'd thee from thy
Thus she observes, but oft retains her fears
For him, who now with name unstain'd appears ;
Nor hope relinquishes, for one who yet
Is lost in error and involved in debt ;
For latent evil in that heart she found,
More open here, but here the core was sound.

Various our day-schools : here behold we one
Empty and still :—the morning duties done,
Soil'd, tatter'd, worn, and thrown in various heaps,
Appear their books, and there confusion sleeps ;
The workmen all are from the Babel fled,
And lost their tools, till the return they dread :
Meantime the master, with his wig awry,
Prepares his books for business by-and-by :
Now all the insignia of the monarch laid
Beside him rest, and none stand by afraid ;
He, while his troop light-hearted leap and play,
Is all intent on duties of the day ;
No more the tyrant stern or judge severe,
He feels the father's and the husband's fear.

Low in his price—the men who heave our coals,
And clean our causeways, send him boys in shoals :
To see poor Reuben, with his fry beside,—
Their half-check'd rudeness and his half-scorn'd
pride—

Their room, the sty in which the assembly meet,
In the close lane behind the Northgate-street ;
To observe his vain attempts to keep the peace,
Till tolls the bell, and strife on both sides cease,—
Calls for our praise ; his labour praise deserves,
But not our pity ; Reuben has no nerves :
'Mid noise and dirt, and stench and play and prate,
He calmly cuts the pen or views the slate.

But Leonard !—yes, for Leonard's fate I grieve,
Who loaths the station which he dares not leave ;
He cannot dig, he will not beg his bread,
All his dependence rests upon his head ;
And deeply skill'd in sciences and arts,
On vulgar lads he wastes superior parts.

Alas ! what grief that feeling mind sustains,
In guiding hands and stirring torpid brains ;
He whose proud mind from pole to pole will move,
And view the wonders of the worlds above ;
Who thinks and reasons strongly :—hard his fate,
Confined for ever to the pen and slate :
True, he submits, and when the long dull day
Has slowly pass'd, in weary tasks, away,
To other worlds with cheerful view he looks,
And parts the night between repose and books.

Amid his labours, he has sometimes tried
To turn a little from his cares aside ;
Pope, Milton, Dryden, with delight has seized,
His soul engaged and of his trouble eased :
When, with a heavy eye and ill-done sum,
No part conceived, a stupid boy will come :
Then Leonard first subdues the rising frown,
And bids the blockhead lay his blunders down ;
O'er which disgusted he will turn his eye,
To his sad duty his sound mind apply,
And, vex'd in spirit, throws his pleasures by.

Turn we to schools which more than these afford—
The sound instruction and the wholesome board ;
And first our school for ladies :—pity calls
For one soft sigh, when we behold these walls,
Placed near the town, and where, from window
high,
The fair, confined, may our free crowds espy,

With many a stranger gazing up and down,
And all the envied tumult of the town ;
May, in the smiling summer-eve, when they
Are sent to sleep the pleasant hours away,
Behold the poor (whom they conceive the blest)
Employ'd for hours, and grieved they cannot rest.

Here the fond girl, whose days are sad and few
Since dear mama pronounced the last adieu,
Looks to the road, and fondly thinks she hears
The carriage-wheels, and struggles with her tears:
All yet is new, the misses great and small,
Madam herself, and teachers, odious all ;
From laughter, pity, may command, she turns,
But melts in softness, or with anger burns ;
Nauseates her food, and wonders who can sleep
On such mean beds, where she can only weep :
She scorns condolence—but to all she hates
Slowly at length her mind accommodates ;
Then looks on bondage with the same concern
As others felt, and finds that she must learn
As others learn'd—the common lot to share,
To search for comfort and submit to care.

There are, 'tis said, who on these seats attend,
And to these ductile minds destruction vend ;
Wretches (to virtue, peace, and nature, foes),
To these soft minds, their wicked trash expose ;
Seize on the soul, ere passions take the sway,
And lead the heart, ere yet it feels, astray :
Smugglers obscene !—and can there be who take
Infernal pains, the sleeping vice to wake ?
Can there be those, by whom the thought defiled
Enters the spotless bosom of a child ?
By whom the ill is to the heart convey'd,
Who lend the foe, not yet in arms, their aid,
And sap the city-walls before the siege be laid ?

Oh ! rather skulking in the by-ways steal,
And rob the poorest traveller of his meal ;
Burst through the humblest trader's bolted door ;
Bear from the widow's hut her winter-store ;
With stolen steed, on highways take your stand,
Your lips with curses arm'd, with death your hand ;—
Take all but life—the virtuous more would say,
Take life itself, dear as it is, away,
Rather than guilty thus the guiltless soul betray.

Years pass away—let us suppose them past
The accomplish'd nymph for freedom looks at last ;
All hardship over, which a school contains,
The spirit's bondage and the body's pains ;
Where teachers make the heartless, trembling set
Of pupils suffer for their own regret ;
Where winter's cold, attack'd by one poor fire,
Chills the fair child, commanded to retire ;
She felt it keenly in the morning air,
Keenly she felt it at the evening prayer.
More pleasant summer ; but then walks were made,
Not a sweet ramble, but a slow parade ;
They moved by pairs beside the hawthorn-hedge,
Only to set their feelings on an edge ;
And now at eve, when all their spirits rise,
Are sent to rest, and all their pleasure dies ;
Where yet they all the town alert can see,
And distant plough-boys pacing o'er the lea.

These and the tasks successive masters brought—
The French they conn'd, the curious works they
wrought :

The hours they made their taper fingers strike,
Note after note, all dull to them alike ;

Their drawings, dancings on appointed days,
Playing with globes, and getting parts of plays ;
The tender friendships made 'twixt heart and heart,
When the dear friends had nothing to impart :—

All ! all ! are over ; now the accomplish'd maid
Longes for the world, of nothing there afraid :
Dreams of delight invade her gentle breast,
And fancied lovers rob the heart of rest ;
At the paternal door a carriage stands,
Love knits their hearts and Hymen joins their
hands.

Ah !—world unknown ! how charming is thy view,
Thy pleasures many, and each pleasure new :
Ah !—world experienced ! what of thee is told ?
How few thy pleasures, and those few how old.

Within a silent street, and far apart
From noise of business, from a quay or mart,
Stands an old spacious building, and the din
You hear without explains the work within ;
Unlike the whispering of the nymphs, this noise
Loudly proclaims a " Boarding-School for Boys :—"
The master heeds it not, for thirty years
Have render'd all familiar to his ears ;
He sits in comfort, 'mid the various sound
Of mingled tones for ever flowing round ;
Day after day he to his task attends,—
Unvaried toil, and care that never ends :
Boys in their works proceed ; while his employ
Admits no change, or changes but the boy ;
Yet time has made it easy ;—he beside
Has power supreme, and power is sweet to pride :
But grant him pleasure ;—what can teachers feel,
Dependent helpers always at the wheel ?
Their power despised, their compensation small,
Their labour dull, their life laborious all ;
Set after set the lower lads to make
Fit for the class which their superiors take ;
The road of learning for a time to track,
In roughest state, and then again go back :
Just the same way on other troops to wait,—
Attendants fix'd at learning's lower gate.

The day-tasks now are over,—to their ground
Rush the gay crowd with joy-compelling sound ;
Glad to illude the burdens of the day,
The eager parties hurry to their play ;
Then in these hours of liberty we find
The native bias of the opening mind ;
They yet possess not skill the mask to place,
And hide the passions glowing in the face ;
Yet some are found—the close, the sly, the mean,
Who know already all must not be seen.

Lo ! one who walks apart, although so young,
He lays restraint upon his eye and tongue ;
Nor will he into scrapes or dangers get,
And half the school are in the strippling's debt :
Suspicious, timid, he is much afraid
Of trick and plot :—he dreads to be betray'd ;
He shuns all friendships, for he finds they lend,
When lads begin to call each other friend :
Yet self with self has war ; the tempting sight
Of fruit on sale provokes his appetite :—
See ! how he walks the sweet seduction by ;
That he is tempted, costs him first a sigh,—
'Tis dangerous to indulge ! 'tis grievous to deny :
This he will choose, and whispering asks the price,
The purchase dreadful, but the portion nice ;

Within the pocket he explores the pence ;
 Without, temptation strikes on either sense,
 The sight, the smell ;—but then he thinks again,
 Of money wasted ! when no taste remain.
 Meantime there comes an eager thoughtless boy,
 Who gives the price and only feels the joy :
 Example dire ! the youthful miser stops,
 And slowly back the treasured coinage drops :
 Heroic deed ! for should he now comply,
 Can he to-morrow's appetite deny ?
 Beside, these spendthrifts who so freely live,
 Cloy'd with their purchase, will a portion give ;—
 Here ends debate, he buttons up his store,
 And feels the comfort that it burns no more.

Unlike to him the tyrant-boy, whose sway
 All hearts acknowledge ; him the crowds obey :
 At his command they break through every rule ;
 Whoever governs, he controls the school :
 'Tis not the distant emperor moves their fear,
 But the proud viceroy who is ever near.

Verres could do that mischief in a day,
 For which not Rome, in all its power, could pay ;
 And these boy-tyrants will their slaves distress,
 And do the wrongs no master can redress :
 The mind they load with fear : it feels disdain
 For its own baseness ; yet it tries in vain [again :
 To shake the admitted power ;—the coward comes
 'Tis more than present pain these tyrants give,
 Long as we've life some strong impressions live ;
 And these young ruffians in the soul will sow
 Seeds of all vices that on weakness grow.

Hark ! at his word the trembling younglings
 Where he is walking none must walk but he ; [flee,
 See ! from the winter-fire the weak retreat,
 His the warm corner, his the favourite seat,
 Save when he yields it to some slave to keep
 Awhile, then back, at his return to creep :
 At his command, his poor dependants fly,
 And humbly bribe him as a proud ally ;
 Flatter'd by all, the notice he bestows
 Is gross abuse, and bantering and blows ;
 Yet he's a dunce, and, spite of all his fame
 Without the desk, within he feels his shame :
 For there the weaker boy, who felt his scorn,
 For him corrects the blunders of the morn ;
 And he is taught, unpleasant truth ! to find
 The trembling body has the prouder mind.

Hark ! to that shout, that burst of empty noise,
 From a rude set of bluff, obstreperous boys ;
 They who, like colts let loose, with vigour bound,
 And thoughtless spirit, o'er the beaten ground ;
 Fearless they leap, and every youngster feels
 His alma active in his hands and heels.

These are the sons of farmers, and they come
 With partial fondness for the joys of home ;
 Their minds are coursing in their fathers' fields,
 And e'en the dream a lively pleasure yields ;
 They, much enduring, sit the allotted hours,
 And o'er a grammar waste their sprightly powers :
 They dance ; but them can measur'd steps delight,
 Whom horse and hounds to daring deeds excite !
 Nor could they bear to wait from meal to meal,
 Did they not sly to the chamber steal,
 And there the produce of the basket seize,
 The mother's gift ! still studious of their ease.

Poor Alma, thus oppress'd, forbears to rise,
 But rests or revels in the arms and thighs.

"But is it sure that study will repay
 The more attentive and forbearing ?"—Nay !
 The farm, the ship, the humble shop have each
 Gains which severest studies seldom reach.

At college place a youth, who means to raise
 His state by merit, and his name by praise ;
 Still much he hazards ; there is serious strife
 In the contentions of a scholar's life :
 Not all the mind's attention, care, distress,
 Nor diligence itself, ensure success :
 His jealous heart a rival's powers may dread,
 Till its strong feelings have confused his head,
 And, after days and months, nay, years of pain,
 He finds just lost the object he would gain.

But grant him this and all such life can give,
 For other prospects he begins to live ;
 Begins to feel that man was form'd to look
 And long for other object than a book :
 In his mind's eye his house and glebe he sees,
 And farms and talks with farmers at his ease ;
 And time is lost, till fortune sends him forth
 To a rude world unconscious of his worth ;
 There in some petty parish to reside,
 The college-boast, then turn'd the village-guide ;
 And though awhile his flock and dairy please,
 He soon reverts to former joys and ease,
 Glad when a friend shall come to break his rest,
 And speak of all the pleasures they possess'd,
 Of masters, fellows, tutors, all with whom
 They shared those pleasures never more to
 come ;
 Till both conceive the times by bliss endear'd,
 Which once so dismal and so dull appear'd.

But fix our scholar, and suppose him crown'd
 With all the glory gain'd on classic ground ;
 Suppose the world without a sigh resign'd,
 And to his college all his care confined :
 Give him all honours that such states allow,
 The freshman's terror and the tradesman's bow ;
 Let his apartments with his taste agree,
 And all his views be those he loves to see ;
 Let him each day behold the savoury treat,
 For which he pays not, but is paid to eat ;
 These joys and glories soon delight no more,
 Although withheld, the mind is vex'd and sore :
 The honour too is to the place confined,
 Abroad they know not each superior mind :
 Strangers no wranglers in these figures see,
 Nor give they worship to a high degree ;
 Unlike the prophet's is the scholar's ease,
 His honour all is in his dwelling-place :
 And there such honours are familiar things,
 What is a monarch in a crowd of kings !
 Like other sovereigns he's by forms address'd,
 By statutes govern'd, and with rules oppress'd.

When all these forms and duties die away,
 And the day passes like the former day,
 Then of exterior things at once bereft,
 He's to himself and one attendant left ;
 Nay, John too goes ; nor aught of service more
 Remains for him ; he gladly quits the door,
 And, as he whistles to the college-gate,
 He kindly pities his poor master's fate.

Books cannot always please, however good ;
Minds are not ever craving for their food ;
But sleep will soon the weary soul prepare
For cares to-morrow, that were this day's care ;
For forms, for feasts, that sundry times have past,
And formal feasts that will for ever last.

"But then from study will no comforts rise?"—
Yes! such as studious minds alone can prize ;
Comforts, yea!—Joys ineffable they find,
Who seek the prouder pleasures of the mind :
The soul, collected in those happy hours,
Then makes her efforts, then enjoys her powers ;
And in those seasons feels herself repaid,
For labours past, and honours long delay'd.

No! 'tis not worldly gain, although by chance
The sons of learning may to wealth advance ;
Nor station high, though in some favouring hour
The sons of learning may arrive at power ;
Nor is it glory, though the public voice
Of honest praise will make the heart rejoice :
But 'tis the mind's own feelings give the joy,
Pleasures she gathers in her own employ—
Pleasures that gain or praise cannot bestow,
Yet can dilate and raise them when they flow.

For this the poet looks the world around,
Where form and life and reasoning man are found ;
He loves the mind, in all its modes, to trace,
And all the manners of the changing race ;
Silent he walks the road of life along,
And views the aims of its tumultuous throng :
He finds what shapes the Proteus-passions take,
And what strange waste of life and joy they make,

And loves to show them in their varied ways,
With honest blame or with unflattering praise :
'Tis good to know, 'tis pleasant to impart,
These turns and movements of the human heart :
The stronger features of the soul to paint,
And make distinct the latent and the faint ;
Man as he is, to place in all men's view,
Yet none with rancour, none with scorn pursue :
Nor be it ever of my portraits told—
"Here the strong lines of malice we behold."—

This let me hope, that when in public view
I bring my pictures, men may feel them true ;
"This is a likeness," may they all declare,
"And I have seen him, but I know not where :"
For I should mourn the mischief I had done,
If as the likeness all would fix on one.

Man's vice and crime I combat as I can,
But to his God and conscience leave the man ;
I search (a Quixote!) all the land about,
To find its giants and enchanters out,
(The giant-folly, the enchanter-vice,
Whom doubtless I shall vanquish in a trice :)
But is there man whom I would injure?—No!
I am to him a fellow, not a foe,—
A fellow-sinner, who must rather dread
The bolt, than hurl it at another's head.

No! let the guiltless, if there such be found,
Launch forth the spear, and deal the deadly
wound ;
How can I so the cause of virtue aid,
Who am myself attainted and afraid ?
Yet as I can, I point the powers of rhyme,
And, sparing criminals, attack the crime.

THE END.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS GRAY.

WITH
A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

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MEMOIR.

THE life of this poet, whose classic taste has imprinted a stamp of purity and elegance on the few, too few poems he has left us, does not present much incident. It was chiefly passed in the literary seclusion of a college, interrupted only by short excursions to the residences of his friends. We meet with no adventures or fluctuations of fortune; he lived a life of learned leisure, congenial to his natural disposition, and the effects of which are only to be regretted, inasmuch as, by the constant contemplations of the masterpieces of antiquity, his taste became so exquisitely sensitive, as to render him too captious on the merits of his own productions and too distrustful of his own genius.

Thomas Gray was born in Cornhill, in the city of London, on the 26th of December, 1716. His father, who was a money scrivener, was in good circumstances, although by imprudence and ignorance he impaired rather than improved his paternal fortune, and at his death left his family somewhat straitened in their means. Thomas was the sole survivor of many children, the rest having all died in their infancy. He was educated at Eton school, under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his maternal uncle, who was at that time one of the assistant masters. From Eton he proceeded to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in the year 1734, where he continued till April 1739, when he took a set of chambers in the Temple, with the intention of studying the law, but this design was soon laid aside. Mr. Horace Walpole, who had been his schoolfellow at Eton, invited Mr. Gray to accompany him on a foreign tour; he accepted the proposal, but on his return did not resume his juridical studies.

Mr. Gray set out on his travels with Mr. Walpole early in 1739, and continued abroad till the summer of 1741. In this space of time he and Mr. Walpole visited almost all the places in France and Italy which usually attract the notice of travellers, and the letters of Mr. Gray, which have been preserved, give many lively sketches of the scenes which passed before him. They are, however, the letters of a young man, and are tinged with the *affected* ease which was then fashionable in polite society; the ground he went over has been so repeatedly described, that we have forbore from republishing them. In the course of his correspondence he communicated several Latin poems and fragments of poems to his friend Mr. West, a young man of great talent, and an old fellow-colleague, who died early; but as they were never made public by Mr. Gray, or received the last polish from his hand, it would not be right to publish them unconnected with the letters that accompanied them.

An unfortunate dispute which occurred between the travellers, led to their separation at Reggio. Gray's own character is not ill depicted by himself in a letter to Mr. West, and we give it, since it affords a pretty fair idea of his epistolary style at that time:—

"As I am recommending myself to your love, methinks I ought to send you my picture (for I am no more what I was, some circumstances excepted, which I hope I need not particularize to you); you must add, then, to your former idea, two years of age, a reasonable quantity of dulness, a great deal of silence, and something that rather resembles, than is, thinking; a confused notion of many strange and fine things that have swum before my eyes for some time, a *want of love for general society*, indeed an inability to it. On the good side you may add a sensibility for what others feel, and indulgence for their faults or weaknesses, a love of truth, and detestation of everything else. Then you are to deduct a little impertinence, a little laughter, a great deal of pride, and some spirits. These are all the alterations I know of, you perhaps may find more. Think not that I have been obliged for this reformation of manners to reason or reflection, but to a severer schoolmistress, Experience. One has little merit in learning her lessons, for one cannot well help it; but they are more useful than others, and imprint themselves in the very heart."

Walpole, on the other hand, was a man made for society. The aim of his studies was, to shine; whilst, the more Gray knew, the more shrinking he became. The difference was afterwards (in 1744) accommodated through the intervention of a lady, who wished well to both parties; and it is to Walpole's honour that, after the death of Gray, he enjoined Mr. Mason, who took on himself the task of editing the works and writing the memoirs of the poet, "to charge him (Mr. Walpole) with the chief blame in the quarrel;" confessing, "that more attention and complaisance, more deference to a warm friendship, superior judgment, and prudence, might have prevented a rupture that gave much uneasiness to them both, and a lasting concern to the survivor."

After quitting Mr. Walpole, Gray proceeded homewards, visiting in his way Venice, Padua, Milan, Turin, and Lyons. Shortly after his return his father died, leaving his family, though not in embarrassed circumstances, yet not so easy as to enable his son to prosecute his studies in the law without becoming burdensome to his mother and aunt; and he determined to retire to Cambridge and reside at his college, a mode of life congenial to his retired disposition and studious habits, and to which he ever afterwards adhered. He now began to turn his attention to English poetry, and in June, 1742, wrote his "Ode on the Spring," the first English poem he ever completed. This is a singular fact in the life of a man who was afterwards so distinguished for the singular excellence of his English poetry; it is probably to be attributed to his unceasing study of the classic writers, and early habits of Latin composition, at Eton, which led him to prefer that language as the medium of his poetic thoughts; after he had awakened his English Muse, he abandoned his classic lyre, and wrote no more Latin poetry. His Ode to Spring, which was written at Stoke Pogis, near Windsor, the residence of his mother and aunts, was sent to his friend Mr. West, who had just sunk under the attacks of consumption, from which he had long suffered. Three weeks before, he had written to Mr. Gray, upbraiding him in a lively vein for his melancholy, and ending, "Vale, et vive paulisper cum vivis." He was now lying dead, but Mr. Gray was not aware of his decease, when, as had been usual with the friends, he sent his ode to one whose ear was now cold in death. The circumstance is recorded in his common-place book. Mr. West's death occasioned the elegant sonnet which is inserted in the collection of poems. The "Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College," and the "Ode to Adversity," were both composed in the following August; and there is reason for believing that the "Elogy in a Country Churchyard," was begun, if not ended, about the same time. As it now stands the conclusion was of a later date, but before it was published Mr. Gray made several alter-

ations in the original poem. He did not put the finishing hand to it till 1780. In the interval he wrote but little poetry: the "Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat," written for Mr. Walpole, and a fragment of an intended essay on the Connexion of Government and Education, seem to be the sole fruits of this period. He gave himself up to his favourite studies, and in connexion with this pursuit he projected and made some progress with a chronology, which he brought from the 30th Olympiad, where it begins, to the 113th, that is, 533 years. This laborious work was formed much in the manner of the President Henault's "Histoire de France." Every page consisted of nine columns; one for the Olympiad, the next for the Archons, the third for the public affairs of Greece, the three next for the Philosophers, and the three last for Poets, Historians, and Orators. It does not appear to have been ever carried further.

The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," being handed about in manuscript, excited great admiration, and was the occasion of introducing the poet to the acquaintance of Lady Cobham, who lived at the mansion-house at Stoke Poges, and who commissioned Lady Schaub and Miss Speed to make the visit commemorated in the "Long Story." The elegy found its way to a magazine, and, to prevent imperfect versions from getting abroad, Mr. Gray immediately caused an authentic copy to be published by Mr. Dodsley, who had three years before performed the same office for the "Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College." The other pieces appeared at various periods, and being afterwards collected, were published during Mr. Gray's life-time in London, and also at Glasgow. It was, however, no object of Mr. Gray's ambition to appear as an author; his pleasure consisted in a life of learned leisure, in which he could indulge his various studies without the cares and vexations, the flattery and vituperation, the almost constant attendants of literary fame. His natural disposition was retiring, and he was not fond of notoriety. The world has been a loser by this sensitiveness, for the stores of knowledge he acquired in most branches of learning, except mathematical science, for which he never had any inclination, were such as to enable him to have done much for the improvement and instruction of mankind, especially in the field of history, ancient and modern, in which he was deeply learned. He is an instance in which we may, without being uncharitable, wish that he had been either a little richer or a little poorer. Poverty would have compelled him to open up his stores, and riches would have prevented the fancied necessity of proving that he only wrote for amusement, (an assertion he was very desirous of having believed,) by writing very little.

The publication of his poems, especially the Elegy, which ran through eleven editions, at once established his fame, and in 1757, a mark of royal approbation was exhibited in the offer of the post of Poet Laureate, vacant by the death of Colley Cibber; but this Mr. Gray declined to accept, considering the office degraded by the unworthy hands through which it had passed. In 1762 he applied for the more congenial post of Professor of Modern Languages and History at Cambridge, but without success, the office having been already disposed of. It was, however, bestowed upon him, without solicitation, on the next vacancy, in 1768: but although he held it nearly three years, he never entered upon its duties. He indeed prepared an admirable sketch of an inaugural speech, and proposed a plan of private instruction to the students, since successfully followed up, but ill health prevented him from realising his wishes. He had long been subject to distressing attacks of hereditary gout, which would in all probability have put an end to his life much sooner, had not his habits been extremely temperate; he combated the disease by exercise, and found great benefit from the excursions he was in the habit of taking every summer, and of which many pleasing records are to be found in his letters, but the enemy was too strong, and on the 24th July, 1771, he was attacked, whilst at dinner in the college hall, with the gout in his stomach; he lingered till the evening of the 31st, when he expired, in the 55th year of his age.

Of his writings little need here be said. They have become part of the "Standard" literature of the nation; their merits and demerits have been canvassed again and again; and the true poetic fire and taste displayed in them, their classic correctness of diction, and the fine imagination which is so conspicuous, have been the just themes of praise. His almost fastidious nicety in the choice of language has been regretted as too strong a curb on his Pegasus, as a restraint on that fancy, which when indulged soars to the heavens, but when checked falls lame and lifeless to the ground. He was never satisfied with his work, and touched and re-touched, till the life of the original conception was sometimes almost destroyed. But his poems are, notwithstanding, all very noble compositions, and have, in assuming their eminent station in the literature of Great Britain, received but their just meed of praise.

His studies were very varied, and pursued with great diligence; many subjects he not only mastered but improved by his researches. He had acquired a taste for botany from his uncle while young, and it was throughout his life a favourite amusement; in his later years he pursued his researches in natural history, and turned much of his attention to zoology, and acquired a fund of knowledge in that science, which he successfully applied to the illustration of Aristotle and others of the ancients. He was a perfect adept in heraldry, and he found a not uncongenial pursuit in the study of the ancient architecture of the kingdom; on this subject he communicated some remarks to Mr. Belham, who inserted them in his History of Ely. He was also a proficient in music, of which he had an excellent theoretic knowledge; he was not a finished, although a pleasing performer on the harpsichord, which he was wont to accompany with his voice very agreeably. He was a connoisseur in painting and sculpture. In a word, there was no branch of polite literature or of the elegant arts of which he did not possess a competent if not a profound knowledge; and knowing what he could do, we must ever regret that indolence or diffidence prevented him from doing more.

Mr. Mason, the friend and biographer of the poet, has adopted a character of him, drawn by the Rev. Mr. Temple, rector of St. Glauvais, in Cornwall. We follow his example, and thus conclude our memoir:—

"Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his plan of study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusement; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With such a fund of knowledge his conversation must have been equally instructing and entertaining; but he was also a good man, a well-bred man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness, or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had in some degree that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve: though his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider everything as trifling, and unworthy of the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge, and the practice of virtue, in that state wherein God hath placed us."

THE
Poetical Works
OF
THOMAS GRAY.

ODE I.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic, while 'tis May.

ODE II.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise!
What Cat's averse to fish!

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to every wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

ODE III.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ἀνθρωπος ἰκανὴ πρόφασιν εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.
MENANDER.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's¹ holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave!
The captive linnet which enthrall!
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball!

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,

And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passion's tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falshood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

¹ King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

ODE IV.
TO ADVERSITY.

——— Ζήνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς δδῶ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθεῖν
Θῖντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnonc.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
Thou Tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The Bad affright, afflict the Best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The Proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple Tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,
And bade to form her infant mind
Stern rugged Nurse ! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore :
What sorrow was, thou had'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe ;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the general Friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful Band
(As by the Impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and thwat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic Train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

ODE V.
THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

*Pindaric.*¹

Φωνῶντα συνεοῖσιν ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων χατίζει.
PINDAR, Olymp. II.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
* From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

3 Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's Hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

4 Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cythera's day
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet. [clare :
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach de-
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

¹ When the author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes ; but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.

² The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all its touches, are here described : its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers ; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swain and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

³ Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

⁴ Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

II. 1.

1 Man's feeble race what ills await !
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
 The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse !
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky :
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts
 of war.

II. 2.

* In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
 To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
 In loose numbers wildly sweet
 Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy
 flame.

II. 3.

3 Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Maeander's amber waves
 In lingering Lab'rinth creep,
 How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish !
 Where each old poetic Mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
 Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled
 coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's¹ Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil

¹ To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

² Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilised nations : its connexion with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.—(See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welch Fragments ; the Lapland and American Songs.)

³ Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there ; Spenser imitated the Italian writers ; Milton improved on them : but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

⁴ Shakspere.

Her awful face : the dauntless Child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
 "This pencil take," she said, "whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears."

III. 2.

Nor second He², that rode sublime
 Upon the scraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time :
 The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
 He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
 Two Coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resound-
 ing pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.
 6 But ah ! 'tis heard no more—
 Oh ! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
 Wakes thee now ? though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 7 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun :
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

ODE VI.

THE BARD.

Pindaric.⁸

I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King !
 Confusion on thy banners wait !
 Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor Hauberk's⁹ twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail

5 Milton.

⁵ We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day : for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand in some of his Choruses,—above all in the last of Carnæus :
 "Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread ?" &c.

⁷ Pindar.

⁸ This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

⁹ The Hauberk was a texture of steel rings, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's¹ shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'water² stood aghast in speechless trance:
"To arms!" cried Mortimer³, and couch'd his
quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore⁴ they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd Eagle's screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join, [line."
And⁶ weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy

¹ Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welch themselves call *Craigiau-eryri*: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. H. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward the First, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad elivum montis Eryri;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1213.) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdonie fecit erigi castrum forte."

² Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

³ Edmond de Mortimer; Lord of Wigmore.

⁴ They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

⁵ The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the Isle of Anglesea.

⁶ Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build theirerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welch *Craigiau-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called the eagle's nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c., can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.

⁷ See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.

II. 1.

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that
Shrieks of an agonizing King! [ring,
She-wolf⁸ of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'd the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
From thee be born,⁹ who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heav'n! What Terrors round
him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!¹⁰
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warrior fled!¹¹
Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were
Gone to salute the rising Morn. [born?
Fair¹² laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the Azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.

II. 3.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,¹³
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,¹⁴
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye Towers of Julius,¹⁵ London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his Consort's faith,¹⁶ his Father's fame,¹⁷
And spare the meek Usurper's holy head!¹⁸

⁷ Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

⁸ Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen.

⁹ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

¹⁰ Death of that King, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

¹¹ Edward, the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

¹² Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissart, and other contemporary writers.

¹³ Richard the Second (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers, of Exon, is of much later date.

¹⁴ Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

¹⁵ Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

¹⁶ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

¹⁷ Henry the Fifth.

¹⁸ Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

Above, below, the rose of snow,¹
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
The bristled Boar² in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
doom.

III. 1.

'Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart³ we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
"Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll !
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur⁴ we bewail.
All-hail, ye genuine Kings !⁵ Britannia's Issue,
hail !

III. 2.

"Girt with many a Baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a Form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line ;
Her lion-port,⁶ her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play !
Hear from the grave, great Taliesin⁷, hear !
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd
wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskin'd⁸ measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.

¹ The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

² The silver Boar was the badge of Richard the Third ; whence he was usually known, in his own time, by the name of *the Boar*.

³ Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

⁴ It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-Land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

⁵ Both Merlin and Taliesin had prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sovereignty over this island ; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor.

⁶ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialisinski, Ambassador of Poland, says, "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princelike checks."

⁷ Taliesin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

⁸ Shakespeare.

A voice⁹ as of the Cherub-Choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
And distant warblings¹⁰ lesson on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious Man, think'st thou yon sanguine
cloud,

Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of
day ?

To morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me : With joy I see

The different doom our Fates assign.

Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care ;

To triumph, and to die, are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless
night.

ODE VII.

FOR MUSIC¹¹.*Irregular.*

I.

"HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in
Flowers.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round :
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground !"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay :
There sit the sainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The Few, whom Genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscovered clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
"Twas Milton struck the deep-toned shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

"Ye brown o'er-arching Groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight !
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melan-
choly."

⁹ Milton.

¹⁰ The succession of poets after Milton's time.

¹¹ This Ode was performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1. 1703, at the Installation of his Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

IV.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
 And mitred Fathers in long order go :
 Great ¹ Edward, with the lilies on his brow
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And ² sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding Love, and princely ³ Clare,
 And ⁴ Anjou's Heroine, and ⁵ the paler Rose,
 The rival of her crown and of her woes,
 And ⁶ either Henry there,
 The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome.
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come ;
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies :—

V.

"What is Grandeur, what is Power !
 Heavier toil, superior pain.
 What the bright reward we gain !
 The grateful memory of the Good.
 Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 The still small voice of Gratitude."

I.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
 The 7 venerable Marg'ret see !
 "Welcome, my noble Son, (she cries aloud)
 To this, thy kindred train, and me :
 Pleased in thy lineaments we trace
⁸ A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
 Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 The flower unheeded shall desery,

¹ Edward the Third; who added the *fleur de lys* of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

² Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon Comte de St. Paul in France: of whom tradition says, that her husband, Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College, or Hall, under the name of *Aula Mariæ de Valentia*.

³ Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of "princely." She founded Clare Hall.

⁴ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in the former Ode: V. Epode 2nd, line 13th.

⁵ Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, (hence called the paler Rose, as being of the House of York.) She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

⁶ Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

⁷ Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

⁸ The countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor: hence the application of this line to the Duke of Graffou, who claims descent from both these families.

And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
 The fragrance of its blushing head :
 Shall raise from earth the latent gem
 To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

"Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, She
 No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;
 Nor dares with courtly tongue refined
 Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
 She reverts herself and thee.
 With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
 The laureate wreath, ¹ that Cecil wore, she brings,
 And to thy just, thy gentle hand
 Submits the Fescos of her sway,
 While Spirits blest above and Men below
 Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII.

"Through the wild waves as they roar
 With watchful eye and dauntless mien
 Thy steady course of honour keep,
 Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
 The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,
 And gilds the horrors of the deep."

ODE VIII.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

From the Norse-Tongue ¹⁰.

Now the Storm begins to lower,
 (Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
 Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
 Hurtles in the darken'd air.

⁹ Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

¹⁰ To be found in the *Orcades* of Thormodus Torfaeus : Hafniae, 1697, folio: and also in Bartholinus.

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

For the better understanding the first of these Odes, the reader is to be informed, that in the eleventh century Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sietryg* with the *silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sietryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north and as many to the south. These were the Valkyriur, female divinities, servants of (Odin or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *choosers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a Soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping Warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista black, terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid :
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our Friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguined field :
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound :
Fate demands a nobler head ;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see ;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of Immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death ;
Sisters, cease ; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands !
Songs of joy and triumph sing !
Joy to the victorious bands ;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed :
Each her thundering falchion wield ;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

ODE IX.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN¹.

From the Norse Tongue.

Uprrose the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed ;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to 'Hela's drear abode.
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd :
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin :
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.
Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate ;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the Northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme ;
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead ;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breathed a sullen sound.

Pr. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb ?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night ?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews and driving rain !
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unbless'd,
That calls me from the bed of rest ?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son,
Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

Pr. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee ;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold :
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n !
Unwilling I my lips unclose :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's Child await,
Who the Author of his fate.

¹ The original is to be found in Bartholinus, *De Causis Contemnenda Mortis*; Hafniae, 1689, quarto.

Uprrais Odinn allda gaur, &c.

² *Nifheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle : over it presided Hela, the goddess of death.

Pr. In Hoder's hand the Hero's doom :
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' Avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

Pr. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wond'rous Boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam ;
Till he on Hoder's corpse shall smile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet awhile my call obey.
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose :
Then I leave thee to repose.

Pr. Ha ! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line——

O. No hoding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good ;
But mother of the giant-brood !

Pr. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall Inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again ;
Till 'Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassumed her ancient right ;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

ODE X.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN¹.

From the Welch.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong ;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
² Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

¹ Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the sea, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see "Introduction à l'Histoire de Danemarck, par Mons. Mallet," 1755, quarto; or rather a translation of it, published in 1770, and entitled, "Northern Antiquities," in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

² From Mr. Evans's Specimens of the Welch poetry: London, 1764, quarto. Owen succeeded his father Griffith in the principality of North Wales, A.D. 1130. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards. ³ North Wales.

He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours ;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came ;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
⁴ Lochlin ploughs the wat'ry way ;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war :
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
⁵ The Dragon-Son of Mona stands ;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din ;
Talmalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
⁶ Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood
Backward Meini rolls his flood ;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate Warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand Banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and Shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's Child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

ODE XI.

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the Welch⁷.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd,
To rush, and sweep them from the world !

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's Son : of Madoe old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold ;
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd, and had the lovely Maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row
Twice two hundred Warriors go ;
Every Warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,

⁴ Denmark.

⁵ The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

⁶ This and the three following lines are not in the former editions, but are now added from the author's MS.

⁷ Of Aneurim, styled the monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliesin, A.D. 570. This ode is extracted from the *Gododin*, (see Mr. Evans's Specimens, p. 71 and 73) and now first published.

Wreath'd in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.

Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn :
But none from Cattaeth's vale return,
Save Aeron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.

In vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phoebus lifts his golden fire :
The birds in vain their amorous descant join ;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire :
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require :
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men :
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear :
To warm their little loves the birds complain :
I fruitless mourn to him, that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

EPITAPH I.

ON MRS. CLARKE.¹

Lo ! where this silent Marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps ;
A Heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues loved to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the Wound she left behind.
Her infant Image, here below,
Sits smiling on a Father's woe :
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days ?
A Pang, to secret sorrow dear ;
A Sigh ; an unavailing Tear ;
Till Time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

EPITAPH II.²

ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown ;
His mind each muse, each grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor Envy dared to view him with a frown.

¹ This lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757 ; and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

² This epitaph (hitherto unpublished) was written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu, who intended to have inscribed it on a monument at Bellisle, at the siege of which this accomplished youth was killed, 1761 ; but from some difficulty attending the erection of it, this design was not executed.

At Aix his voluntary sword he drew,
There first in blood his infant honour seal'd ;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love he flew,
And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
Victor he stood on Bellisle's rocky steeps—
Ah ! gallant youth ! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy Friendship bends, and weeps.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
fined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected high,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd
muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind!

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say—
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His little length at noon tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-yard path we saw him
borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a
friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

TRANSLATION FROM STATIUS.

THIRD in the labours of the Disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he poised the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fired by Mnesteus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Braced all his nerves, and every sinew strung:
Then with a tempest's whirl and wary eye,
Pursued his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall,
The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heaved the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses escaped his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

Cambridge, May 8, 1736.

SONG.¹

THYRSIS, when he left me, swore
Ere the Spring he would return—
Ah! what means the op'ning flower!
And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the nightingale that sung!
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why such unavailing haste!
Gentle gales and skies serene
Prove not always Winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move—
Spare the honour of my love.

A LONG STORY.

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:²
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the pow'r of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper³ led the brawls;
The seal and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your hist'ry whither are you spinning!
Can you do nothing but describe!

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pie from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

¹ This was written, at the request of Miss Speed, to an old air of Geminiani: the thought from the French.

² The mansion-house at Stoke Pogis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The style of building, which we now call Queen Elizabeth's, is here admirably described, both with regard to its beauties and defects; and the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic manners of her time with equal truth and humour. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton.

³ Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing. G.—Brawls were a sort of figure-dance, then in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern cotillions, or still more modern quadrilles.

The other amazon kind Heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her;
Melissa is her *nom de guerre*;
Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame in the shape of Mr. P—t
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a poet:

Who prow'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lamed the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task,
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ven-
tured,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books, a huge imbroglia!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creased, like dog's-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops,
To a small closet in the garden.

So rumour says: (who will, believe.)
But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The pow'r of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, whisk! they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The poet felt a strange disorder:
Transparent bird-line form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the great house
He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phoebus he preferr'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sate, the culprit there;
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
The Lady Janes and Jones repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack¹ has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry:

In peaked hoods² and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The peeress comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenced him,
Disproved the arguments of Squib,³
And all that Groom⁴ could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor Maclean.⁵

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
"How in the park beneath an old tree
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry),

"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
Yet hoped, that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a conjuror taken."

The ghostly prudes with haggard face
Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My lady rose, and with a grace——
She smiled, and bade him come to dinner.

¹ The housekeeper. G.

² The description is here excellent, and I should think would please universally.

³ Groom of the chamber. G.

⁴ The steward. G.

⁵ A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.

"Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
Why, what can the Viscountess mean?
(Cried the square-hoods in woeful fidget)
The times are alter'd quite and clean!"

"Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
Her air and all her manners show it.
Commend me to her affability!
Speak to a commoner and poet!"

[Here 500 stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble king,
And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my lady from her rubbers.

HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

HAIL, Horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.

But chiefly thee, whose influence breathed from
high
Augments the native darkness of the sky;
Ah Ignorance! soft salutary power!
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose
Thy leaden Ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumb'ring line?
And dews Lethæan through the land dispense
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense?
If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.

Oh say—she hears me not, but careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebony throne.
Goddess! awake, arise, alas my fears!
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?
Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
And all was ignorance, and all was night.

Oh sacred age! Oh times for ever lost!
(The schoolman's glory, and the churchman
boast.)
For ever gone—yet still to Fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.

High on her car, behold the grandam ride
Like old Scæostris with barbaric pride;
*** a team of harness'd monarchs bend——

AGRIPPINA :

AN UNFINISHED TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGRIPPINA, *the Empress-mother.*NERO, *the Emperor.*POPPÆA, *believed to be in love with Otho.*OTHO, *a young man of quality, in love with Poppæa.*SENECA, *the Emperor's Preceptor.*ANICETUS, *Captain of the Guards.*DEMETRIUS, *the Cynic, friend to Seneca.*ACERONIA, *Confidante to Agrippina.*SCENE.—*The Emperor's Villa at Baia.*

The drama opens with the indignation of Agrippina, at receiving her son's orders from Anicetus to remove from Baia, and to have her guard taken from her. At this time Otho, having conveyed Poppæa from the house of her husband Rufus Crispinus, brings her to Baia, where he means to conceal her among the crowd; or, if his fraud is discovered, to have recourse to the Emperor's authority; but, knowing the lawless temper of Nero, he determines not to have recourse to that expedient, but on the utmost necessity. In the mean time he commits her to the care of Anicetus, whom he takes to be his friend, and in whose age he thinks he may safely confide. Nero is not yet come to Baia; but Seneca, whom he sends before him, informs Agrippina of the accusation concerning Rubellius Plancus, and desires her to clear herself, which she does briefly; but demands to see her son, who, on his arrival, acquits her of all suspicion, and restores her to her honours. In the mean while Anicetus, to whose care Poppæa had been entrusted by Otho, contrives the following plot to ruin Agrippina: he betrays his trust to Otho, and brings Nero, as it were by chance, to the sight of the beautiful Poppæa; the Emperor is immediately struck with her charms, and she, by a feigned resistance, increases his passion; though, in reality, she is from the first dazzled with the prospect of empire, and forgets Otho: she therefore joins with Anicetus in his design of ruining Agrippina, soon perceiving that it will be for her interest. Otho, hearing that the Emperor had seen Poppæa, is much enraged; but not knowing that this interview was obtained through the treachery of Anicetus, is readily persuaded by him to see Agrippina in secret, and acquaint her with his fears that her son Nero would marry Poppæa. Agrippina, to support her own power, and to wean the Emperor from the love of Poppæa, gives Otho encouragement, and promises to support him. Anicetus secretly introduces Nero to hear their discourse; who resolves immediately on his mother's death, and by Anicetus's means, to destroy her by drowning. A solemn feast, in honour of their reconciliation, is to be made: after which she being to go by sea to Bauli, the ship is so contrived as to sink or crush her; she escapes by accident, and returns to Baia. In this interval, Otho has an interview with Poppæa; and being duped a second time by Anicetus and Nero, determines to fly with her into Greece, by means of a vessel which is to be furnished by Anicetus; but he, pretending to remove Poppæa on board in the night, conveys her to Nero's apartment: she there encourages and determines Nero to banish Otho, and finish the horrid deed he had attempted on his mother. Anicetus undertakes to execute his resolves; and, under pretence of a plot upon the Emperor's life, is sent with a guard to murder Agrippina, who is still at Baia in imminent fear, and irresolute how to conduct herself. The account of her death, and the Emperor's horror and fruitless remorse, finishes the drama.

I refer the reader to the 13th and 14th books of the *Annals* of Tacitus for the facts on which this story is founded: by turning to that author, he will easily see how far the poet thought it necessary to deviate from the truth of history. I shall only further observe, that as such a fable could not possibly admit of any good character, it is terror only, and not pity, that could be excited by this tragedy, had it been completed. Yet it was surely capable of exciting this passion in a supreme degree, if what the critics tell us be true that crimes, which illustrious persons commit, affect us from the very circumstance of their rank, because we unite with that our fears for the public weal.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

AGRIPPINA, ACERONIA.

AGRIPPINA.

'Tis well, begone! your errand is performed:

[Speaks as to Anicetus entering.]

The message needs no comment. Tell your master, His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her Yielding due reverence to his high command: Alone, unguarded, and without a lictor, As fits the daughter of Germanicus. Say, she retired to Antium; there to tend Her household cares, a woman's best employment. What if you add, how she turn'd pale, and trembled; You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye, And would have dropp'd, but that her pride restrain'd it!

(Go! you can paint it well) 't will profit you, And please the stripling. Yet 't would dash his joy To hear the spirit of Britannicus Yet walks on earth; at least there are who know Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire A thousand haughty hearts, unused to shake When a boy frowns, nor to be lured with smiles To taste of hollow kindness, or partake His hospitable board: they are aware Of th' unpledged howl, they love not aconite.

ACERONIA.

He's gone; and much I hope these walls alone, And the mute air, are privy to your passion. Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise In haughty youth, and irritated power.

AGRIPPINA.

And dost thou talk to me—to me! of danger, Of haughty youth, and irritated power; To her that gave it being, her that arm'd This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand To aim the forked bolt; while he stood trembling, Scared at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness!

'Tis like, thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger To adoration, to the grateful steam Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows From voluntary realms, a puny boy, Deck'd with no other lustre than the blood

Of Agrippina's race, he lived unknown
To fame, or fortune ; haply eyed at distance
Some edileship, ambitious of the power
To judge of weights and measures ; scarcely dared
On expectation's strongest wing to soar
High as the consulate, that empty shade
Of long-forgotten liberty ! when I
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness ;
Show'd him him where empire tower'd, and bade him
strike

The noble quarry. Gods ! then was the time
To shrink from danger ; fear might then have worn
The mask of prudence : but a heart like mine,
A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire—
If bright Ambition from her craggy seat
Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous
honour.

ACERONIA.

Through various life I have pursued your steps,
Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring :
Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vast the debt of gratitude, which Nero
To such a mother owes ; the world, you gave him,
Suffices not to pay the obligation.

I well remember too (for I was present)
When in a secret and dead hour of night,
Due sacrifice perform'd with barbarous rites
Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
You bade the Magi call the dreadful powers,
That read futurity, to know the fate
Impending o'er your son : their answer was,
If the son reign, the mother perishes.
Perish (you cried) the mother ! reign the son !
He reigns, the rest is heaven's ; who oft has bade
Ev'n when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
Th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.
Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
The sweets of kindness lavishly indulg'd
Rankle to gall ; and benefits too great
To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures,
That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway ;
These were your gift, and with them you bestow'd
The very power he has to be ungrateful.

AGRIPPINA.

Thus ever grave, and undisturb'd reflection
Pours its cool dictates in the madd'ning ear
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,—
And tremble at the phantom I have rais'd !
Carry to him thy timid counsels : he
Perchance may heed 'em. Tell him too, that one,
Who had such liberal power to give, may still
With equal power resume that gift, and raise
A tempest, that shall shake her own creation
To its original atoms—tell me ! say
This mighty emperor, this dread'd hero,
Has he beheld the glittering front of war ?
Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
And outcry of the battle ! Have his limbs
Sweat under iron harness ? Is he not
The silken son of dalliance, nursed in ease
And pleasure's flowery lap !—Rubellius lives,
And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
To bow the supple knee, and court the times
With shows of fair obeisance ; and a call,

Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions
Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
Of our imperial house.

ACERONIA.

Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion,
I might remind my mistress that her nod
Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader : these, by ties confirm'd,
Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,
Have not forgot your sire : the eye of Rome
And the Prætorian camp have long revered,
With 'custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
And mother of their Cæsars.

AGRIPPINA.

Ha ! by Juno,
It bears a noble semblance. On this base
My great revenge shall rise : or say we sound
The trump of liberty ! there will not want,
Even in the servile senate, ears to own
Her spirit-stirring voice ; Soranus there,
And Cassius ; Vetus too, and Thrasea,
Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,
That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
And shake 'em at the name of liberty.
Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
As there were magic in it ! wrinkled beldams
Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
Beyond their chronicle—oh ! 'tis a cause
To arm the hand of childhood, and retrace
The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.

Yes, we may meet, ingrateful boy, we may !
Again the buried genius of old Rome
Shall from the dust upheave his reverend head,
Roused by the shout of millions : there before
His high tribunal thou and I appear.
Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
And lighten from thy eye : around thee call
The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
Of thy dull favour ; Seneca be there
In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
Against thee, liberty and Agrippina :
The world, the prize ; and fair befall the victors.
But soft ! why do I waste the fruitless hours
In threats unexecuted ! Haste thee, fly
These hated walls, that seem to mock my shame,
And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

ACERONIA.

'Tis time we go, the sun is high advanced,
And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Bahe.

AGRIPPINA.

My thought aches at him ; not the basilisk
More deadly to the sight, than is to me
The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
Before he sees me.

ACERONTA.

Why then stays my sovereign,

Where he so soon may—

AGRIPTINA.

Yes, I will be gone,

But not to Antium—all shall be confess'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd; things that, but
whisper'd,

Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and riveted
His eyes in fearful ecstasy: no matter
What; so 't be strange, and dreadful.—Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.

And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!)
If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
He was the cause. My love, my fears for him
Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
And froze them up with deadly cruelty.

Yet if your injured shades demand my fate,
If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
Let me not fall alone: but crush his pride,
And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

OTHO, POPPEA.

OTHO.

Thus far we're safe. Thanks to the rosy queen
Of amorous thefts: and had her wanton son
Lent us his wings, we could not have beguiled
With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely!
Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the tim'rous cloud
That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
So her white neck reclined, so was she borne
By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
Whether she fear'd, or wished to be pursued.

* * * * *

FRAGMENT OF AN ETHICAL ESSAY.

—Πότ' αὖ δ' ἄρα θεῶν; τὰν γὰρ αἰδοῦν
Ὅτι πῶς εἰς Αἶδαν γέ τ' ἐκλελαβόντα φυλάττει.

THEOCRITUS.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening
heart:

So fond Instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal Justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But Tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude soe'er th' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike, to all the kind, impartial Heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
Th' event presages, and explores the cause;

The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confined
To different climes seem different souls assign'd!
Here measured laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace.
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep.
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate South to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles and her golden fields:
With grim delight the Brood of winter hue
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tide, that drowns her lessening
And sees far off with an indignant groan [lands;
Her native plains, and empires once her own.
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire, that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?

Unmanly thought ! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she
springs,

By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Lybia's deserts and through Zembla's snows !
She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends th' inferior laws, that rule our clay :
The stubborn elements confess her sway ;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain :
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if to patient valour train'd
They guard with spirit, what by strength they
gain'd ?

And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below ?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread,
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
If with advent'rous oar and ready sail
The dusky people drive before the gale ;
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

COMMENTARY.¹

THE author's subject being *The necessary Alliance between a good Form of Government and a good Mode of Education, in order to produce the Happiness of Mankind*, the poem opens with two similes ; an uncommon kind of exordium : but which, I suppose, the poet intentionally chose, to intimate the analogical method he meant to pursue in his subsequent reasonings. 1st, He asserts that men without education are like sickly plants in a cold or barren soil, (line 1 to 5, and 8 to 12) ; and, 2dly, he compares them, when unblest with a just and well-regulated government, to plants that will not blossom or bear fruit in an unkindly and inclement air (l. 5 to 9, and l. 13 to 22). Having thus laid down the two propositions he means to prove, he begins by examining into the characteristics which (taking a general view of mankind) all men have in common one with another (l. 22 to 39) ; they covet pleasure and avoid pain (l. 31) ; they feel gratitude for benefits (l. 34) ; they desire to avenge wrongs, which they effect either by force or cunning (l. 35) ; they are linked to each other by their common feelings, and participate in sorrow and in joy (l. 36, 37). If, then, all the human species agree in so many

moral particulars, whence arises the diversity of national characters ? This question the poet puts at line 38, and dilates upon it to l. 64. Why, says he, have some nations shown a propensity to commerce and industry ; others to war and rapine ; others to ease and pleasure ? (l. 42 to 46.) Why have the Northern people overspread, in all ages, and prevailed over the Southern ? (l. 46 to 58.) Why has Asia been, time out of mind, the seat of despotism, and Europe that of freedom ? (l. 54 to 64.) Are we from these instances to imagine men necessarily enslaved to the inconveniences of the climate where they were born ? (l. 64 to 72.) Or are we not rather to suppose there is a natural strength in the human mind, that is able to vanquish and break through them ? (l. 72 to 84.) It is confessed, however, that men receive an early tincture from the situation they are placed in, and the climate which produces them (l. 84 to 88). Thus the inhabitants of the mountains, inured to labour and patience, are naturally trained to war (l. 88 to 96) ; while those of the plain are more open to any attack, and softened by ease and plenty (l. 96 to 99). Again, the Egyptians, from the nature of their situation, might be the inventors of home-navigation, from a necessity of keeping up an intercourse between their towns during the inundation of the Nile (l. 99 to ****). Those persons would naturally have the first turn to commerce, who inhabited a barren coast like the Tyrians, and were persecuted by some neighbouring tyrant ; or were driven to take refuge on some shoals, like the Venetian and Hollander ; their discovery of some rich island, in the infancy of the world, described. The Tartar, hardened to war by his rigorous climate and pastoral life, and by his disputes for water and herbage in a country without land-marks, as also by skirmishes between his rival clans, was consequently fitted to conquer his rich Southern neighbours, whom ease and luxury had enervated : yet this is no proof that liberty and valour may not exist in southern climes, since the Syrians and Carthaginians gave noble instances of both ; and the Arabians carried their conquests as far as the Tartars. Rome also (for many centuries) repulsed those very nations, which, when she grew weak, at length demolished her extensive empire.****

¹ The reader will perceive that the commentary goes further than the text. The reason for which is, that the editor (Mr. Mason,) found it so on the paper from which he formed that comment ; and, as the thoughts seemed to be those which Mr. Gray would have next graced with the harmony of his numbers, he held it best to give them in continuation. There are other maxims on different papers, all apparently relating to the same subject, which are too excellent to be lost ; these, therefore, (as the place in which he meant to employ them cannot be ascertained) I shall subjoin to this note, under the title of detached sentiments.

“ Man is a creature not capable of cultivating his mind but in society, and in that only where he is not a slave to the necessities of life.

“ Want is the mother of the inferior arts, but Ease that of the finer : as eloquence, policy, morality, poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture, which are the improvements of the former.

“ The climate inclines some nations to contemplation and pleasure ; others to hardihip, action, and war ; but not so as to incapacitate the former for courage and discipline, or the latter for civility, politeness, and works of genius.

¹ Compiled from Mr. Gray's notes and papers.

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune;
Could love and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
No very great Wit, he believed in a God,
A Post or a Pension he did not desire,
But left Church and State to Charles Townsend and Squire.

"It is the proper work of education and government united to redress the faults that arise from the soil and air.

"The principal drift of education should be to make men *think* in the northern climates, and *act* in the southern.

"The different steps and degrees of education may be compared to the artificer's operations upon marble; it is one thing to dig it out of the quarry, and another to square it; to give it close and lustre, call forth every beautiful spot and vein, shape it into a column, or animate it into a statue.

"To a native of free and happy governments his country is always dear:

* He loves his old hereditary trees,"—COWLEY

While the subject of a tyrant has no country; he is therefore selfish and base-minded; he has no family, no posterity, no desire of fame; or, if he has, of one that turns not on its proper object.

"Any nation that wants public spirit, neglects education, ridicules the desire of fame, and even of virtue and reason, must be ill governed.

"Commerce changes entirely the fate and genius of nations, by communicating arts and opinions, circulating money, and introducing the materials of luxury; she first opens and polishes the mind, then corrupts and enervates both that and the body.

"Those invasions of effeminate southern nations by the warlike northern people seem in spite of all the terror, mischief, and ignorance, which they brought with them, to be necessary evils; in order to revive the spirit of mankind, softened and broken by the arts of commerce, to restore them to their native liberty and equality, and to give them again the power of supporting danger and hardship; so a comet, with all the horrors that attend it as it passes

through our system, brings a supply of warmth and light to the sun, and of moisture to the air.

"The destruction of Epiphany is ever ruinous to society: it heightens what is ever made intricate, and perhaps hastens its dissolution, as the that of Hallowe'en, or is propagated in France and Ireland, and seems likely to produce the same effect in both.

"The principal characteristic of vice in the present age is the contempt of fame.

"Many are the uses of good fame to a generous mind: it extends our existence and example into future ages, contrains and propagates virtue, which, otherwise would be as short lived as our frame, and prevents the prevalence of vice in a generation more corrupt even than our own. It is impossible to suppose that natural desire we have, of being remembered, even criminal ambition and avarice, the most selfish of all passions, would wish to leave a name behind them."

I find also among these papers a single complaint much too beautiful to be lost, though the place where he meant to introduce it cannot be ascertained; it must, however, have made a part of some description of the effect which the Reformation had on our national manners:

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel light first dawn'd from HUMAN'S eyes.

Thus, with all the attention that a connoisseur in painting employs in collecting every slight outline, as well as finished drawing, which led to the completion of some capital picture, I have endeavoured to preserve every fragment of this great practical design. It surely deserved this care, as it was one of the noblest which Mr. Gray ever attempted; and also, as far as he carried it into execution, the most exquisitely finished. That he carried it no farther is, and must ever be, a most sensible loss to the republic of letters.

¹ This was written in 1761, and was found in one of his pocket-books.

² At that time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS.

WITH
A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

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MEMOIR.

WILLIAM COLLINS, who, to use the vivid language of Hazlitt, "is, of all the minor poets, probably the one who has shown the most of the highest qualities of poetry, and who excites the most intense interest in the bosom of the reader; who soars into the regions of imagination, and occupies the highest peaks of Parnassus," was born at Chichester on the 25th Dec., 1720. He was the son of a respectable hatter in that city. In 1733 he was admitted scholar of Winchester College, and at nineteen was elected, upon the foundation, to New College in Oxford. There was, however, no vacancy, and in the mean time he was admitted a commoner of Queen's College, and subsequently, in July, 1741, his tutor, being very sensible of his merits, procured his admission to Magdalen College, as a demy. Whilst yet at college, he directed his attention chiefly to poetry, and published an epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his edition of Shakspeare; and the Persian, or as they have since been entitled, the Oriental Eclogues.

It is a melancholy task to trace the brief career of this highly-gifted man. In 1744 he quitted the university, and proceeded to London a mere literary adventurer, and with feelings so delicate, nerves so finely strung, as to render him very unfit to fight his way to fame. His head was full of projects, and amongst others he published proposals for a "History of the Revival of Learning," a subject which he was well able to have treated in a masterly manner, but which was not pursued further than the "proposals," probably from want of encouragement. His life in London was very irregular and unsettled. He in fact lived the life which is now understood as that of "a young man about town;" he ruined his health and expended the little money he possessed. But still he was not idle, and besides the fine odes he has left us, which were published by Mr. Millar, and met with even less success than his Eclogues, he wrote numerous other poems, which were condemned by his fastidious taste, and after being read to a friend or two were irrevocably destroyed, for he would never permit a copy to be taken.

The odes were published in 1746, but falling still-born from the press, he was discouraged and quite disheartened, and being at the same time in great pecuniary difficulties, he sought a refuge abroad. He first called in all the unsold copies of his odes and burnt them, and then, raising a few guineas on a projected translation of Aristotle's Poetics, he retreated from the assaults of bailiffs, into the country, and afterwards went abroad to his uncle, Lieutenant-colonel Martin, then with the army in Germany. This gentleman dying soon afterwards, left his nephew a legacy of £2000, a sum which was to him riches, but which he did not live to spend. The first use he made of it was to repay Millar all the loss upon the publication of the odes, and to other booksellers the sums advanced upon the speculated translation of Aristotle. But he lived not to give the world further proofs of his fine genius. His mind and body had been too deeply wounded for recovery. He fell into a melancholy condition, and although he did not become absolutely insane, yet it was found necessary for some time to put him under the restraint of a lunatic asylum. Death came to his relief in 1756, but he died in his sister's arms, and felt the consolation of a sister's love.

When the poet was dead, his value began to be appreciated, and the demand for his poems became general, and they quickly rose to that station which they have ever since retained. The noble Ode to the Passions, in particular, was extolled by the critics, and recited in the theatres; and his Oriental Eclogues, which he himself was wont to condemn, and, in allusion to some supposed errors* in the representation of Eastern imagery and manners, often called his Irish Eclogues, were recognised as possessing all the qualities proper to that style of poetry, and, although that be not much in unison with more modern taste, yet we still find delight in the fine touches of natural feeling there displayed, and we admire the chaste and nervous diction which adorns them. We cannot read of the solitary Hassan, toiling in the desert and lamenting the hour "When first from Schiraz walls he bent his way," without participating in his fears, and dreading that each step will reveal the awful foot-print of the lion.

Dr. Johnson, who knew and loved Collins, thus depicted his character:—"The appearance of Collins was decent and manly; his knowledge considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant, and his disposition cheerful. He was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction, and subjects of fancy; and, by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens. This was, however, the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him, but were not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced in happier moments sublimity and splendour.

"This idea which he had formed of excellence, led him to oriental figures and allegorical imagery; and perhaps while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the production of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties. His morals were pure, and his opinions pious: in a long continuance of poverty and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly

* He had been led to imagine that he had committed some gross blunders in his description of Eastern manners, &c., whereas they are really singularly correct.

uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed; and long association with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the snares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm; but it may be said that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure or casual temptation.

"After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school: when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen: 'I have but one book,' says Collins, 'but it is the best.' Such was the fate of Collins, with whom I once delighted to converse, and whom I yet remember with tenderness."

A monument, executed by Flaxman, who was then lately returned from Rome, was erected by public subscription to the memory of Collins. The poet is represented as just recovered from one of those fits of frenzy, to which he was unhappily subject, and in a calm and reclining posture, seeking refuge from his misfortunes in the consolations of the Gospel, while his lyre and one of the first of his poems lie neglected on the ground. The following epitaph by Hayley is inscribed below:—

"Ye who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune's sacred genius dear,
Regard this tomb, where Collins, hapless name
Solicits kindness with a double claim.
Though Nature gave him, and though Science taught
The fire of Fancy, and the reach of thought,
Severely doom'd to Penury's extreme,
He pass'd in madd'ning pain life's feverish dream,
While rays of genius only served to show
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.
Ye walls that echo'd to his frantic moan,
Guard the due records of this grateful stone;
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raise.
For this the ashes of a bard require,
Who touch'd the tend'rest notes of Pity's lyre;
Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic powers,
Who, in reviving Reason's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest.
And rightly deem'd the book of God the best."

THE
Poetical Works
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE—A Valley near Bagdat. TIME—The Morning.

Ye Persian maids! attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are blest, whom Fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts: nor all that haunt the
plains:

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspired;
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desired:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resumed her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets
away;

By Tigris' wand'ring waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

"Ye Persian dames," he said, "to you belong,
Well may they please, the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Graced with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your love supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display;
Drawn from the deep, we own their surface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:
Such are the maids, and such the charms they
boast,

By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.

Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain,
That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermine beautify the skin:
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find,
The loved perfections of a female mind!

"Blest were the days when wisdom held her
reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth! and daughters bless'd their
love.

"O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away,
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub for you shall leave our shore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

"Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are
clear,

To lead the train, sweet Modesty! appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid;
But man the most—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast like flowers that drink the dew;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone;
Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs:
And Love, the last: by these your hearts approve,
These are the virtues that must lead to love."

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The shepherds loved, and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE—*The Desert.* TIME—*Mid-day.*

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd:
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree and not a herb was nigh;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:

Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign!
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine!

"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the dear delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Oh cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe;
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet;
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"At that dread hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful
maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:
'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
Yet as thou goest may every blast arise
Weak, and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me!'
Oh let me safely to the fair return,
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
Oh! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears!"

He said, and call'd on Heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE—*A Forest.* TIME—*The Evening.*

In Georgia's land, where Teflis' towers are seen,
In distant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.
Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came her willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead:
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:
Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils¹ she
chose,
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanced that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chase away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!

¹ These flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia.

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft, as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu,
Fair, happy maid! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love!

Go, leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!

Yet, 'midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale and flowery mead inclined;
And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breathed his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her moved, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd eots retired,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fired:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel?
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone:
Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her say:
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!

Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved!

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE—A Mountain in Circassia. TIME—Midnight.

In fair Circassia, where, to love inclined,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the Moon had hung her lamp on high,
And pass'd in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravaged plains, and valleys stole away.
Along the mountain's bending sides they run,
Till faint and weak Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

Oh, stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.

Friend of my heart! Oh turn thee and survey,
Trace our long flight through all its length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried!
And last this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land! whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind;
'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and shepherds loved in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountains catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess'd,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest!
No more the shepherds' whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair.
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Somewhat heavier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and steadfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inured, and nursed in scenes of woe.

He said: when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd,
Th' affrighted shepherds through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moonlight hills renew'd their flight.

ODES,

DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU! the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destined scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's hard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilianus' distant side,
Deserted stream and mute?
Wild Arun¹ too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, midst my native plains,
Been soothed by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity! come; by Fancy's aid.
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retired by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly!
For, lo! what monsters in thy train appear!

¹ A river in Sussex.

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold!
Who stalks his round, and hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accursed the mind:
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee!

EPIQUE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard² who first invoked thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous queen³
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear! I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful
line,

Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scenes are thine!

ANTISTROPHIC.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph! at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hallow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Heard drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought!
Dark Power! with shuddering, meek, submitted
thought,
Be mine to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.

And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-awed,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,

² Archylus.³ Jocasta.

When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou, whose spirit most possess
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O thou by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nursed the powers of [song!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Disclaim'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph! to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephissus' deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But Virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureate band;
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The Passions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole:
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou! only thou canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature! learn my tale.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted bard,
(Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest Elfin queen has blest)
One, only one, unrivall'd fair!
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn tourney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye.

Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loathed dishonour'd side;
Happier, hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone, to her denied!

Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepared and bathed in heaven,
The cest of amplest power is given,
To few the god-like gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her
flame.

The hand, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day,
When He, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And drest with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirthing all,
Long by the loved enthusiast woo'd
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sat with her alone,
And placed her on his sapphire throne,
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she, from out the veiling cloud,
Breathed her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born!
The dangerous Passions kept aloof,
Far from the sainted growing woof;
But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the Tarsel's eyes were made;
And the shadowy tribes of Mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted Powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers,
Where is the bard, whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd!

High on some cliff, to heaven up-piled,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head
An Eden, like his own, lies spread,

I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which, as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew
Night spher'd in heaven its native strains could
hear ;

On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung:
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue ;
In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future
view.

ODE. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLI.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O Thor ! who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best adored :
Who oft, with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hidest in wreaths of flowers his bloodless
sword !

Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him, the youth who sinks to ground :
See, Mercy, see ! with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's Genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierced with
many a wound !

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
The Fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey ;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'erlook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.

I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own ;
O maid ! for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roscate bower,
Thou, thou, shalt rule our queen, and share our
monarch's throne !

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan fire,
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom loved of old to view !
What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,
At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing.
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd ?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted
wound !

O Goddess ! in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom ! no, I will not tell
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heaviest sound, a giant statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his Northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments
broke !

EPISODE I.

Yet even, where'er the least appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand revered :
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found ;
They saw, by what escaped the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form,
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul ;
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserved a part.
Till they, whom Science loved to name,
(Oh ! who could fear it ?) quench'd her flame.
And lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade !
See small Marino joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem ;
Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
To those, whose merchant-sons were kings ;
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride :
Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure !
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure :
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah, no ! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak :
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice ;

Forth from his eyrie roused in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those ¹ to whom thy stork is dear:
Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,
Whose crown a British queen refused,
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, nymph! adored by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works, the wizard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand²,
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land,
To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding,
Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm even Nature's self confounding,
Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth
surprise.
This pillar'd earth, so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see like gems her laughing train,
The little isles on every side;
Mona³, once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight who cheeks the westering tide,
For thee consenting Heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this blest divorce she owed,
For thou hast made her vales thy loved, thy last
abode.

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, a hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing Goddess! stood;
There oft the painted native's feet,
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place:

¹ The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague: of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

² This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts.

³ There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the son-lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her she punished the whole island with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were upon a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self, o'erturn'd the fane;
Or in what heaven-left age it fell;
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if Truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light-embroider'd sky,
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beautiful model still remains.
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retired in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.

How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn, delighted and amazed,
What hands unknown that fabric raised!
Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
In gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,
Majestic through the mix'd design:
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns enblaze its veins;
There on the walls the Patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine! ye laureate band
That near her inmost altar stand,
Now soothe her to her blissful train,
Blithe Concord's social form to gain:
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Even Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep!
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
Here let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravaged shore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
Oh how supremely art thou blest!
Thou, lady, thou shalt rule the West!

ODE TO A LADY.

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS, IN THE
ACTION AT FONTENOV.

Written May 1745.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's Genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day;
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear,
Unseemly, from his sea-green hair,
The wreaths of cheerful May:

The thoughts which musing Pity pays,
And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheldt's descending wave,
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid ;
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head !
And, fallen to save his injured land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed !

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest :
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurell'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight :
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish th' avenging fight.

But lo, where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies !
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph bursting round,
Proclaim her reign restored :
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the sated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft a heart,
These pictured glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant tear ;
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Exposed and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild war insulting near :

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep ;
Even humble Harting's cottaged vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserved! while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy dark'ning
vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circle, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he
wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light :

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yellow through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes :

So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

ODE TO PEACE.

O thou ! who badest thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies ;
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron ear,
And bade his storms arise !

Tired of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn :
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return !

O Peace ! thy injured robes upbind !
 O rise, and leave not one behind
 Of all thy beamy train :
 The British lion, goddess sweet ;
 Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
 And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
 But come to grace thy western isle,
 By warlike Honour led !
 And, while around her ports rejoice,
 While all her sons adore thy choice,
 With him for ever wed !

THE MANNERS.

AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken design'd,
 The dim-discover'd tracts of mind ;
 Truths which, from action's paths retired,
 My silent search in vain required !
 No more my sail that deep explores,
 No more I search those magic shores,
 What regions part the world of soul,
 Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll :
 If e'er I round such fairy field,
 Some power impart the spear and shield,
 At which the wizard Passions fly,
 By which the giant Follies die !

Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
 Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green :
 Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
 By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
 Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
 To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade !

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
 Thy walks, Observance, more invite !
 O thou, who lovest that ampler range,
 Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
 And, with her mingled sons allied,
 Throw'st the prattling page aside ;
 To me in converse sweet impart,
 To read in man the native heart,
 To learn, where Science sure is found,
 From Nature as she lives around :
 And gazing oft her mirror true,
 By turns each shifting image view !
 Till medding Art's officious lore
 Reverse the lessons taught before,
 Alluring from a safer rule,
 To dream in her enchanted school ;
 Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
 Hast blest this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
 As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
 Not vain she finds the charming task,
 In pageant quaint, in motley mask ;
 Behold, before her musing eyes,
 The countless Manners round her rise ;
 While ever varying as they pass,
 To some Contempt applies her glass :
 With these the white-robed Maids combine,
 And those the laughing Satyrs join !
 But who is he whom now she views,
 In robe of wild contending hues !
 Thou by the Passions nursed ; I greet
 The comic sock that binds thy feet !

O Humour, thou whose name is known
 To Britain's favour'd isle alone :
 Me too amidst thy band admit,
 There where the young-eyed healthful Wit,
 (Whose jewels in his crisped hair
 Are placed each other's beams to share,
 Whom no delights from thee divide)
 In laughter loosed attends thy side !

By old Miletus¹, who so long
 Has ceased his love-inwoven song :
 By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
 In changed Italia's modern shades :
 By him², whose knight's distinguish'd name,
 Refined a nation's lust of fame ;
 Whose tales even now, with echoes sweet,
 Castilia's Moorish hills repeat :
 Or him³, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
 In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore ;
 Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
 By virtues in her sire betray'd :

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
 Each forceful thought, each prompted deed ;
 If but from thee I hope to feel,
 On all my heart imprint thy seal !
 Let some retreating Cynic find
 Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
 The Sports and I this hour agree,
 To rove thy sceneful world with thee !

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting ;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined.
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear, his hand its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
 A sullen, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

¹ Alluding to the Milesian Tales, some of the earliest romances. ² Cervantes.

³ Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every
 close,
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
 hair.

And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-
 Dejected Pity at his side, [tween,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
 from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state !
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
 Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
 stole,
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulders flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung.
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed
 Queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial ;
 He with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought who heard the
 strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth, a gay fantastic
 round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound :
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
 Why, goddess, why to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd !
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 E'en all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece ;
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

AN EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER.

On his Edition of Shakspeare's Works.

WHILE born to bring the Muse's happier days,
 A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays,
 While nursed by you she sees her myrtles bloom
 Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb ;
 Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
 What secret transports in her bosom swell :
 With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
 And blushing hides her wreath at Shakspeare's
 name.

Hard was the lot those injured strains endured,
 Unown'd by science, and by years obscured :
 Fair Fancy wept ; and echoing sighs confess'd
 A fixed despair in every tuneful breast.
 Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
 When wintry winds deform the plenteous year :
 When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade,
 Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
 Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves :
 The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
 And graced with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
 Preserved through time, the speaking scenes impart
 Each changeful wish of Phœdra's tortured heart :
 Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's
 reign,
 A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
 With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
 Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

¹ The *Œdipus* of Sophocles.

To Rome removed, with wit secure to please,
The comic sisters kept their native ease.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almost excell'd !
But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain ;
Hissus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly
soil.

As arts expired, resistless Dulness rose ;
Goths, priests, or Vandals,—all were learning's
Till 'Julius first recall'd each exiled maid, [foes,
And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade :
Then deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
The soft Provencal pass'd to Arno's stream :
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
The gay description could not fail to move :
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength :
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And even a Shakspeare to her fame be born !

Yet, ah ! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hoped an equal day !
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name,
With pleased attention 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind ;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His every strain the Smiles and Graces own ;
But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone :
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
Th' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.

³ With gradual steps, and slow, exacter France
Saw art's fair empire o'er her shores advance :
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew.
Till late Corneille, with ⁴ Lucan's spirit fired,
Breathed the free strain, as Rome and he inspired :
And classic Judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
The temper'd strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Waked at his call, I view with glad surprise
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.

¹ Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

² Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

³ About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country. Jonson excepted.

⁴ The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honour, and so soon to die !
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant ! bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king :
The time shall come, when Glo'ster's heart shall
bleed,

In life's last hours, with horror of the deed :
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent :
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive
spear.

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature in the rural grove ;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green :
Dress'd by her hand the woods and valleys smile,
And spring diffusive decks th' Enchanted Isle.

O more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal !
There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.
Oh, might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid !
What wondrous draughts might rise from every
page !

What other Raphaels charm a distant age !

methinks even now I view some free design,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line :
Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
—And see, where ⁶ Antony, in tears approved,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he loved :
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd
friend !
Still as they press he calls on all around ;
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But ⁷ who is he, whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air !
Awake to all that injured worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall
(So Heaven ordains it) on the destined wall.
See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain !
Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection in the Roman's pride :
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,
Rage grasps the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires ;
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string :
Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind)
By thee disposed, no farther toil demand,
But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.

⁵ "Tempus erit Turno, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta," &c.

⁶ See the tragedy of Julius Caesar.

⁷ Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the Odyssey.

So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole
unknown,
Even Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters cast on every shore:
When raised by fate, some former Hammer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARTIRAGUS OVER FIDELLE, SUPPOSED
TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidelle's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village linds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved, till life can charm no more;
And mourn, till Pity's self be dead.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STANZAS IS SUPPOSED TO LIE
ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

I.
In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

II.
In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp¹ shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

III.
Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

¹ The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the
Castle of Indolence.

IV.
Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

V.
And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening² spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.
But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears which Love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

VII.
Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near;
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

VIII.
But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.
And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

X.
The genial meads, assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
There linds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.
Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O vales, and wild woods! shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PAPER WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF
BRIDE-CAKE.

YE curious hands, that hid from vulgar eyes,
By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
Nor dare a theft, for love and pity's sake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic power,
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Fears, sighs, and wishes of th' enamour'd breast,
And pains that please, are mix'd in every part.

² Richmond church.

³ Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Rich-
mond some time before his death.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's isle ;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth ;
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward god ! hath sworn, while these
remain,

With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And cheerful Hope, so oft invoked in vain,
With fairy songs shall soothe his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to Friendship's gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hopest an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much entreated, leave this fatal place !

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive
day

Consents at length to bring me short delight ;
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note usurp the night.

AN ODE.¹

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS
OF SCOTLAND.

I.

HOME! thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads
long

Have seen thee ling'ring with a fond delay,
'Mid those soft friends, whose hearts some future
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song. [day
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth,²

Whom, long endear'd, thou leavest by Lavant's
Together let us wish him lasting truth, [side ;
And joy untainted with his destined bride.

Go ! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My short-lived bliss, forget my social name ;
But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame !

Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where ev'ry vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand :
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail ;
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial
land.

II.

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill ;
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet ;
Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
There each trim lass, that skins the milky store,
To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots ;
By night they sip it round the cottage-door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.

¹ Addressed to the Rev. John Home, author of the tragedy
of " Douglas," &c.—Ed.

² A gentleman of the name of Harrow, who introduced
Home to Collins.

There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe the untutor'd swain :
Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts
neglect ;

Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain ;
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding
strain.

III.

Even yet preserved, how often may'st thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father to his list'ning son,
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's
ear.

At ev'ry pause, before thy mind possest,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd :
Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge that mourns some chieftain
brave,

When ev'ry shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strow'd with choicest herbs his scented
grave ;

Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shield,³
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms ;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny
swarms,

And hostile brothers met to prove each other's
arms.

IV.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In Skye's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodged in the wintry cave, with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells :
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams
engross,

With their own vision oft astonish'd droop,
When, o'er the wat'ry strath or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.

Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destined glance some fated youth descrie,

Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.

For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.

They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

V.

Or on some belying rock that shades the deep,
They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,
Where, in the west, the brooding tempests lie :
And hear their first, faint, rustling pennons sweep.
Or in the arch'd cave, where deep and dark
The broad, unbroken billows heave and swell,

³ A summer hut, built in the high part of the moun-
tains, to tend their flocks in the warm season, when the
pasture is fine.

In horrid musings rapt, they sit to mark
The lab'ring moon ; or list the nightly yell
Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
The seer's entranced eye can well survey,
Through the dim air who guides the driving
storm,
And points the wretched bark, its destined prey.
Or him who hovers on his flagging wing
O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waste,
Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing
The failing breeze within its reach hath placed—
The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling
haste.

VI.

Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,
Silent he broods o'er quicksand, bog or fen,
Far from the shelt'ring roof and haunts of men,
When witch'd darkness shuts the eye of day,
And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the
night ;
Or if the drifted snow perplex the way,
With treach'rous gleam he lures the fated wight,
And leads him flound'ring on and quite astray.

VII.

To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,
Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow !
The seer, in Skye, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warn on the scaffold lay !
As Boreas threw his young Aurora forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles raged in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell rebellion slain !
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
Saw, at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near
crown'd !
They raved ! divining, through their second sight,
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were
drown'd !
Illustrious William ! Britain's guardian name !
One William saved us from a tyrant's stroke ;
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast
broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's
yoke !

VIII.

These, too, thou'lt sing ! for well thy magic muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar ;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more !
Ah homely swains ! your homeward steps ne'er
lose ;
Let not dank "Will" mislead you to the heath ;
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake ;
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive
sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light ;
For watchful, lurking, mid th' unrustling reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch
surprise.

IX.

Ah, luckless swain ! o'er all unblest, indeed !
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then !
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed :
On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return !
Or if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Mean time the wat'ry surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from ev'ry swelling source !
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs !
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breath-
less corse !

X.

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way ;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His bales shall linger at th' unclosing gate !
Ah, ne'er shall he return ! Alone if night,
Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep !
With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep :
Then he, perhaps, with moist and wat'ry hand
Shall fondly seem to press her shudd'ring cheek,
And with his blue swollen face before her stand,
And shiv'ring cold, these piteous accents speak :
" Pursue, dear wife ! thy daily toils pursue,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before ;
Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
While I lie weltring on the osier'd shore,
Drown'd by the Kelpie's¹ wrath, nor e'er shall
aid thee more !"

XI.

Unbounded is thy range ; with varied skill
Thy Muse may, like those feath'ry tribes which
spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile² which still its ruin shows :
In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd
ground !
Or thither³, where beneath the show'ry west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid :
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest ;
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade :
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sov'reign pow'r,
In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny
gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

¹ The water-fend.

² One of the Hebrides is called "The Isle of Pigmies," where it is reported that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of the chapel there.

³ Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

XII.

But, oh! o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting
 tides,
 Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
 Go! just as they, their blameless manners trace!
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
 And all their prospect but the wintry main.
 With sparing temp'rance at the needful time,
 They drain the scented spring; or, hunger-press'd,
 Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading, climb,
 And of its eggs despoil the Solan's¹ nest.
 Thus, blest in primal innocence they live,
 Sufficed, and happy with that frugal fare
 Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
 Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

XIII.

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
 Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possess;
 For not alone they touch the village breast,
 But fill'd in elder time th' historic page.
 There Shakspeare's self, with every garland
 crown'd,
 Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
 In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
 And with their terrors dress'd the magic scene.
 From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
 Before the Scot, afflicted and aghast!
 The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line,
 Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.
 Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
 Could once so well my answer'ing bosom pierce;
 Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
 The native legends of thy land rehearse:
 To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful
 verse.

¹ An aquatic bird, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

XIV.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
 From sober truth, are still to Nature true,
 And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
 Th' heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art!
 How have I trembled, when, at Tancréd's stroke,
 Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!
 When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
 And the wild blast upheaved the vanish'd sword!
 How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
 To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!
 Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
 Believed the magic wonders which he sung!
 Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
 Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!
 Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows;
 Melting, it flows, pure, murm'ring, strong and clear,
 And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' har-
 monious ear!

XV.

All hail! ye scenes, that o'er my soul prevail!
 Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
 Are by smooth Annan² fill'd, or past'ral Tay³,
 Or Don's⁴ romantic springs, at distance, hail!
 The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
 Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom;
 Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;
 Or o'er your mountains creep in awful gloom!
 Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
 Where Jonson⁵ sate in Drummond's classic
 Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower, [shade;
 And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!
 Meantime, ye pow'rs that on the plains which bore
 The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains, attend!—
 Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
 To him I lose your kind protection lend,
 And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my
 absent friend!

² ³ ⁴ Three rivers in Scotland.

⁵ Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

MAY, 1839.

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Characteristics of Scarlet Fever.
Love Me, Love my Dog; a Tale.
Runaway People, a Sketch.
On Bell Ringing. [Dream].
Reflections on Nebuchadnezzar's
The Library and Reading-Room
of the British Museum.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES:—

Daniel De Foe.
Mrs. Felicia Hemans.
Professor Porson.
Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh.
Mrs. Tighe.
John Wilkes.
John Dunton, the Bookseller.
Queen Isabella of Castile.
John Law of Lauriston.
Mrs. Elisabeth Hamilton.
William Cobbett.
Lady Fanshawe.
John Ledyard.
Rev. George Crabbe.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM,—

No. 1.—Introductory.
No. 2.—Its Early Progress.
No. 3.—Its Introduction into
England. [It is not.]
No. 4.—What it is, and what
The Habitations of the Poor.
The Structure and Functions of
the Human Frame.
Present State of the Slave Trade.

The Three Colonies of Australia.
A Cure for Dyspepsia, a Tale.
Foragers, a Sketch of Society.
The Horse Chestnuts of the Palais
The London Institution. [Royal].
A Visit to Barclay, Perkins, & Co.
Characteristics of Trades: the
Tailor and the Shoemaker.
The Am Wouralia. [Rod].
David Ramsay and the Divining
Uncle Abol and little Edward, a
Sketch.
Extracts from a Sailor's Journal.
The Swallows, from Horanger.
Paraguay; its Soil, Climate, and
Productions.
The Death of Attila, an Historical
Lines to Spring. [Tale].
Hints about the Invisible World.
Habits of a Man of Business.
Quarrel between a Lord-Chief
Justice and a Court Martial.
Good Friday. [Prairie].
Wild Scenes in the Forest and
Fly-Fishing at Eisenhammer.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Three monthly parts of a new weekly periodical, entitled the *Saturday Journal*, have just fallen under our notice for the first time, and it is certainly no hyperbole to assert, that it is at once the best and cheapest publication of its class extant. When we mention that each of these parts contains 194 columns of closely but clearly printed matter, or 62 quarto pages for eleven pence; and that of this matter a very large proportion is original, and from the pens, moreover, of writers of first-rate ability, our readers will agree with us in the unqualified opinion we have expressed of its merits. The selections, abridgments, and translations, which constitute the remaining portion of its contents, consist, besides being chosen with great judgment and good taste as to subject, not of mere scissored and paste clippings (like the excerpts of the *Penny Magazine*, the *Mirror*, and other publications of their class) from books in everybody's hands, but of anecdotes, criticisms, and descriptions, but little known to the general reader. Among the original papers we observe four on the British Navy, which are evidently the production of no ordinary hand, viz.—1. Putting a ship in commission. 2. Manning and fitting out. 3. Classification, wages, and messing of the officers and crew of a seventy-four. 4. The captain's establishment, fitting out, &c. The caterers for mess-libraries will do well to look at the sample of this valuable little Journal already published, for no one who can read, from the Admiral to the A.B., from the general to the private, who can spare two-pence a week from his pay, ought to be without it. The *Saturday Journal* is free from politics, and is handsomely and legibly printed."—*United Service Gazette*, April 6.

"This is a new weekly publication, in numbers, or in parts, once a month. We have read it with great pleasure and satisfaction. It will exactly suit those of our literary friends, who are in search of something superior and not to be despised. Its literary claims are of the higher class, and we urgently recommend it, as reaching much higher in its aims and capabilities than the general run of weekly periodicals. It is beautifully printed, will form a handsome volume, and though not adorned with cuts and pictures to please the eyes, has that which is far superior, literary efforts from the pen of genius, calculated to please the mind, inform the understanding, and affect the heart. We say to our readers, *buy it*. A single number will enable you to judge of the sincerity of our recommendation."—*Nottingham Review*, April 6.

"A new candidate for public favour in the world of literature has recently appeared under this title, and judging by the specimens of the work which have come under our notice, it promises to be eminently useful and successful. The *Saturday Journal* possesses far more originality and talent than the generality of the cheap periodicals of the class to which it belongs. Each number contains several well written essays, directed to the consideration of great social questions, which come home to the feelings and affections of all grades of the community. There is also interspersed throughout the work a variety of valuable and interesting matter, embracing British and foreign literature, biography, history, and travels, with notices of such discoveries in science or art as are calculated to benefit mankind. The numbers already published we consider will prove a valuable addition to the cheap and useful literature of the day."—*Birmingham Herald*, April 11.

"We have received three monthly parts of this publication, comprising the entire work, under this shape, so far as it has at present gone. We remember to have read the preliminary number, issued towards the close of the year, with

more than ordinary interest. It indicated powers of a very superior order, to which accurate and extensive observation had gathered a vast store of interesting facts, lending aid to genius, and receiving lustre from it. We are glad to see that the subsequent portions of the work do not belie the promise thus held out. The original articles are ingenious and solid, and the selections are governed with much taste, with a careful attention to principle and propriety, and from a wide field of information."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"This is one of those excellent cheap periodicals recently started in the great metropolis, similar in arrangement to the *Journal* so long successfully carried on in our own city by the Messrs. Chambers, but bringing the diffusion of knowledge under the direction of the spirit of Christianity, or, as is expressed in their preliminary number, 'the moral and social advancement of man under the guidance of a religious intelligence.' The parts now before us exhibit great ability, not only in the original composition, but also in the selection of interesting and entertaining matter; a point of more importance in the success of such a work than is imagined by the most of cursory observers."—*Caledonian Mercury*, April 15.

"Our readers will remember that some months ago we noticed the preliminary number—the extended prospectus, the full and explicit statement of the intentions of the publishers of this very excellent, and moreover remarkably cheap periodical.—We were in some doubt whether it would be continued, till the other day, when we received three months' numbers at once, and we are glad to observe, most amply and creditably have the conductors of this Miscellany followed out their original design. The main object is utility and human improvement, but entertainment is not forgotten. Religion and morals are admirably mingled with amusement and information. We know not how the work has circulated, but it deserves the most complete success, for the skill which has been employed in making it not only a work of momentary interest, but of continued and lasting importance, proves that no ordinary hand has undertaken its management. Long may it flourish, for such combinations of the good and the beautiful, the pleasing and the improving, are too seldom made, and when made, too much neglected in the present day for the frivolous and momentary pastimes of an evanescent and perishable literature."—*Times Mercury*, April 6.

"We have three parts of this new Miscellany before us, comprising 18 numbers—amply sufficient as a sample of the work—and we are bound, in common fairness, to declare that it fully sustains the high opinion we were led to form of it from the 'Preliminary Number.' It is as entertaining and instructing a periodical as we ever met with—much more so, in fact, than many of much higher pretensions, and greater cost. The *style dulce* is most admirably combined. Every Number—the price of which is only twopenny! abounds with information and amusement of the most rational, pleasing, and useful description. There is something for every age—every taste—and every rank in life. It ought to be one of the most popular of all the periodicals of the day—it is undoubtedly one of the cheapest—and we shall be much disappointed if it does not soon become so."—*Berwick Warrier*, April 30.

"In arrangement, variety, and talent, the *London Saturday Journal* has at once placed itself in the foremost rank of our periodical literature."—*Glasgow Journal*, April 30.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JAMES BEATTIE:
AND
THE GRAVE,
BY ROBERT BLAIR.
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

LIFE OF JAMES BEATTIE.

JAMES BEATTIE was born at Laureneekirk, in the county of Kincardine, Scotland, on the 23d day of October, 1732. His father, who was a farmer of no considerable substance, is said to have had a turn for reading and versifying; but, as he died in 1748, when his son was only seven years of age, his example could have had little influence on his child.

Young Beattie was sent early to the only school his birth-place afforded, where he passed his time under the instructions of a tutor named Milne, whom he used to represent as a "good grammarian, and tolerably skilled in the Latin language, but destitute of taste, as well as of some other qualifications essential to a good teacher." He is said to have preferred Ovid as a school author, whom Mr. Beattie gladly exchanged for Virgil. That author he had been accustomed to read with great delight in Ogilvy's and Dryden's translations, as he did Homer in that of Pope; and these, with Thomson's Seasons and Milton's Paradise Lost, of all which he was very early fond, probably gave him that taste for poetry which he afterwards cultivated with so much success. Even in his school days he was inclined to making verses, and, among his play-fellows, went by the name of "the Poet."

He obtained great proficiency in his studies at school, and on his removal in 1749 to the Marischal College, Aberdeen, he appeared with great credit, and obtained the first of those bursaries or exhibitions which are left for the use of students whose parents are unable to support the entire expenses of academical education. Here he pursued his studies with unremitting diligence, and he accumulated a much more various stock of general knowledge than is usual. The only science in which he made no extraordinary proficiency was mathematics; although he performed the requisite exercises in it, he gladly forsook them to return to subjects of taste or general literature. In every other branch of academical study, he never was satisfied with what he learned within the walls of the college. His private reading was extensive and various, and his taste inclined him to the cultivation of those branches on which his future celebrity was to depend.

In 1753, he took his degree of M.A.; and being anxious to relieve his elder brother, who had hitherto provided for his support, from a longer continuance of that burden, he in August in the same year accepted the humble office of school-master and parish-clerk to the parish of Fordoun, adjoining to Laureneekirk. This he regarded as only a temporary arrangement, his intention being to obtain admission into the church, the only path by which he conceived he could obtain an independence; and with this view he attended the divinity lectures at Marischal College during the winter. His leisure hours he employed on some poetical attempts, which, as they were published in the "*Scots Magazine*," with his initials, and sometimes with his place of abode, must have contributed to make him yet better known and respected.

While the church seemed his only prospect, and one which he never contemplated with satisfaction, there occurred in 1757, a vacancy for one of the masters of the grammar-school of Aberdeen, a situation of considerable importance in all respects. On this occasion Mr. Beattie was advised to become a candidate; but he was diffident of his qualifications, and did not think himself so retentive of the grammatical niceties of the Latin language as to be able to answer readily any question that might be put to him by older and more experienced judges. In every part of life, it may be here observed, Mr. Beattie appears to have formed an exact estimate of his own talents; and in the present instance he failed just where he expected to fail, rather in the circumstantial than the essential requisites for the situation to which he aspired. The other candidate was accordingly preferred. But Mr. Beattie's attempt was attended with so little loss of reputation, that a second vacancy occurring a few months after, and two candidates appearing both unqualified for the office, it was presented to him by the magistrates in the most handsome manner, without the form of a trial, and he immediately entered upon it in June 1758.

In 1760 he published proposals for his first volume of poems, which appeared early in 1771. It consisted partly of originals, and partly of the pieces formerly printed in the *Scots Magazine*, but altered and corrected: a practice which Dr. Beattie carried almost to excess in all his poetical works. This volume met with a very favourable reception, and procured for its author at once a high poetical reputation, but he was himself so little satisfied with it as to destroy every copy he could procure; and some years after, when his taste and judgment became fully matured, he refused to acknowledge above four of the poems, namely: Retirement, the Ode to Hope, the Elegy on a Lady, and the Hares, and these he almost re-wrote before he would permit them to be printed with the *Minstrel*.

In September 1760 he was appointed professor of philosophy in Marischal College, an office which he held until his death. In 1765 he published his "*Judgment of Paris*," which was unfavourably received; and in the next year he printed his poem "*On the Talk of erecting a Monument to Churchill in Westminster Abbey*;" but it was not until 1770 that he produced his *Essay on Truth*, a work which added greatly to his reputation. This work led to an extended acquaintance with the literati of England, for hitherto his fame had been chiefly confined to his own country; but when he first visited London in 1771, he formed an acquaintance with many men of the first eminence. Among other marks of respect, the university of Oxford conferred the degree of LL.D. on the author; and on his second arrival in London, he was most graciously received by his Majesty, who not only bestowed a pension on him, but admitted him to the honour of a private conference. Many years after, when Dr. Beattie went to pay his respects to his Majesty, he was still received with every mark of condescension and kindness.

A few months after the appearance of the *Essay on Truth*, he published the first book of the *Minstrel*, but without his name. It immediately received the stamp of public favour, which has never been withdrawn, and quickly ran through four editions. The second appeared in 1774.

Dr. Beattie published several other works in prose; but after the publication of the *Minstrel*, he suffered his muse to be idle. His *Essays*, his work on the *Evidences of the Christian Religion*, and "*Elements of Moral Science*," the latter being an abstract of the lectures he had delivered in his capacity of professor of philosophy, all attest to the high reputation he had already obtained.

The latter years of Dr. Beattie's life were clouded by misfortune. His wife, who was the daughter of the rector or head master of the grammar-school of Aberdeen, was seized by insanity, and was obliged to be placed in confinement. His eldest son, James Hay Beattie, was a youth of very extraordinary endowments, and uncommon moral excellence. He was so successfully trained by his father, as to be made his assistant in the professorial chair at the age of nineteen; and he was become the most intimate friend and beloved companion of his revered parent, when he fell into a decline, which carried him off in 1780, at the age of 21. This grievous loss was followed, in 1786, by that of his younger son, Montague Beattie, in his eighteenth year. The unhappy father was unable to bear up under his accumulated sorrow. The latter years of his life were a blank of existence, which terminated at Aberdeen on the 18th August, 1803, in the 68th year of his age. Dr. Beattie was amiable and exemplary in every department of private life, and fulfilled the duties of his public station in such a manner as to confer honour and credit upon the University in which he was a professor.

LIFE OF ROBERT BLAIR.

THE life of a poet, one of the "genus irritabile," most frequently presents to us a varied picture; too often the excitable spirit, whose inspired outpourings are destined to delight present and future ages, is itself a prey to distresses frequently real, in the every day sense of the word, but as frequently caused, or at least exaggerated, by the same high imagination from whence so much of the beautiful and excellent has been drawn. To this rule, which we fear must be regarded as the general one, governing the fate of the gifted sons of genius, there are many exceptions, but the fact of there being exceptions, must rank such examples very high in the scale of humanity. The body too often cripples the workings of the intellect; and oftener still does the ardent soul wear out the earthly frame that bars it from its native heaven. In both cases the world loses, for the spirit is in both overborne.

The poet whose life we are now about to sketch, was one who listened more to the calls of duty, than to the voice of fame. Had he pursued the path of Parnassus, he would have ascended very high, if he failed to touch the summit; as it was, he, at a bound, attained a point which has been seldom gained by a single effort. But more sacred duties recalled his attention from the Muses, and while we regret the sacrifice of the poet, we reverence the memory of the man.

Robert Blair was the eldest son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and chaplain to the king. His mother was Euphemia Nisbet, daughter of Archibald Nisbet of Carfin. His grandfather was the Rev. Robert Blair, one of the most distinguished Scottish clergymen in the time of the civil wars. He was born at Edinburgh, in 1688, received a liberal education in its university, and afterwards travelled on the Continent. In 1731 he was ordained minister at Athelstaneford, in the county of East Lothian, where he resided the remainder of his days.

He lived in the style of a gentleman, and was much respected by all the men of rank, talent, and property in his neighbourhood. He enjoyed his independent fortune as a man of learning, elegant manners, and polished taste would choose to do. He distinguished himself in the study of botany, particularly in the culture of flowers; and was well versed in optical and microscopical knowledge, on which subjects he corresponded regularly with several eminent men of science. In the exercise of his pastoral functions his assiduity was unremitting; pious and fervent in devotion, warm and earnest in preaching, he performed the duties of his sacred office with the seriousness of a divine, and the zeal of a poet.

In 1738 he married Isabella Law, daughter of Mr. Law of Elvingston, a lady of uncommon beauty, and amiable manners. It appears that this marriage was the result of a family connexion and a long acquaintance. Her father, who had been professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was his relation, and had been nominated one of Mr. Blair's tutors in his father's will. The fruits of this marriage were one daughter and five sons, of whom the fourth, named Robert, was the most celebrated. He was bred to the profession of the law in Scotland, and for many years held the highly honourable situation of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. In 1810, on the resignation of Lord President Campbell, he was appointed by the king to the high station of Chief Justice of the Court of Session: which post he filled with consummate ability until his death, which took place in 1812.

Although Mr. Blair never neglected his important duties for the sake of literature, which he would so much have adorned, he kept up a correspondence with many of the most celebrated characters of his age. His taste was particularly directed to subjects of natural history, on which he maintained a long correspondence with that celebrated

LIFE OF ROBERT BLAIR.

naturalist, Henry Barker. Esq. F.R.S., an intelligent, upright, and benevolent man, who was particularly attentive to the improvement of natural science, and very solicitous for the prosecution of useful discoveries. Another of Blair's friends and correspondents was Mr. Callender of Craigforth, as appears by a copy of verses addressed to him in Callender's "*Lugubres Cantus*." He lived likewise on terms of the strictest intimacy with Colonel Gardiner, who died on the field of Prestonpans, on the 21st of September, 1745, an extraordinary man, who is perhaps better known to the general reader by the perusal of "*Waverley*," than by Dr. Doddridge's curious memoir.

Besides the friends already mentioned, Blair numbered Watts and Doddridge, two men whom it is unnecessary further to particularize, among his intimates. A letter to Doddridge, opening the correspondence, has been preserved, and we transcribe it, since it relates to the poem which occupies the subsequent pages. It is dated, Atholstanford, February 25, 1741-2.

"You will be justly surprised with a letter from one whose name is not so much as known to you: nor shall I offer to make an apology. Though I am entirely unacquainted with your person, I am no stranger to your merit as an author; neither am I altogether unacquainted with your personal character, having often heard honourable mention made of you by my much respected and worthy friends, Colonel Gardiner and Lady Frances. About ten months ago, Lady Frances did me the favour to transmit to me some manuscript hymns of yours, with which I was wonderfully delighted. I wish I could, on my part, contribute in any measure to your entertainment, as you have sometimes done to mine in a very high degree. And that I may show how willing I am to do so, I have desired Dr. Watts to transmit you a manuscript poem of mine, intitled *The Grave*, written, I hope, in a way not unbecoming my profession as a minister of the gospel, though the greatest part of it was composed several years before I was clothed with so sacred a character. I was urged by some friends here, to whom I showed it, to make it public; nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I had ever entertained the highest regard. Yesterday I had a letter from the doctor, signifying his approbation of the piece in a manner most obliging. A great deal less from him would have done me no small honour. But, at the same time, he mentions to me, that he had offered it to two booksellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me, did not care to run the risk of publishing it. They can scarcely think (considering how critical an age we live in, with respect to such kind of writings), that a person living three hundred miles from London could write so as to be acceptable to the fashionable and polite. Perhaps it may be so; though, at the same time, I must say, in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged sometimes to go cross to my own inclination, well knowing, that whatever poem is written on a serious argument, must, on that very account, be under peculiar disadvantages; and therefore proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of these things. I beg pardon for breaking in on moments precious as yours, and hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion of the poem."

Two other poems, written by Mr. Blair, besides "*The Grave*," were printed during his lifetime; the first being an elegiac poem on the death of his father-in-law, the other a version of a pious ode of Florentius Holusenius; but neither of these possesses sufficient merit to justify republication. "*The Grave*" was first printed in London in 1743, and was reprinted at Edinburgh in 1747, and since that time it has deservedly been ranked among our "*Standard*" works.

There is a nervous energy throughout the poem, of a very singular character. The diction has been, not unreasonably, compared to that of the finest passages of Shakspeare, but it is deficient in the grace which that great master imparted to the didactic portions of his works: nevertheless it is a production of considerable elegance, and so excellent in its matter, that few who have once read it attentively will be satisfied with a single perusal.

The author died in the forty-seventh year of his age, having lived a useful life; and neglecting not in scorn, or proud humility, but for conscience' sake, the excellent poetical gifts he possessed, and devoting the powers of a fine and beneficent mind to the unpretending, but arduous duties of a parish priest. Whatever the world may have lost by this self-denial, may be recompensed by the lessons to be derived from the very paucity of incidents in his life.

He sought not, he desired not, the fame which embalms his memory; and his poem, beautiful in itself, becomes doubly interesting when the pure character of the writer, his virtues, and his modesty, are brought home to our

THE
Poetical Works
OF
JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

THE MINSTREL;
OR, THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

PREFACE.

THE design was, to trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a minstrel—that is, as an itinerant poet and musician;—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

I have endeavoured to imitate Spenser in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided; admitting, however, some old words where they seemed to suit the subject: but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

To those who may be disposed to ask what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems, from its gothic structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, as well as the more complex modulation of blank verse. What some critics have remarked, of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true only when the poetry is faulty in other respects.

BOOK I.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall [Fame;
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines pro-
claim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey:
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide;
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign,
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat;
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where
they will.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF DR. JAMES BEATTIE.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
Nor was perfection made for man below ;
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe :
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul and sparkles in the
eyes.

Then grieve not thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire :
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined !
No ! let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd ;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen ;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene,)
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be for-
given !

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart :
For ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.—
Return ! my roving muse, resume thy purposed
theme.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
But he, I ween, was of the north country :
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms ;
Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

¹ There is hardly an ancient ballad or romance wherein a minstrel or a harper appears, but he is characterized, by way of eminence, to have been "of the north country." It is probable that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent. See Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;
An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
His drink the living water from the rock :
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleeces to baffle winter's shock ;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er
they went.

[springs :]

From labour health, from health contentment
Contentment opens the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings ;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy :
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;
Each season look'd delightful as it pass'd,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd ; secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair :
His birth no oracle or seer foretold ;
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of EDWIN'S birth :
The parents' transport, and the parent's care ;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth ;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy :
Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy :
And now his look was most demurely sad ;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad :
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed
him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display !
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrudged groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net ; by arrow, or by sling.
These he detested ; those he scorn'd to wield :
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field ;
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield !

Lo! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms
to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth,
ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, toss'd
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and water-falls, along the hoar pro-
found!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight;
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern Sun diffused his dazzling shene!
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful thro' the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!
Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks
[away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on Earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic Man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursing fan.

¹ Brightness, splendour. The word is used by some late writers as well as by Milton.

O smile, ye heavens serene! ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span:
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And Man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright thro' th' eternal year of Love's triumphant
reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught—
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew—
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.
"Let man's own sphere," said he, "confine his view,
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right;
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

"And, from the prayer of Want and plaint of Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land: nor those alone—
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine
own."

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly;
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky:
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting Sun!
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her sting disarm.
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm!
Perish the lore that deadens young desire;
Pursue, poor imp! th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay hope, and fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves
expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles
along.

Or when the setting Moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night.

Anon, in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose: the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth a host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe
inspire.

With merriment and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance:
To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scaredst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft hath reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

Forbear, my Muse. Let love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so:
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow!
Ev'n now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell!
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above!
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
rings;

Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirling wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupify the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! Hence! lest the Muse should
deign
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose songs sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth:
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide;
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
For well I know, where-ever ye reside
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when, against the winter's drenching rain
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart!
Much he the tale admired, but more the tune-
ful art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms display'd;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the Moon in
blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate
flood.

¹ Allusion to Shakespeare:—

Macbeth. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't ye do?

Witches. A deed without a name.

Macbeth. Act iv. Scene 1.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart, by lust of lucre sear'd to stone !
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn¹,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die :
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
Nor friend nor stranger hears their dying cry :
" For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'est defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames
consume thy store.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,
" But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe ?"
O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere ;
But let us hope ; to doubt is to rebel ;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, when doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know.
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage
Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend !
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend [end !
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream ;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem :
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies ;
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years,
For Nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar,
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears ;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore :
And much they grope for Truth, but never hit.
For why ! Their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit ; [wit.
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders

¹ See the fine old ballad, called " The Children in the Wood."

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth :
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth ;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat, or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft, when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue :
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glitt'ring cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling
thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind :
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy, [choly !
When with the charm compared of heavenly melan-

Is there a heart that music cannot melt !
Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn ;
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born ?
He needs not woo the muse ; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish rage ; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton
swine.

For Edwin, Fate a nobler doom had plann'd ;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his advent'rous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute :
Of elegance as yet he took no care ;
For this of time and culture is the fruit ;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare :
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scan'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury controull'd,
And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound :
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurli'd ; green hills emerge : and lo !
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd ;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go ;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart
o'erflow.¹

Here pause, my gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if MONTAGUE should smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame,
And her applause to me is more than fame ;
For still with truth accords her taste refined.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind [kind.
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human

BOOK II.

Of chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never cease to wail ;
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of Fortune's fickle gale ;
Art, empire, Earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd ;
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents have
bloom'd.²

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the withered face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray or friendship's flame is mine.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the gothic lyre with harsher hand ;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye,
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

" Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not aspire,
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always hunt the sunny realms of joy :
But now and then the shades of life explore ;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

¹ " Spring and autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers."—SCHERRER'S *History of Lapland*, p. 16.

² See Plato's *Timæus*.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks ! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of Heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength
supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more mild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode ;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene ;
For rocks on rocks spell, as by magic piled :
Here scorcht with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell :
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made ;
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold
array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul :
He minded not the Sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;
When slowly on his car these moving accents stole.

" Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose !
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes !
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on scrapp wings.
O solitude ! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

" Vain man ! is grandeur given to gay attire !
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire !
It is thy weakness that requires their aid :
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid !
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade !
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform.

" True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below ;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not though Fortune aim her deadliest blow."
This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow,
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star :
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew,
(While Edwin rapt in wonder listening stood :)
" Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise and hated by the good !
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
Ashamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd,
And hugg'd the chain, that, glittering on their gaze,
Seems to outshine the pomp of Heaven's empyreal
[blaze.

" Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile ;
And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while ;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file ;
But now, with pangs of keen remorse, I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue !
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view !

" The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpass,
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heavens shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of
[fame.

" The end and the reward of toil is rest,
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease !
Ah ! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring !

" Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave ;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my
[grave.

" And thither let the village swain repair ;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe ;
And when mild Evening comes in mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;
No ghost, nor spell, my long and last abode shall
know.

" For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :
For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
O man ! creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears
[defiled !

" Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !
What majesty attends Night's lovely queen !
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams ;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear ;
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien !
O when shall that eternal morn appear, [clear !
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to

" O thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from th' abyss ; when dark Confusion driven
Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the
[way !"

Silence ensued : and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
" And is it thus in courtly life," he cries,
" That man to man acts a betrayer's part !
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire !
Hail Poverty ! if honour, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire !"

He said, and turn'd away ; nor did the sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd :
For now no cloud obscures the starry void ;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills ;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd ;
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
Nor durst he hope the hermit's tale untrue ;
For man he seem'd to love, and Heaven to fear ;
And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
" Yet, can man's gentle heart become so fell !
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the hermit's cell ;
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild ; where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man : his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret small.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.—SHAKS.

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching: innocence
Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
"Who art thou, courteous stranger, and from whence?
Why roam thy steps to this sequester'd dale?"
"A shepherd-boy," the youth replied; "far hence
My habitation; hear my artless tale;
Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

"Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;
And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
(For in thy speech I recognise the sound.)
You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
Pondering on former days by guilt engross'd,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

"But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul?
Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
Is glory there achieved by arts, as foul
As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl:
Love is the godlike attribute of man.
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan,—

"Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm, contented mind;
Which, late, exulting, view'd in Nature's frame
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleased with all, but most with humankind:
When Fancy roam'd through Nature's works at will,
Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill."

"Wouldst thou," the sage replied, "in peace return
To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
Alas! what comfort could thy anguish soothe,
Shouldst thou the extent of human folly know.
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to [woe.

"But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
The voice of the Eternal said, Be free:
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and Heaven convey;
For virtue is the child of liberty,
And happiness of virtue; nor can they
Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

"Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower,
And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lower;
For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain:
Come often then; for, haply, in my bower,
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain:
If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn:
Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn, [urn!
And languish in the dust, and clasp the abandon'd

"Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
Where ruin's gulf unfathom'd yawns beneath!
Shall life, shall liberty be lost," he said,
"For the vain toys that pomp and power bequeath!
The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave:
No note the clarion of renown can breathe,
To alarm the long night of the lonely grave, [wave.
Or check the headlong haste of time's o'erwhelming

"Ah, what avails it to have traced the springs,
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings, [steel!
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with
To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern;
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not [yearn!

"This praise, O Cheronean sage¹, is thine!
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong?)
All else from Nature's moral path decline,
Lured by the toys that captivate the throng;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

"O who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that elysian age (misnamed of gold)
The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
When all were great and free! man's sole employ
To deck the bosom of his parent earth;
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
To aid the flow'ret's long-expected birth, [mirth.
And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of

"Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves!
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
Then, hand in hand, health, sport, and labour went.
Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
None prow'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent.
To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

"But ah! the historic Muse has never dared
To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis Fancy's beam
Pour'd on the vision of the enraptured bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!
Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long, where Love and Fancy lead, to go
And meditate on Heaven, enough of Earth I know."

"I cannot blame thy choice," the sage replied,
 "For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
 And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
 The young adventurer unsafely plays.
 Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays
 In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
 And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
 That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
 More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had
 [shined]

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
 And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
 To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
 But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
 And often, where no real ills affright,
 Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
 Assail with equal or superior might,
 And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
 And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than
 [mortal pain.

"And yet, alas! the real ills of life
 Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
 Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
 Its guide experience, and truth its guard.
 We fare on Earth as other men have fared.
 Were they successful? Let not us despair.
 Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
 Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare [to bear.
 How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd

"What charms the historic Muse adorn, from spoils,
 And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
 To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils
 Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
 And peace, through every age divinely bright,
 Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
 Sees yonder Sun, from his meridian height,
 A lovelier scene, than virtue thus enshrined
 In power, and man with man for mutual aid con-
 [bined]

"Hail sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd!
 Hail sacred Freedom, when by law restrain'd!
 Without you what were man! A groveling herd,
 In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
 Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
 In arts unrivall'd: O, to latest days,
 In Albion may your influence unprofaned
 To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
 And prompt the sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays!

"But now let other themes our care engage.
 For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
 To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
 And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
 Philosophy appears! The gloomy race
 By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
 Fear, Discontent, Solitude, give place,
 And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
 While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

"Then waken from long lethargy to life!
 The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought;
 Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
 A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.

¹ The influence of the philosophic spirit in humanising the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe;—in banishing superstition;—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science.

Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
 With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
 With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
 Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl:
 As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

"And reason now through number, time, and space,
 Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
 And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
 Whose long progression leads to Deity.
 Can mortal strength presume to soar so high!
 Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm'd with tears,
 Such glory bear!—for lo, the shadows fly
 From Nature's face; confusion disappears,
 And order charms the eye, and harmony the
 ears!

"In the deep windings of the grove, no more
 The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell;
 Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
 Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
 No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
 Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
 Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
 To ease of fancied pangs the labouring Moon,
 Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of
 noon.

"Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
 Stunn'd with the eternal turbulence of waves,
 Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
 And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
 Of Heaven his wretched fare; shivering in caves,
 Or scorched on rocks, he pines from day to day;
 But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
 The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
 And to a happier land wafts merrily away!

"And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
 With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane:
 Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
 Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
 Ev'n Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood;
 For there, each eye-ball gleams with lust of gore,
 Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
 Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every
 flood.

"'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
 The soil, by plenty to intemperance fed.
 Lo, from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
 Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled!
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale:
 And from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
 Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering
 gale.

"What dire necessities on every hand
 Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
 Of foes intestine what a numerous band
 Against this little throb of life conspire!
 Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
 Awhile, and turn aside Death's levell'd dart,
 Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
 heart,
 And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

"Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines, to indolence and spleen a prey,
Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they !
Flee to the shade of Academus' grove ;
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of Truth, breathed from the
lips of Love.

"What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil !
They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep versed in man the philosophic sage
Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to assuage.

"'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil, and clime
Explored, a nation's various powers can bind,
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of policy, that 'midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
The assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And industry and law maintain their sway severe."

Enraptured by the hermit's strain, the youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
And now, expanded to the beams of truth,
New energies and charms unknown before
His mind discloses : Fancy now no more
Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies ;
But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependences to scan ;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan ;
The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,
The flame of industry and genius fan,
And emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shared
And bless'd, the Muse, and her celestial art,
Still claim the enthusiast's fond and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compared
And variously combined, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection¹, which the bard,

¹ General ideas of excellence, the immediate archetypes of sublime imitation, both in painting and in poetry. See Aristotle's Poetics, and the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardour to adorn : but Nature now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity space
Tempers his rage : he owns her charm divine,
And clears the ambiguous phrase, and lops the
unwieldy line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains²
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll :
Fain would I sing what transport storm'd his soul,
How the red current throbb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
Without art graceful, without effort strong,
Homer raised high to heaven the loud, the im-
petuous song.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to complain,
Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
I fain would sing : but ah ! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound,
With trembling step, to join yon weeping train
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death
resound.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind !
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind !
He sleeps in dust³. Ah, how shall I pursue
My theme ! To heart-consuming grief resign'd,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu !

Art thou, my Gregory, for ever fled !
And am I left to unavailing woe !
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow !
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go !
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers :
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn : flow forth afresh,
my tears !

² Virgil.

³ This excellent person died suddenly on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

POEMS.

TO
MRS. MONTAGU,
THREE
LITTLE POEMS,
NOW REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE LAST TIME,
ARE,
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REVERENCE AND
GRATITUDE,
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

January, 1777.

HAVING lately seen in print some poems ascribed to me which I never wrote, and some of my own inaccurately copied, I thought it would not be improper to publish, in this little volume, all the verses of which I am willing to be considered as the author. Many others I did indeed write in the early part of my life; but they were in general so incorrect, that I would not rescue them from oblivion, even if a wish could do it.

Some of the few now offered to the public would perhaps have been suppressed, if in making this collection I had implicitly followed my own judgment. But in so small a matter, who would refuse to submit his opinion to that of a friend?

It is of no consequence to the reader to know the date of any of these little poems. But some private reasons determined the author to add, that most of them were written many years ago, and that the greater part of the *Minstrel*, which is his latest attempt in this way, was composed in the year 1768.

ODE TO PEACE.

I. 1.

PEACE, heaven-descended maid! whose powerful
From ancient darkness call'd the morn, [voice
Of jarring elements composed the noise,
When Chaos from his old dominion torn,
With all his bellowing throng,
Far, far was hurl'd the void abyss along;
And all the bright angelic choir
To loftiest raptures tuned the heavenly lyre,
Pour'd in loud symphony the impetuous strain;
And every fiery orb and planet sung,
And wide through night's dark desolate domain
Rebounding long and deep the lays triumphant rung.

I. 2.

Oh, whither art thou fled, Saturnian reign!
Roll round again, majestic years!
To break fell Tyranny's corroding chain,
From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
Ye years, again roll round!
Hark from afar what loud tumultuous sound,
While echoes sweep the winding vales,
Swells full along the plains, and loads the gales!

Murder deep roused, with the wild whirlwind's haste
And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
Smiles ghastly-stern, and shakes her gore-distilling
wings.

I. 3.

Fierce up the yielding skies
The shouts redoubling rise:
Earth shudders at the dreadful sound,
And all is listening trembling round.
Torrents, that from yon promontory's head
Dash'd furious down in desperate cascade,
Heard from afar amid the lonely night
That oft have led the wanderer right,
Are silent at the noise.
The mighty ocean's more majestic voice,
Drown'd in superior din, is heard no more;
The surge in silence sweeps along the foamy shore.

II. 1.

The bloody banner streaming in the air,
Seen on yon sky-mix'd mountain's brow,
The mingling multitudes, the madd'ning car
Pouring impetuous on the plain below,
War's dreadful lord proclaim.
Bursts out by frequent fits the expansive flame;
Whirl'd in tempestuous eddies flies
The surging smoke o'er all the darken'd skies.
The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen,
Fades the morn's vivid blush to deadly pale,
The bat flits transient o'er the dusky green,
Night's shrieking birds along the sullen twilight
[sail.

II. 2.

Involved in fire-streak'd gloom the car comes on,
The mangled steeds grim Terror guides;
His forehead writhed to a relentless frown,
Aloft the angry power of battles rides:
Grasp'd in his mighty hand
A mace tremendous desolates the land;
Thunders the turret down the steep,
The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep:
Chill Horror the dissolving limbs invades;
Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes,
A bloated paleness beauty's bloom o'erspreads,
Fades every flowery field, and every verdure dies.

II. 3.

How startled Frenzy stares,
Bristling her ragged hairs!
Revenge the gory fragment gnaws;
See, with her griping vulture-claws
Imprinted deep, she rends the opening wound!
Hatred her torch blue-streaming tosses round;
The shrieks of agony and clang of arms
Re-echo to the fierce alarms
Her trump terrific blows.
Disparting from behind, the clouds disclose
Of kingly gesture a gigantic form,
That with his scourge sublime directs the whirling
storm.

III. 1.

Ambition, outside fair ! within more foul
Than fellst fiend from Tartarus sprung,
In caverns hatch'd, where the fierce torrents roll
Of Phlegethon, the burning banks along,
You naked waste survey :
Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay :
Where late the rosy-bosom'd Hours
In loose array danced lightly o'er the flowers ;
Where late the shepherd told his tender tale ;
And waked by the soft-murmuring breeze of morn
The voice of cheerful labour fill'd the dale ;
And dove-eyed Plenty smiled, and waved her
liberal horn.

III. 2.

Yon ruins, sable from the wasting flame,
But mark the once replendent dome ;
The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,
And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
How sadly-silent all !
Save where outstretch'd beneath you hanging wall
Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
And Torture yells, and grinds her bloody teeth—
Though vain the muse, and every melting lay,
To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse !
Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way,
I see, I see the years begin their mighty course.

III. 3.

What scenes of glory rise
Before my dazzled eyes !
Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
And melody celestial rings :
Along the lilyd lawn the nymphs advance, [dance :
Flush'd with love's bloom, and range the sprightly
The gladsome shepherds on the mountain-side,
Array'd in all their rural pride,
Exalt the festive note,
Inviting Echo from her inmost grot—
But ah ! the landscape glows with fainter light,
It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

IV. 1.

Illusions vain ! Can sacred Peace reside
Where sordid gold the breast alarms,
Where cruelty inflames the eye of Pride,
And Grandeur wantons in soft Pleasure's arms !
Ambition ! these are thine :
These from the soul erase the form divine ;
These quench the animating fire,
That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
Hate rides tremendous on the o'erwhelming brow,
And midnight Rancour grasps the cruel steel,
Blaze the funeral flames, and sound the shrieks
of Woe.

IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once-beloved retreat,
What region brightens in thy smile,
Creative Peace, and underneath thy feet
Sees sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil !
In bleak Siberia blows,
Waked by thy genial breath, the balmy rose !
Waved over by thy magic wand,
Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand !
Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
Where roves the Indian through primeval shades :
Haunts the pure pleasures of the woodland reign,
And led by reason's ray the path of Nature treads !

IV. 3.

On Cuba's utmost steep,¹
Far leaning o'er the deep,
The goddess' pensive form was seen.
Her robe of Nature's varied green
Waved on the gale ; grief dimm'd her radiant eyes,
Her swelling bosom heaved with boding sighs :
She eyed the main ; where, gaining on the view,
Emerging from the ethereal blue,
Midst the dread pomp of war,
Gleam'd the Iberian streamer from afar.
She saw ; and on refulgent pinions borne
Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with
the morn.

THE

TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

MEMORY, be still ! why throng upon the thought
These scenes deep-stain'd with Sorrow's sable dye !
Hast thou in store no joy-illumin'd draught,
To cheer bewilder'd Fancy's tearful eye !

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,
Deck'd gorgeous by the lavish hand of Spring ;
Thin gilded clouds float light along the skies,
And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How blest the youth in yonder valley laid !
Soft smiles in every conscious feature play,
While to the gale low-murmuring through the glade
He tempers sweet his sprightly-warbling lay.

Hail Innocence ! whose bosom, all serene,
Feels not fierce passion's raving tempest roll !
Oh ne'er may Care distract that placid mien !
Oh ne'er may Doubt's dark shades o'erwhelm thy
soul !

Vain wish ! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd,
Yonder she comes ! the heart-inflaming fiend !
(Will no kind power the helpless stripling afield !)
Swift to her destined prey see Passion bend !

O smile accurst, to hide the worst designs !
Now with blithe eye she woos him to be blest,
While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—
And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast !

And, instant, lo, his dizzy eye-ball swims
Ghastly, and reddening darts a threatful glare :
Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,
And Fear's cold hand erects his bristling hair !

Is this, O life, is this thy boasted prime !
And does thy spring no happier prospect yield !
Why gilds the vernal sun thy gaudy clime,
When nipping mildews waste the flowery field !

How memory pains ! Let some gay theme beguile
The musing mind, and soothe to soft delight.
Ye images of woe, no more recoil ;
Be life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.

¹ This alludes to the discovery of America by the Spaniards under Columbus. These ravagers are said to have made their first descent on the islands in the Gulf of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

Now when fierce Winter, arm'd with wasteful power,
Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar,
How sweet to sit in this sequester'd bower,
To hear, and but to hear, the mingling war !

Ambition here displays no gilded toy
That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise,
Nor Pleasure's flower-embroider'd paths decoy,
Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's gay disguise.

Oft has Contentment cheer'd this lone abode
With the mild languish of her smiling eye ;
Here Health has oft in blushing beauty glow'd,
While loose-robed Quiet stood enamour'd by.

E'en the storm lulls to more profound repose :
The storm these humble walls assails in vain ;
Screen'd is the lily when the whirlwind blows,
While the oak's stately ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds ! Thine, Winter, be the skies,
Roll the old ocean, and the vales lay waste :
Nature thy momentary rage defies ;
To her relief the gentler seasons haste.

Throned in her emerald car see Spring appear !
(As Fancy wills, the landscape starts to view)
Her emerald car the youthful Zephyrs bear,
Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering seen ;
And lo, her rod the rose-lipp'd power extends !
And lo, the lawns are deck'd in living green,
And Beauty's bright-eyed train from heaven descends !

Haste, happy days, and make all nature glad—
But will all nature joy at your return ?
Say, can ye cheer pale Sickness' gloomy bed,
Or dry the tears that bathe the untimely urn !

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart
'Cross the dark cell where hopeless slavery lies ?
To ease tired Disappointment's bleeding heart,
Will all your stores of softening balm suffice ?

When fell Oppression in his harpy fangs
From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,
Can ye allay the heart-wrung parent's pangs,
Whose famish'd child craves help with fruitless tears !

For ah ! thy reign, Oppression, is not past.
Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends ?
Who lays the once-rejoicing village waste,
Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends ?

O ye, to Pleasure who resign the day,
As loose in Luxury's clasp'd arms you lie,
O yet let pity in your breast bear away,
And learn to melt at Misery's moving cry.

But hop'st thou, Muse, vain-glorious as thou art,
With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
Hop'st thou to soften Pride's obdurate heart,
When *Ænol's* bright example shines in vain !

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye,
Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight ;
Thy haunts, alas ! no gleams of joy supply,
Or transient gleams, that flash, and sink in night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego—
Spread then, historic Muse, thy pictured scroll ;
Bid thy great scenes in all their splendour glow,
And swell to thought sublime th' exalted soul.

What mingling pomp and rush boundless on the gaze !
What gallant navies ride the heaving deep !
What glittering towns their cloud-wrapt turrets raise !
What bulwarks frown horrific o'er the steep ! [raise !]

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd shields,
Th' embattled legions stretch their long array ;
Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,
With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign.
How keen their looks whom Liberty inspires !
Quick as the goddess darts along the line,
Each breast impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful ! In her lofty mien
The smiles of Love stern Wisdom's frown control ;
Her fearless eye, determined though serene,
Speaks the great purpose, and th' unconquer'd soul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverse band,
Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain !
With menace loud he cries, while from his hand
He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,
Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven ;
Hatred, to madness wrought, each face deforms,
Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,
Shield them for Liberty, who dare to die—
Ah Liberty ! will none thy cause befriend ?
Are these thy sons, thy generous sons, that fly !

Not Virtue's self, when Heaven its aid denies,
Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart ;
Not Virtue's self can still the burst of sighs,
When festers in the soul Misfortune's dart.

See where, by heaven-bred terror all dismay'd,
The scattering legions pour along the plain !
Ambition's car with bloody spoils array'd
Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he, that, by yon lonely brook
With woods o'erhung and precipices rude,
Abandon'd lies, and with undaunted look
Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood ?

Ah Brutus ! ever thine be Virtue's tear !
Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns
As, scarce supported on his broken spear,
O'er her expiring son the goddess mourns.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,
From her dishevel'd locks she rends the plume ;
No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,
And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy sway,
Fame's loudest trumpet labours in thy praise ;
For thee the Muse awakes her sweetest lay,
And Flattery bids for thee her altars blaze.

¹ Such, according to the description given by Plutarch, was the scene of Brutus's death.

Nor in life's lofty bustling sphere alone,
The sphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,
Sink Virtue's sons beneath Misfortune's frown,
While Guilt's thrill'd bosom leaps at Pleasure's
smile;

Full oft, where Solitude and Silence dwell
Far, far remote amid the lowly plain,
Resounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell.
Such is man's doom, and Pity weeps in vain.

Still grief recoils—How vainly have I strove
Thy power, O Melancholy, to withstand!
Tired I submit; but yet, O yet remove,
Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand.

Yet for a while let the bewilder'd soul
Find in society relief from woe;
O yield a while to Friendship's soft control;
Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow!

Come, then, Philander! for thy lofty mind
Looks down from far on all that charms the great;
For thou canst bear, unshaken and resign'd,
The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of Fate:

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,
Nor faction cools, nor injury destroys;
Who lend'st to Misery's moans a pitying ear,
And feel'st with ecstasy another's joys:

Who know'st man's frailty; with a favouring eye,
And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall;
Who, unenslaved by custom's narrow tie,
With manly freedom follow'st reason's call.

And bring thy Delia, softly-smiling fair,
Whose spotless soul no sordid thoughts deform;
Her accents mild would still each throbbing care,
And harmonize the thunder of the storm:

Though blest with wisdom and with wit refined,
She courts not homage, nor desires to shine;
In her each sentiment sublime is join'd
To female sweetness, and a form divine.

Come, and dispel the deep-surrounding shade:
Let chasten'd mirth the social hours employ;
O catch the swift-wing'd hour before 'tis fled,
On swiftest pinion flies the hour of joy.

Even while the careless disencumber'd soul
Dissolving sinks to joy's oblivious dream,
Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll
With haste impetuous down life's surgy stream.

Can Gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or soothe the sad inevitable hour,
Or cheer the dark dark mansions of the dead?

Still sounds the solemn knell in fancy's ear
That call'd Cleora to the silent tomb;
To her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year!
How shone the nymph in beauty's brightest bloom!

Ah! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace;
Moulder unknown the monarch and the slave,
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-lived pyramid shall sink in dust
To dumb oblivion's ever-desert shade.

Fancy from comfort wanders still astray.
Ah, Melancholy! how I feel thy power!
Long have I labour'd to elude thy way!
But 'tis enough, for I resist no more.

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waste
Through many a lonesome path is doom'd to roam,
Wilderness and weary sits him down at last;
For long the night, and distant far his home.

ELEGY.

Tired with the busy crowds, that all the day
Impatient throng where Folly's altars flame,
My languid powers dissolve with quick decay,
Till genial Sleep repair the sinking frame.

Hail, kind reviver! that canst lull the cares,
And every weary sense compose to rest,
Lighten th' oppressive load which anguish bears,
And warm with hope the cold desponding breast.

Touch'd by thy rod, from Power's majestic brow
Drops the gay plume; he pines a lowly clown;
And on the cold earth stretch'd, the son of Woe
Quaffs Pleasure's draught and wears a fancied crown.

When roused by thee, on boundless pinions borne,
Fancy to fairy scenes exults to rove,
Now scales the cliff gay-gleaming on the morn,
Now sad and silent treads the deepening grove;

Or skims the main, and listens to the storms,
Marks the long waves roll far remote away;
Or mingling with ten thousand glittering forms,
Floats on the gale, and basks in purest day.

Haply, ere long, pierced by the howling blast,
Through dark and pathless deserts I shall roam,
Plunge down th' unfathom'd deep, or shrink aghast
Where bursts the shrieking spectre from the tomb.

Perhaps loose Luxury's enchanting smile
Shall lure my steps to some romantic dale,
Where Mirth's light freaks th' unheeded hours be-
And airs of rapture warble in the gale. [guile,

Instructive emblem of this mortal state!
Where scenes as various every hour arise
In swift succession, which the hand of Fate
Presents, then snatches from our wondering eyes.

Be taught, vain man, how fleeting all thy joys,
Thy boasted grandeur, and thy glittering store;
Death comes, and all thy fancied bliss destroys,
Quick as a dream it fades, and is no more.

And, sons of Sorrow! though the threatening storm
Of angry Fortune overhang a while,
Let not her frowns your inward peace deform;
Soon happier days in happier climes shall smile.

Through Earth's throng'd visions while we toam for-
'Tis tumult all, and rage, and restless strife; [lorn,
But these shall vanish like the dreams of morn,
When Death awakes us to immortal life.

EPITAPH

ON *****.

ESCAPED the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys;
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife;
Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.

Yet for a while 'gainst Passion's threatful blast
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

EPITAPH.

Nov. 1, 1757.

TO THIS GRAVE IS COMMITTED
ALL THAT THE GRAVE CAN CLAIM
OF TWO BROTHERS, *****
WHO, ON THE VII OF OCTOBER, MDCCCLVII,
BOTH UNFORTUNATELY PERISHED IN THE *** WATER:
THE ONE IN HIS XXII, THE OTHER IN HIS XVIII, YEAR.
THEIR DISCONSOLATE FATHER, *****
ERECTS THIS MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF
THESE AMIABLE YOUTHS;
WHOSE EARLY VIRTUES PROMISED
UNCOMMON COMFORT TO HIS DECLINING YEARS,
AND SINGULAR EMOLUMENT TO SOCIETY.

O THOU! whose steps in sacred rev'rence tread
These lone dominions of the silent dead;
On this sad stone a pious look bestow,
Nor uninstructed read this tale of woe;
And while the sigh of sorrow heaves thy breast,
Let each rebellious murmur be suppress'd;
Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!
Heaven's wise decrees how impious to arraign!
Pure from the stains of a polluted age,
In early bloom of life, they left the stage:
Not doom'd in lingering woe to waste their breath,
One moment snatch'd them from the power of
Death:
They lived united, and united died;
Happy the friends, whom Death cannot divide!

¹ James Beattie. This epitaph was intended for himself.—C.

² This epitaph is engraven on a tomb-stone in the churchyard of Lethnet, in the shire of Angus.

³ Two young men of the name of Leitch, who were drowned in crossing the river Southesk. It is not very obvious why their names should be concealed in the first edition of these poems.—C.

SONG,

IN Imitation OF SHAKESPEARE'S

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind," &c.

BLOW, blow, thou vernal gale!
Thy balm will not avail
To ease my aching breast;
Though thou the billows smooth,
Thy murmurs cannot soothe
My weary soul to rest.
Flow, flow, thou tuneful stream!
Infuse the easy dream
Into the peaceful soul;
But thou canst not compose
The tumult of my woes,
Though soft thy waters roll.
Blush, blush, ye fairest flowers!
Beauties surpassing yours
My Rosalind adorn;
Nor is the Winter's blast,
That lays your glories waste,
So killing as her scorn.
Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays,
That linger down the maze
Of yonder winding grove;
O let your soft control
Bend her relenting soul
To pity and to love.
Fade, fade, ye flowerets fair!
Gales, fan no more the air!
Ye streams forget to glide!
Be hush'd, each vernal strain;
Since nought can soothe my pain,
Nor mitigate her pride.

RETIREMENT.

1758.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Heaper on the front of Heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme:—

"Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale;
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan Moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep.

"To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine.

"How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win!
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.

O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing!

"Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclined
He framed his infant lays:
When Fancy roamed at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
His simple youth had harm'd.

"Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home.

"Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

"O, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly-warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The Zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

"For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain."

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream!
Till at some stroke of Fate the vision flies,
And sad realities in prospect rise;
And, from elysian slumbers rudely torn,
The startled soul awakes, to think and mourn.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
Who flowery plains in endless pomp survey,
Glittering in beams of visionary day;
O, yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,
Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow;

Lest, like the lightning's glance the sudden ill
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;
Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frightened ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise, beauteous, good! O every grace combined,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
Fresh as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild as the melodies at close of day,
That heard remote along the vale decay!
Yet, why with these compared! What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with
Why roam abroad, since recollection true [thine!
Restores the lovely form to fancy's view!
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;
That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where Meekness beams ineffable delight;
That brow, where Wisdom sits enthroned serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway,

By thee inspired, O Virtue, age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue:
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes:
But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams,
Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,
And beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Ah, whither fled! ye dear illusions, stay!
Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay.
How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
Which late the purple light of youth display'd!
Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd!
With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd.
Fair was the blossom, soft the vernal sky;
Elate with hope, we deem'd no tempest nigh:
When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

Cold the soft hand that sooth'd Woe's weary head!
And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed!
And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
Infusing balm, into the rankled soul!
O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower!
Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven!
Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven!
But peace, bold thought! be still, my bursting
We, not ELIZA, felt the fatal dart. [heart!

Escaped the dungeon, does the slave complain,
Nor bless the friendly hand that broke the chain!
Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn!
Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw;
Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy deeps in storms perpetual toss'd,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.

O happy stroke that burst the bonds of clay,
Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
Where dangers threat and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
The tear of Grief, and wake a bolder lay.
But ah! the swimming eye o'erflows anew;
Nor check the sacred drops to Pity due;
Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
O'er her loved dust, the parent, brother, friend!
How vain the hope of man: but cease thy strain,
Nor sorrow's dread solemnity profane;
Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, on her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

ODE TO HOPE.

I. 1.

O THOU, who glad'st the pensive soul,
More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
Left all night long to mourn
Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl;
And shrieks of woe, as intermits the storm,
Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
And 'cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
And many a fire-eyed visage glares around:—
O come, and be once more my guest:
Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,
And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd
And soothed him into rest.

I. 2.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
The sable bands combined,
Where Fear's black banner blots the troubled sky,
Appall'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeball raise:
Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.
Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
With speed unwonted Indolence upsprings,
And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
And sullen glides away:

I. 3.

Ten thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
Dissolve.—Above the sparkling flood
When Phoebus rears his awful brow,
From lengthening lawn and valley low
The troops of fen-born mists retire.
Along the plain
The joyous swain
Eyes the gay villages again,
And gold-illumined spire;
While on the billowy ether borne
Floats the loose lay's jovial measure;
And light along the fairy Pleasure,
Her green robes glittering to the morn,
Wantons on silken wing. And goblins all
To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
Or westward, with impetuous flight,
Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial night.

II. 1.

When first on childhood's eager gaze
Life's varied landscape stretch'd immense around,
Starts out of night profound,
Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze.

Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
With beating heart the upland path pursues;
The path that leads, where, hung sublime,
And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
In Fancy's rainbow ray, invite
His wingy nerves to climb.

II. 2.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,
Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
While melting airs are heard,
And soft-eyed cherub-forms around thee play:
Simplicity, in careless flowers array'd,
Prattling amusive in his accented meek;
And Modesty, half turning as afraid,
The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek!
Content and Leisure, hand in hand
With Innocence and Peace, advance, and sing;
And Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
Frisks o'er the flowery land.

II. 3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below!
To-day though gales propitious blow,
And Peace, soft-gliding down the sky,
Lead Love along, and Harmony,
To-morrow the gay scene deforms;
Then all around
The thunder's sound
Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
And down rush all the storms.
Ye days, that balmy influence shed,
When sweet childhood, ever sprightly,
In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
Whither, ah whither are ye fled?
Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way,
O leave him not 'midst tumult and dismay;
For now youth's eminence he gains;
But what a weary length of lingering toil remains!

III. 1.

They shrink, they vanish into air.
Now Slander taints with pestilence the gale;
And mingling cries assail,
The wail of Woe, and groan of grim Despair.
Lo! wizard Envy from his serpent eye
Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance;
Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
Frowning Disdain, and haggard Hate advance;
Behold, amidst the dire array,
Pale wither'd Care his giant stature rears,
And lo! his iron hand prepares
To grasp its feeble prey.

III. 2.

Who now will guard bewild'ring youth
Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage?
Such war can Virtue wage,
Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of Truth!
Alas! full oft on Guilt's victorious car
The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne;
While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
In long obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
Resigns to tears her angel form.
Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly?
No friend, no shelter now is nigh,
And onward rolls the storm.

III. 3.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along !
 Why shrink aghast the hostile throng ?
 Lo, from amidst affliction's night,
 Hope bursts all radiant on the sight :
 Her words the troubled bosom soothe.
 " Why thus dismay'd !
 Though foes invade,
 Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid
 Who tread the path of truth.
 'Tis I, who smooth the rugged way,
 I, who close the eyes of Sorrow,
 And with glad visions of to-morrow
 Repair the weary soul's decay. [heart,
 When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing
 Dreams of Heaven's opening glories I impart,
 Till the freed spirit springs on high
 In rapture too severe for weak mortality."

PYGMÆO-GERANO-MACHIA :

THE BATTLE OF THE PYGMIES AND CRANES.

FROM THE LATIN OF ADDISON.

1762.

THE pigmy-people, and the feather'd train,
 Mingling in mortal combat on the plain,
 I sing. Ye Muses ! favour my designs,
 Lead on my squadrons, and arrange the lines ;
 The flashing swords and fluttering wings display,
 And long bills nibbling in the bloody fray ;
 Cranes darting with disdain on tiny foes, [wocs.
 Conflicting birds and men, and war's unnumber'd

The wars and woes of heroes six feet long
 Have oft resounded in Pierian song.
 Who has not heard of Colchos' golden fleece,
 And Argo mann'd with all the flower of Greece ?
 Of Thebes' fell brethren, Theseus stern of face,
 And Peleus' son unrivall'd in the race,
 Æneas, founder of the Roman line,
 And William, glorious on the banks of Boyne !
 Who has not learn'd to weep at Pompey's woes,
 And over Blackmore's epic page to doze !
 'Tis I, who dare attempt unusual strains,
 Of hosts unsung, and unfrequented plains ;
 The small shrill trumpet, and chiefs of little size,
 And armies rushing down the darken'd skies.

Where India reddens to the early dawn,
 Winds a deep vale from vulgar eye withdrawn :
 Bosom'd in groves the lowly region lies,
 And rocky mountains round the border rise.
 Here, till the doom of fate its fall decreed,
 The empire flourish'd of the pygmy breed ;
 Here Industry perform'd, and Genius plann'd,
 And busy multitudes o'erspread the land.
 But now to these lone bounds if pilgrim stray,
 Tempting through craggy cliffs the desperate way,
 He finds the puny mansion fallen to earth,
 Its godlings mouldering on the abandon'd hearth ;
 And starts, where small white bones are spread
 'Or little footsteps lightly print the ground ;' [around,
 While the proud crane her nest securely builds,
 Chattering amid the desolated fields.

But different fates befel her hostile rage,
 While reign'd, invincible through many an age,
 The dreaded pygmy : roused by war's alarms,
 Forth rush'd the madd'ning manuikin to arms.

Fierce to the field of death the hero flies ;
 The fainter crane fluttering flaps the ground, and dies ;
 And by the victor borne (o'erwhelming load !)
 With bloody bill loose-dangling marks the road.
 And oft the wily dwarf in ambush lay,
 And often made the callow young his prey ; [smiled,
 With slaughter'd victims heap'd his board, and
 T' avenge the parent's trespass on the child.
 Oft, where his feather'd foe had rear'd her nest,
 And laid her eggs and household gods to rest,
 Burning for blood, in terrible array,
 The eighteen-inch militia burst their way ;
 All went to wreck ; the infant foeman fell,
 When scarce his chirping bill had broke the shell.

Loud uproar hence, and rage of arms arose,
 And the fell rancour of encountering foes ;
 Henced warfts and cranes one general havoc welm'd,
 And Death's grim visage scares the pigmy realms.
 Not half so furious blazed the warlike fire
 Of mice, high theme of the Mæonian lyre ;
 When bold to battle march'd th' accoutred frogs,
 And the deep tumult thunder'd through the bogs :
 Pierced by the javelin bulrush on the shore,
 Here agonizing roll'd the mouse in gore ;
 And there the frog (a scene full sad to see !)
 Shorn of one leg, slow sprawl'd along on three ;
 He vaults no more with vigorous hops on high,
 But mourns in hoarsest croaks his destiny.

And now the day of woe drew on apace,
 A day of woe to all the pygmy race,
 When dwarfs were doom'd (but penitence was vain)
 To rue each broken egg, and chicken slain.
 For, roused to vengeance by repeated wrong,
 From distant climes the long-bill'd legions throng :
 From Strymon's lake, Cayster's plashy meads,
 And fens of Scythia, green with rustling reeds,
 From where the Danube windsthrong many a land,
 And Marcotis laves th' Egyptian strand,
 To rendezvous they wait on eager wing,
 And wait assembled the returning spring.
 Meanwhile they trim their plumes for length of flight,
 Whet their keen beaks, and twisting claws, for fight ;
 Each crane the pygmy power in thought o'erturns,
 And every bosom for the battle burns.

When genial gales the frozen air unbind,
 The screaming legions wheel, and mount the wind ;
 Far in the sky they form their long array,
 And land and ocean stretch'd immense survey
 Deep deep beneath ; and, triumphing in pride,
 With clouds and winds commix'd, innumerable ride :
 'Tis wild obstreperous clangour all, and heaven
 Whirls, in tempestuous undulation driven.

Nor less th' alarm that shook the world below,
 Where march'd in pomp of war th' embattled foe :
 Where mannikins with haughty step advance,
 And grasp the shield, and couch the quivering lance :
 To right and left the lengthening lines they form,
 And rank'd in deep array await the storm.

High in the midst the chieftain-dwarf was seen,
 Of giant stature, and imperial mien :
 Full twenty inches tall, he strode along,
 And view'd with lofty eye the wondering throng :
 And while with many a scar his visage frown'd,
 Bared his broad bosom, rough with many a wound
 Of beaks and claws, disclosing to their sight
 The glorious meed of high heroic might.
 For with insatiate vengeance he pursued,
 And never-ending hate, the feather'd brood.

Unhappy they, confiding in the length
Of horny beak, or talon's crooked strength,
Who durst abide his rage; the blade descends,
And from the panting trunk the pinion rends:
Laid low in dust the pinion waves no more,
The trunk disfigured stiffens in its gore.
What hosts of heroes fell beneath his force!
What heaps of chicken carnage mark'd his course!
How oft, O Strymon, thy lone banks along,
Did wailing Echo waft the funeral song!

And now from far the mingling clamours rise,
Loud and more loud rebounding through the skies.
From skirt to skirt of heaven, with stormy sway,
A cloud rolls on, and darkens all the day.
Near and more near descends the dreadful shade,
And now in battalious array display'd,
On sounding wings, and screaming in their ire,
The cranes rush onward, and the fight require.

The pygmy warriors eye with fearless glare
The host thick swarming o'er the burthen'd air;
Thick swarming now, but to their native land
Doom'd to return a scanty straggling band.—
When sudden, darting down the depth of heaven,
Fierce on th' expecting foe the cranes are driven,
The kindling frenzy every bosom warms,
The region echoes to the crash of arms:
Loose feathers from th' encountering armies fly,
And in careering whirlwinds mount the sky.
To breathe from toil upsprings the panting crane,
Then with fresh vigour downward darts again.
Success in equal balance hovering hangs.
Here, on the sharp spear, mad with mortal pangs,
The bird transfix'd in bloody vortex whirls,
Yet fierce in death the threatening talon curls;
There, while the life-blood bubbles from his wound,
With little feet the pygmy beats the ground;
Deep from his breast the short short sob he draws,
And dying curses the keen-pointed claws.
Trembles the thundering field, thick cover'd o'er
With falcions, mangled wings, and streaming gore,
And pygmy arms, and beaks of ample size,
And here a claw, and there a finger lies.

Encompass'd round with heaps of slaughter'd foes,
All grim in blood the pygmy champion glows,
And on th' assailing host impetuous springs,
Careless of nibbling bills, and flapping wings;
And 'midst the tumult, wheresoe'er he turns,
The battle with redoubled fury burns;
From ev'ry side th' avenging cranes amain
Throng, to o'erwhelm this terror of the plain.
When suddenly (for such the will of Jove)
A fowl enormous, sousing from above,
The gallant chieftain clutch'd, and, soaring high,
(Sad chance of battle!) bore him up the sky.
The cranes pursue, and clustering in a ring,
Chatter triumphant round the captive king.
But ah! what pangs each pygmy bosom wrung,
When, now to cranes a prey, on talons hung,
High in the clouds they saw their helpless lord,
His wriggling form still lessening as he soar'd.

Lo! yet again, with unabated rage,
In mortal strife the mingling hosts engage.
The crane with darted bill assaults the foe,
Hovering; then wheels aloft to 'scape the blow:
The dwarf in anguish aims the vengeful wound,
But whirls in empty air the falcion round.

Such was the scene, when 'midst the loud alarms
Sublime th' eternal Thunderer rose in arms.

When Briareus, by mad ambition driven,
Heaved Pelion huge, and hurl'd it high at Heaven,
Jove roll'd redoubting thunders from on high,
Mountains and bolts encounter'd in the sky;
Till one stupendous ruin whelm'd the crew,
Their vast limbs weltering wide in brimstone blue.

But now at length the pygmy legions yield,
And wing'd with terror fly the fatal field.
They raise a weak and melancholy wail,
All in distraction scattering o'er the vale.
Prone on their routed rear the cranes descend;
Their bills bite furious, and their talons rend:
With unrelenting ire they urge the chase,
Sworn to exterminate the hated race.
'Twas thus the pygmy name, once great in war,
For spoils of conquer'd cranes renown'd afar,
Perish'd. For, by the dread decree of Heaven,
Short is the date to earthly grandeur given,
And vain are all attempts to roam beyond
Where fate has fix'd the everlasting bound.
Fallen are the trophies of Assyrian power,
And Persia's proud dominion is no more;
Yea, though to both superior far in fame,
Thine empire, Latium, is an empty name.

And now with lofty chiefs of ancient time,
The pygmy heroes roam th' elysian clime.
Or, if belief to matron-tales be due,
Full oft, in the belated shepherd's view,
Their friking forms, in gentle green array'd,
Gambol secure amid the moonlight glade.
Secure, for no alarming cranes molest,
And all their woes in long oblivion rest:
Down the deep vale, and narrow winding way,
They foot it featly, ranged in ringlets gay:
'Tis joy and frolic all, where'er they rove,
And Fairy-people is the name they love.

THE HARES.

A FABLE.

Yes, yes, I grant the sons of Earth
Are doom'd to trouble from their birth.
We all of sorrow have our share:
But say, is yours without compare?
Look round the world; perhaps you'll find
Each individual of our kind
Press'd with an equal load of ill,
Equal at least. Look further still,
And own your lamentable case
Is little short of happiness.
In yonder hut that stands alone
Attend to Famine's feeble moan;
Or view the couch where Sickness lies,
Mark his pale cheek, and languid eyes,
His frame by strong convulsion torn,
His struggling sighs, and looks forlorn.
Or see, transfix'd with keener pangs,
Where o'er his hoard the miser hangs;
Whistles the wind; he starts, he stares!
Nor Slumber's balmy blessing shares;
Despair, Remorse, and Terror roll
Their tempests on his harass'd soul.

But here perhaps it may avail
T' enforce our reasoning with a tale.

Mild was the morn, the sky serene,
The jolly hunting band convene,

The beagle's breast with ardour burns,
The bounding steed the champaign spurns,
And Fancy oft the game describes
Through the hound's nose, and huntsman's eyes.

Just then, a council of the hares
Had met, on national affairs.
The chiefs were set; while o'er their head
The furze its frizzled covering spread.
Long lists of grievances were heard,
And general discontent appear'd.
"Our harmless race shall every savage
Both quadruped and biped ravage?
Shall horses, hounds, and hunters still
Unite their wits to work us ill?
The youth, his parents' sole delight,
Whose tooth the dewy lawns invite,
Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,
Whose limbs leap light the vales along,
May yet ere noontide meet his death,
And lie dismember'd on the heath.
For youth, alas! nor cautious age,
Nor strength, nor speed, eludes their rage.
In every field we meet the foe,
Each gale comes fraught with sounds of woe;
The morning but awakes our fears,
The evening sees us bathed in tears.
But must we ever idly grieve,
Nor strive our fortunes to relieve?
Small is each individual's force:
To stratagem be our recourse;
And then, from all our tribes combined,
The murderer to his cost may find
No foes are weak, whom Justice arms,
Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warns.
Be roused; or liberty acquire,
Or in the great attempt expire."—
He said no more, for in his breast
Conflicting thoughts the voice suppress'd:
The fire of vengeance seem'd to stream
From his swoln eyeballs' yellow gleam.

And now the tumults of the war,
Mingling confusedly from afar,
Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
Distinct of hounds and men arise.
Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
Th' assembled hares tumultuous start,
And, every straining nerve on wing,
Away precipitately spring.
The hunting band, a signal given,
Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven;
O'er cliff abrupt, and shrubby mound,
And river broad, impetuous bound:
Now plunge amid the forest shades,
Glimce through the opening of the glades;
Now o'er the level valley sweep,
Now with short step strain up the steep;
While backward from the hunter's eyes
The landscape like a torrent flies.
At last an ancient wood they gain'd,
By pruner's axe yet unprofaned.
High o'er the rest, by Nature rear'd,
The oak's majestic boughs appear'd;
Beneath, a copse of various hue
In barbarous luxuriance grow.
No knife had curb'd the rambling sprays,
No hand had wove th' implicit maze.
The flowering thorn, self-taught to wind,
The hazel's stubborn stem entwined,

And bramble twigs were wreath'd around,
And rough furze crept along the ground.
Here sheltering from the sons of murder,
The hares drag their tired limbs no further.

But lo! the western wind ere long
Was loud, and roar'd the woods among;
From rustling leaves and crashing boughs
The sound of woe and war arose.
The hares distracted scour the grove,
As terror and amazement drove;
But danger, wheresoe'er they fled,
Still seem'd impending o'er their head.
Now crowded in a grotto's gloom,
All hope extinct, they wait their doom.
Dire was the silence, till, at length,
Even from despair deriving strength,
With bloody eye and furious look,
A daring youth arose and spoke.

"O wretched race, the scorn of Fate,
Whom ills of every sort await!
O, cursed with keenest sense to feel
The sharpest sting of every ill!
Say ye, who, fraught with mighty scheme,
Of liberty and vengeance dream,
What now remains? To what recess
Shall we our weary steps address,
Since Fate is evermore pursuing
All ways, and means to work our ruin!
Are we alone, of all beneath,
Condemn'd to misery worse than death?
Must we, with fruitless labour, strive
In misery worse than death to live?
No. Be the smaller ill our choice:
So dictates Nature's powerful voice.
Death's pang will in a moment cease;
And then, All hail, eternal peace!"
Thus while he spoke, his words impart
The dire resolve to every heart.

A distant lake in prospect lay,
That, glittering in the solar ray,
Gleam'd through the dusky trees, and shot
A trembling light along the grot.
Thither with one consent they bend,
Their sorrows with their lives to end,
While each, in thought, already hears
The water hissing in his ears.
Fast by the margin of the lake,
Conceal'd within a thorny brake,
A linnet sat, whose careless lay
Amused the solitary day.
Careless he sung, for on his breast
Sorrow no lasting trace impress'd;
When suddenly he heard a sound
Of swift feet traversing the ground.
Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
Thence trembling casts around his eyes;
No foe appear'd, his fears were vain;
Pleased he renews the sprightly strain.

The hares, whose noise had caused his fright,
Saw with surprise the linnet's flight.
"Is there on earth a wretch," they said,
"Whom our approach can strike with dread?"
An instantaneous change of thought
To tumult every bosom wrought.
So fares the system-building sage,
Who, plodding on from youth to age,
At last on some foundation-dream
Has rear'd aloft his goodly scheme,

And proved his predecessors fools,
And bound all nature by his rules;
So fares he in that dreadful hour,
When injured Truth exerts her power,
Some new phenomenon to raise,
Which, bursting on his frightened gaze,
From its proud summit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unsound.

"Children," thus spoke a hare sedate,
Who oft had known th' extremes of fate,
"In slight events the docile mind
May hint of good instruction find.
That our condition is the worst,
And we with such misfortunes curst
As all comparison defy,
Was late the universal cry;
When lo! an accident so slight
As yonder little linnet's flight
Has made your stubborn heart confess
(So your amazement bids me guess)
That all our load of woes and fears
Is but a part of what he bears.
Where can he rest secure from harms,
Whom even a helpless hare alarms!
Yet he repines not at his lot,
When past, the danger is forgot:
On yonder bough he trims his wings,
And with unusual rapture sings:
While we, less wretched, sink beneath
Our lighter ills, and rush to death.
No more of this unmeaning rage,
But hear, my friends, the words of age.

"When by the winds of autumn driven
The scatter'd clouds fly 'cross the Heaven,
Oft have we, from some mountain's head,
Beheld th' alternate light and shade
Sweep the long vale. Here hovering lowers
The shadowy cloud; there downwards pours,
Streaming direct, a flood of day,
Which from the view flies swift away;
It flies, while other shades advance,
And other streaks of sunshine glance.
Thus chequer'd is the life below
With gleams of joy and clouds of woe.
Then hope not, while we journey on,
Still to be basking in the sun:
Nor fear, though now in shades ye mourn,
That sunshine will no more return.
If, by your terrors overcome,
Ye fly before th' approaching gloom,
The rapid clouds your flight pursue,
And darkness still o'ercasts your view.
Who longs to reach the radiant plain
Must onward urge his course again;
For doubly swift the shadow flies,
When 'gainst the gale the pilgrim plies.
At least be firm, and undismay'd
Maintain your ground! the fleeting shade
Ere long spontaneous glides away,
And gives you back th' enlivening ray.
Lo, while I speak, our danger past!
No more the shrill horn's angry blast
Howls in our ear; the savage roar
Of war and murder is no more.
Then snatch the moment fate allows,
Nor think of past or future woes."
He spoke; and hope revives; the lake
That instant one and all forsake,

In sweet amusement to employ
The present sprightly hour of joy.

Now from the western mountain's brow,
Compass'd with clouds of various glow,
The Sun a broader orb displays,
And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.
The lawn assumes a fresher green,
And dew-drops spangle all the scene.
The balmy zephyr breathes along,
The shepherd sings his tender song.
With all their lays the groves resound,
And falling waters murmur round,
Discord and care were put to flight,
And all was peace, and calm delight.

EPITAPH:

BEING PART OF AN INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT TO BE
ERECTED BY A GENTLEMAN TO THE MEMORY
OF HIS LADY.

FAREWELL, my best-beloved! whose heavenly
mind
Genius with virtue, strength with softness join'd;
Devotion, undelaced by pride or art,
With meek simplicity, and joy of heart;
Though sprightly, gentle; though polite, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Unblamed, unequall'd in each sphere of life,
The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife.
In thee their patroness th' afflicted lost;
Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast;
And I—but ah, can words my loss declare,
Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair!
O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best-beloved, farewell!

ODE

ON LORD H**'S BIRTH-DAY.

A muse, unskill'd in venal praise,
Unstain'd with flattery's art;
Who loves simplicity of lays
Breathed ardent from the heart;
While gratitude and joy inspire,
Resumes the long-unpractised lyre,
To hail, O, H **, thy natal morn:
No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel leaves,
Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
Thine ancestors reclined,
Where sloth dissolves, and spleen devours
All energy of mind.
To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
To stem the deluges of war,
And snatch from fate a sinking land;
Trample th' invader's lofty crest,
And from his grasp the dagger wrest,
And desolating brand:

'Twas this that raised th' illustrious line
To match the first in fame!
A thousand years have seen it shine
With unabated flame:

Have seen thy mighty sires appear
Foremost in glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the brave.
Yet, pure from lust of blood their fire,
And from ambition's wild desire,
They triumph'd but to save.

The Muse with joy attends their way
The vale of peace along ;
There to its lord the village gay
Renews the grateful song.
Yon castle's glittering towers contain
No pit of woe, nor clanking chain,
Nor to the suppliant's wail resound ;
The open doors the needy bless,
Th' unfriended hail their calm recess,
And gladness smiles around.

There to the sympathetic heart
Life's best delights belong,
To mitigate the mourner's smart,
To guard the weak from wrong.
Ye sons of luxury, be wise :
Know, happiness for ever flies
The cold and solitary breast ;
Then let the social instinct glow,
And learn to feel another's woe,
And in his joy be blest.

O yet, ere Pleasure plant her snare
For unsuspecting youth ;
Ere Flattery her song prepare
To check the voice of Truth ;
O may his country's guardian power
Attend the slumbering infant's bower,
And bright, inspiring dreams impart ;
To rouse th' hereditary fire,
To kindle each sublime desire,
Exalt, and warm the heart.

Swift to reward a parent's fears,
A parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
That rear him to renown ;
When in his finish'd form and face
Admiring multitudes shall trace
Each patrimonial charm combined,
The courteous yet majestic mien,
The liberal smile, the look serene,
The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eyes,
And win a nation's love,
Let not thy towering mind despise
The village and the grove.
No slander there shall wound thy fame,
No ruffian take his deadly aim,
No rival weave the secret snare :
For Innocence with angel smile,
Simplicity that knows no guile,
And Love and Peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas ! is ne'er at home,
It hopes in time to roam no more ;
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state !
The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are great :
Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise ;
As when along the trophied plain
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While shouting nations gaze.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began :
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

" Ah ! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall !
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom intrude :
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer ! man calls thee to
mourn ;

O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again ;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew !
Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ; [dew :
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save ;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

" 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind. [shade,
' O pity, great Father of Light,' then I cried,
' Thy creature who fain would not wander from
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride : [thee ;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free !

" And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are
blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

TO THE

RIGHT HON. LADY CHARLOTTE GORDON,

DRESSED IN A TARTAN SCOTCH BONNET, WITH PLUMES, &c.

WHY, lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely brow
With the dread semblance of that warlike helm,
That nodding plume, and wreath of various glow,
That graced the chiefs of Scotia's ancient realm?

Thou knowest that Virtue is of power the source,
And all her magic to thy eyes is given;
We own their empire, while we feel their force,
Beaming with the benignity of heaven.

The plumed helmet, and the martial mien,
Might dignify Minerva's awful charms;
But more resistless far th' Italian queen—
Smiles, graces, gentleness, her only arms.

ON THE REPORT OF A MONUMENT TO BE
ERECTED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, TO THE
MEMORY OF A LATE AUTHOR. (CHURCHILL.)

Written in 1765.

[PART OF A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY.]

—LEST your lordship, who are so well acquainted
with everything that relates to true honour, should
think hardly of me for attacking the memory of
the dead, I beg leave to offer a few words in my
own vindication.

If I had composed the following verses with a
view to gratify private resentment, to promote the
interest of any faction, or to recommend myself
to the patronage of any person whatsoever, I
should have been altogether inexcusable. To
attack the memory of the dead from selfish con-
siderations, or from mere wantonness of malice,
is an enormity which none can hold in greater
detestation than I. But I composed them from
very different motives; as every intelligent reader,
who peruses them with attention, and who is will-
ing to believe me upon my own testimony, will
undoubtedly perceive. My motives proceeded
from a sincere desire to do some small service to
my country, and to the cause of truth and virtue.
The promoters of faction I ever did, and ever will
consider as the enemies of mankind: to the
memory of such I owe no veneration: to the
writings of such I owe no indulgence.

Your lordship knows that (Churchill) owed the
greatest share of his renown to the most incom-
petent of all judges, the mob: actuated by the most
unworthy of all principles, a spirit of insolence,
and inflamed by the vilest of all human passions,
hatred to their fellow-citizens. Those who joined
the cry in his favour, seemed to me to be swayed
rather by fashion than by real sentiment: he there-
fore might have lived and died unmolested by me,
confident as I am that posterity, when the present
unhappy dissensions are forgotten, will do ample
justice to his real character. But when I saw the
extravagant honours that were paid to his memory,
and heard that a monument in Westminster Abbey
was intended for one whom even his admirers
acknowledge to have been an incendiary and a
debauchee, I could not help wishing that my

countrymen would reflect a little on what they
were doing, before they consecrated, by what
posterity would think the public voice, a character,
which no friend to virtue or true taste can approve.
It was this sentiment, enforced by the earnest
request of a friend, which produced the following
little poem; in which I have said nothing of
(Churchill's) manners that is not warranted by
the best authority; nor of his writings, that is not
perfectly agreeable to the opinion of many of the
most competent judges in Britain.

(Aberdeen), January 1766.

BUFO, begone! with thee may faction's fire,
That hatch'd thy salamander-fame expire.
Fame, dirty idol of the brainless crowd,
What half-made moon-calf can mistake for good!
Since shared by knaves of high and low degree;
Cromwell and Catiline; Guido Faux, and thee.

By nature uninspired, untaught by art; [heart,
With not one thought that breathes the feeling
With not one offering vow'd to Virtue's shrine,
With not one pure unprostituted line;
Alike debauch'd in body, soul, and lays;—
For pension'd censure, and for pension'd praise,
For ribaldry, for libels, lewdness, lies,
For blasphemy of all the good and wise:
Coarse violence in coarser doggrel writ,
Which bawling blackguards spell'd, and took for wit:
For conscience, honour, slighted, spurn'd, o'er-
thrown:

Lo, Bufo shines the minion of renown.

Is this the land that boasts a Milton's fire,
And magic Spenser's wildly warbling lyre!
The land that owns th' omnipotence of song,
When Shakspeare whirls the throbbing heart along!
The land, where Pope, with energy divine,
In one strong blaze bade wit and fancy shine:
Whose verse, by Truth in Virtue's triumph borne,
Gave knaves to infamy, and fools to scorn;
Yet pure in manners, and in thought refined,
Whose life and lays adorn'd and bless'd mankind!
Is this the land, where Gray's unlabour'd art
Soothes, melts, alarms, and ravishes the heart:
While the lone wanderer's sweet complainings flow
In simple majesty of manly woe:
Or while, sublime, on eagle-pinion driven,
He soars Pindaric heights, and sails the waste of hea-
Is this the land, o'er Shenstone's recent urn [vent
Where all the Loves and gentler Graces mourn!
And where, to crown the hoary bard of Night,
The Muses and the Virtues all unite!
Is this the land, where Akenside displays
The bold yet temperate flame of ancient days;
Like the rapt sage*, in genius as in theme,
Whose hallow'd strain renown'd Ilyseus' stream:
Or him, the indignant bard[†], whose patriot ire,
Sublime in vengeance, smote the dreadful lyre:
For truth, for liberty, for virtue warm,
Whose mighty song unnerv'd a tyrant's arm,
Hush'd the rude roar of discord, rage, and lust,
And spurn'd licentious demagogues to dust.

Is this the queen of realms! the glorious isle,
Britannia, blest in Heaven's indulgent smile!
Guardian of truth, and patroness of art,
Nurse of th' undaunted soul, and generous heart!

* Dr. Young.

† Plato.

‡ Alceus. See Akenside's Ode on Lyric Poetry.

Where, from a base unthankful world exiled,
Freedom exults to roam the careless wild :
Where taste to science every charm supplies,
And genius soars unbounded to the skies !

And shall a Bufo's most polluted name
Stain her bright tablet of untainted fame ?
Shall his disgraceful name with theirs be join'd,
Who wish'd and wrought the welfare of their kind ?
His name accurst, who leagu'd with Wilkes and hell,
Labour'd to rouse, with rude and murderous yell,
Discord the fiend, to toss rebellion's brand,
To whelm in rage and woe a guiltless land :
To frustrate wisdom's, virtue's noblest plan,
And triumph in the miseries of man.

Driveling and dull, when crawls the reptile Muse
Sworn from the sty, and rankling from the stews,
With envy, spleen, and pestilence replete,
And gorged with dust she lick'd from Treason's feet :
Who once, like Satan, rais'd to heaven her sight,
But turn'd abhorrent from the hated light :—
O'er such a Muse shall wreaths of glory bloom !
No—shame and execration be her doom.

Hard-fated Bufo ! could not dulness save
Thy soul from sin, from infamy thy grave ?
Blackmore and Quarles, those blockheads of renown,
Lavish'd their ink, but never harm'd the town.
Though this, thy brother in discordant song,
Harras'd the ear, and cramp'd the labouring tongue :
And that, like thee, taught staggering prose to
And limp on stilts of rhyme around the land, [stand,
Harmless they dozed a scribbling life away,
And yawning nations own'd th' innoxious lay ;
But from thy graceless, rude, and beastly brain
What fury breathed th' incendiary strain !

Did hate to vice exasperate thy style ?
No—Bufo match'd the vilest of the vile.
Yet blazon'd was his verse with Virtue's name—
Thus prudes look down to hide their want of shame :
Thus hypocrites to truth, and fools to sense,
And fops to taste, have sometimes made pretence :
Thus thieves and gamblers swear by honour's laws :
Thus pension-hunters bawl "their country's cause :"
Thus furious *Teague* [Burke] for moderation raved,
And own'd his soul to liberty enslaved.

Nor yet, though thousand eits admire thy rage,
Though less of fool than felon marks thy page :
Nor yet, though here and there one lonely spark
Of wit half brightens through th' involving dark,
To show the gloom more hideous for the foil,
But not repay the drudging reader's toil ;
(For who for one poor pearl of clouded ray
Through Alpine dunghills delves his desperate way ?)
Did genius to thy verse such bane impart !
No. 'Twas the demon of thy venom'd heart
(Thy heart with rancour's quintessence endued),
And the blind zeal of a misjudging crowd.

Thus from rank soil a poison'd mushroom sprung
Nursling obscene of mildew and of dung :
By Heaven design'd on its own native spot
Harmless to enlarge its bloated bulk, and rot.
But Gluttony th' abortive nuisance saw ;
It roused his ravenous undiscerning maw :
Gulp'd down the tasteless throat, the mess abhor'd
Shot fiery influence round the maddening board.

O had thy verse been impotent as dull,
Nor spoke the rancorous heart, but lumpish scull,

Had mobs distinguish'd, they who howl'd thy fame,
The icicle from the pure diamond's flame,
From fancy's soul thy gross imbruted sense,
From dauntless truth thy shameless insolence,
From elegance confusion's monstrous mass,
And from the lion's spoils the sculking ass,
From rapture's strain the drawing doggel line,
From warbling scraphim the grunting swine :—
With gluttons, dunces, rakes, thy name had slept,
Nor o'er her sullied fame Britannia wept :
Nor had the Muse, with honest zeal possess'd,
T' avenge her country, by thy name disgrac'd,
Raised this bold strain for virtue, truth, mankind,
And thy fell shade to infamy resign'd.

When frailty leads astray the soul sincere,
Let mercy shed the soft and manly tear.
When to the grave descends the sensual sot,
Unnamed, unnoticed, let his carrion rot.
When paltry rogues, by stealth, deceit, or force,
Hazard their necks, ambitious of your purse :
For such the hangman wreaths his trusty gin,
And let the gallows expiate their sin.
But when a ruffian, whose portentous crimes
Like plagues and earthquakes terrify the times,
Triumphs through life, from legal judgment free,
For hell may hatch what law could ne'er foresee :
Sacred from vengeance shall his memory rest !—
Judas though dead, though damn'd, we still detest.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

(Published in 1765.)

FAR in the depth of Ida's inmost grove,
A scene for love and solitude design'd ;
Where flowery woodbines wild by Nature wove
Form'd the lone bower, the royal swain reclined.

All up the craggy cliffs, that tower'd to Heaven,
Green waved the murmuring pines on every side ;
Save where, fair opening to the beam of even,
A dale sloped gradual to the valley wide.

Echo'd the vale with many a cheerful note ;
The lowing of the herds resounding long,
The shrilling pipe, and mellow horn remote,
And social clamours of the festive throng.

For now, low hovering o'er the western main,
Where amber clouds begirt his dazzling throne,
The Sun with ruddier verdure deck'd the plain ;
And lakes, and streams, and spires triumphal shone.

And many a band of ardent youths were seen ;
Some into rapture fired by glory's charms,
Or hurl'd the thundering car along the green,
Or march'd embattled on in glittering arms.

Others more mild, in happy leisure gay,
The darkening forest's lonely gloom explore,
Or by Scamander's flowery margin stray,
Or the blue Hellespont's resounding shore.

But chief the eye to Ilion's glories turn'd,
That gleam'd along th' extended campaign far,
And bulwarks, in terrific pomp adorn'd,
Where Peace sat smiling at the frowns of War.

Rich in the spoils of many a subject-clime,
In pride luxurious blazed th' imperial dome ;
Tower'd mid th' encircling grove the fane sublime ;
And dread memorials mark'd the hero's tomb,

Who from the black and bloody cavern led
The savage stern, and sooth'd his boisterous
breast ;

Who spoke, and Science rear'd her radiant head,
And brighten'd o'er the long benighted waste ;

Or, greatly daring in his country's cause,
Whose heaven-taught soul the awful plan
design'd,

Whence Power stood trembling at the voice of laws ;
Whence soar'd on Freedom's wing th' ethereal
mind.

But not the pomp that royalty displays,
Nor all th' imperial pride of lofty Troy,
Nor Virtue's triumph of immortal praise
Could rouse the languor of the lingering boy.

Abandon'd all to soft *Enone's* charms,
He to oblivion doom'd the listless day ;
Inglorious lull'd in Love's dissolving arms,
While flutes lascivious breathed th' enfeebling lay.

To trim the ringlets of his scented hair ;
To aim, insidious, Love's bewitching glance ;
Or cull fresh garlands for the gaudy fair,
Or wanton loose in the voluptuous dance :

These were his arts ; these won *Enone's* love,
Nor sought his fettered soul a nobler aim.
Ah why should beauty's smile those arts approve,
Which taint with infamy the lover's flame !

Now laid at large beside a murmuring spring,
Melting he listen'd to the vernal song,
And Echo listening waved her airy wing,
While the deep winding dales the lays prolong :

When, slowly floating down the azure skies,
A crimson cloud flash'd on his startled sight ;
Whose skirts gay-sparkling with unnumber'd dyes
Launch'd the long billowy trails of flickery light.

That instant hush'd was all the vocal grove,
Hush'd was the gale, and every ruder sound,
And strains aerial, warbling far above,
Rung in the ear a magic peal profound.

Near, and more near, the swimming radiance roll'd ;
Along the mountains stream the lingering fires,
Sublime the groves of *Ida* blaze with gold,
And all the Heaven resounds with louder lyres.

The trumpet breathed a note : and all in air,
The glories vanish'd from the dazzled eye ;
And three ethereal forms, divinely fair,
Down the steep glade were seen advancing nigh.

The flowering glade fell level where they moved ;
O'erarching high the clustering roses hung,
And gales from heaven on balmy pinion roved,
And hill and dale with gratulation rung.

The *first* with slow and stately step drew near,
Fix'd was her lofty eye, erect her mien :
Sublime in grace, in majesty severe,
She look'd and moved a goddess and a queen.

Her robe along the gale profusely stream'd,
Light lean'd the sceptre on her bending arm ;
And round her brow a starry circlet gleam'd,
Heightening the pride of each commanding
charm.

Milder the *next* came on with artless grace,
And on a javelin's quivering length reclined :
T' exalt her mien she bade no splendour blaze,
Nor pomp of vesture fluctuate on the wind.

Serene, though awful, on her brow the light
Of heavenly wisdom shone : nor roved her eyes,
Save to the shadowy cliff's majestic height,
Or the blue concave of th' involving skies.

Keen were her eyes to search the inmost soul :
Yet Virtue triumph'd in their beams benign,
And impious Pride oft felt their dread control,
When in fierce lightning flash'd the wrath divine.¹

With awe and wonder gazed th' adoring swain ;
His kindling cheeks great Virtue's power con-
fess'd ;

But soon 'twas o'er, for Virtue prompts in vain,
When Pleasure's influence numbs the nerveless
breast.

And now advanced the *queen of melting joy*,
Smiling supreme in unresisted charms :
Ah then, what transports fired the trembling boy !
How throbb'd his sickening frame with fierce
alarms !

Her eyes in liquid light luxurious swim,
And languish with unutterable love.
Heaven's warm bloom glows along each bright'ning
limb, [rove.
Where fluttering bland the veil's thin mantlings

Quick, blushing as abash'd, she half withdrew :
One hand a bough of flowering myrtle waved,
One graceful spread, where, scarce conceal'd from
view,
Soft through the paring robe her bosom heaved.

" Offspring of Jove supreme ! beloved of heav'n !
Attend." Thus spoke the empress of the skies.
" For know, to thee, high fated prince, 'tis given
Through the bright realms of Fame sublime to
rise,

" Beyond man's boldest hope ; if nor the wiles
Of Pallas triumph o'er the ennobling thought ;
Nor Pleasure lure with artificial smiles
To quaff the poison of her luscious draught,—

" When Juno's charms the prize of beauty claim,
Shall aught on earth, shall aught in heav'n
contend !

Whom Juno calls to high triumphant fame,
Shall he to meaner sway inglorious bend !

" Yet lingering comfortless in lonesome wild,
Where Echo sleeps mid cavern'd vales profound,
The pride of Troy, Dominion's darling child,
Pines while the slow hour stalks its sullen round.

" Hear thou, of Heaven unconscious ! From the blaze
Of glory, stream'd from Jove's eternal throne,
Thy soul, O mortal, caught the inspiring rays
That to a god exalt Earth's raptured son.

¹ This is agreeable to the theology of Homer, who often
represents Pallas as the executioner of divine vengeance.

"Hence the bold wish, on boundless pinion borne,
That fires, alarms, impels the maddening soul ;
The hero's eye, hence, kindling into scorn,
Blasts the proud menace, and defies control.

"But, unimproved, Heaven's noblest boons are vain,
No sun with plenty crowns the uncultured vale:
Where green lakes languish on the silent plain,
Death rides the billows of the western gale.

"Deep in yon mountain's womb, where the dark
Howls to the torrent's everlasting roar, [cave
Does the rich gem its flashy radiance wave ?
Or flames with steady ray the imperial ore ?

"Toil deck'd with glittering domes yon champaign
wide,
And wakes yon grove-embosom'd lawns to joy,
And rends the rough ore from the mountain's side,
Spangling with starry pomp the thrones of Troy.

"Fly these soft scenes. Even now, with playful art,
Love wreathes the flowery ways with fatal snare.
And nurse the ethereal fire that warms thy heart,
That fire ethereal lives but by thy care.

"Lo, hovering near on dark and dampy wing,
Sloth with stern patience waits the hour assign'd,
From her chill plume the deadly dews to fling,
That quench Heaven's beam, and freeze the
cheerless mind.

"Vain, then, the enlivening sound of Fame's alarms,
For Hope's exulting impulse prompts no more :
Vain even the joys that lure to Pleasure's arms,
The throb of transport is for ever o'er.

"O who shall then to Fancy's darkening eyes
Recall the Elysian dreams of joy and light ?
Dim through the gloom the formless visions rise,
Snatch'd instantaneous down the gulf of night.

"Thou, who securely lull'd in youth's warm ray
Mark'at not the desolations wrought by Time,
Be roused or perish. Ardent for its prey
Speeds the fell hour that ravages thy prime.

"And, midst the horrors shrined of midnight storm,
The fiend Oblivion eyes thee from afar,
Black with intolerable frowns her form,
Beckoning the embattled whirlwinds into war.

"Fanes, bulwarks, mountains, worlds, their tem-
pest whelms :
Yet glory braves unmoved the impetuous sweep.
Fly then, ere hurl'd from life's delightful realms,
Thou sink to Oblivion's dark and boundless deep.

"Fly then, where Glory points the path sublime,
See her crown dazzling with eternal light !
'Tis Juno prompts thy daring steps to climb,
And girds thy bounding heart with matchless
might.

"Warm in the raptures of divine desire,
Burst the soft chain that curbs the aspiring mind:
And fly, where Victory, borne on wings of fire,
Waves her red banner to the rattling wind.

"Ascend the car. Indulge the pride of arms,
Where clarions roll their kindling strains on high,
Where the eye maddens to the dread alarms,
And the long shout tumultuous rends the sky.

"Plunged in the uproar of the thundering field,
I see thy lofty arm the tempest guide :
Fate scatters lightning from thy meteor shield,
And Ruin spreads around the sanguine tide.

"Go, urge the terrors of thy headlong car
On prostrate Pride, and Grandeur's spoils o'er-
thrown,
While all amazed even heroes shrink afar,
And hosts embattled vanish at thy frown.

"When glory crowns thy godlike toils, and all
The triumph's lengthening pomp exalts thy soul,
When lowly at thy feet the mighty fall,
And tyrants tremble at thy stern control :

"When conquering millions hail thy sovereign
might,
And tribes unknown dread acclamation join :
How wilt thou spurn the forms of low delight !
For all the ecstasies of Heaven are thine :

"For thine the joys that fear no length of days,
Whose wide effulgence scorns all mortal bound :
Fame's trump in thunder shall announce thy praise,
Nor bursting worlds her clarion's blast confound."

The goddess ceased, not dubious of the prize :
Elate she mark'd his wild and rolling eye,
Mark'd his lip quiver, and his bosom rise,
And his warm cheek suffused with crimson dye.

But Pallas now drew near. Sublime, serene
In conscious dignity, she view'd the swain :
Then, love and pity softening all her mien,
Thus breathed with accents mild the solemn
strain.

"Let those, whose arts to fatal paths betray,
The soul with passion's gloom tempestuous blind,
And snatch from Reason's ken the auspicious ray
Truth darts from Heaven to guide the exploring
mind.

"But Wisdom loves the calm and serious hour,
When Heaven's pure emanation beams confess'd :
Rage, ecstasy, alike disclaim her power,
She woos each gentler impulse of the breast.

"Sincere the unalter'd bliss her charms impart,
Sedate the enlivening ardours they inspire :
She bids no transient rapture thrill the heart,
She wakes no feverish gust of fierce desire.

"Unwise, who, tossing on the watery way,
All to the storm the unfetter'd sail devote :
Man more unwise resigns the mental sway,
Borne headlong on by passion's keen resolve.

"While storms remote but murmur on thine ear,
Nor waves in ruinous uproar round thee roll,
Yet, yet a moment check thy prone career,
And curb the keen resolve that prompts thy soul.

"Explore thy heart, that, roused by Glory's name,
Pants all enraptured with the mighty charm—
And, does Ambition quench each milder flame ?
And is it conquest that alone can warm ?

"To indulge fell Rapine's desolating lust,
To drench the balmy lawn in streaming gore,
To spurn the hero's cold and silent dust—
Are these thy joys ! Nor throbs thy heart for more !

"Pleased canst thou listen to the patriot's groan,
And the wild wail of Innocence forlorn !
And hear the abandon'd maid's last frantic moan,
Her love for ever from her bosom torn !

"Nor wilt thou shrink, when Virtue's fainting breath
Pours the dread curse of vengeance on thy head !
Nor when the pale ghost bursts the cave of death,
To glare distraction on thy midnight bed !

"Was it for this, though born to regal power,
Kind Heaven to thee did nobler gifts consign,
Bade Fancy's influence gild thy natal hour,
And bade Philanthropy's applause be thine !

"Theirs be the dreadful glory to destroy,
And theirs the pride of pomp, and praisesuborn'd,
Whose eye ne'er lighten'd at the smile of Joy,
Whose cheek the tear of Pity ne'er adorn'd :

"Whose soul, each finer sense instinctive quell'd,
The lyre's mellifluous ravishment defies :
Nor marks where Beauty roves the flowery field,
Or Grandeur's pinion sweeps the unbounded skies.

"Hail to sweet Fancy's unexpressive charm !
Hail to the pure delights of social love !
Hail, pleasures mild, that fire not while ye warm,
Nor rack the exulting frame, but gently move.

"But Fancy soothes no more, if stern Remorse
With iron grasp the tortured bosom wring.
Ah then, even Fancy speeds the venom's course,
Even Fancy points with rage the maddening sting.

"Her wrath a thousand gnashing fiends attend,
And roll the snakes, and toss the brands of Hell :
The beam of Beauty blasts : dark Heavens impend
Tottering : and Music thrills with startling yell.

"What then avails, that with exhaustless store
Obssequious Luxury loads thy glittering shrine ?
What then avails, that prostrate slaves adore,
And Fame proclaims thee matchless and divine ?

"What though bland Flattery all her arts apply ?
Will these avail to calm the infuriate brain !
Or will the roaring surge, when heaved on high,
Headlong hang, hush'd, to hear the pipping swain !

"In health how fair, how ghastly in decay
Man's lofty form ! how heavenly fair the mind
Sublimed by Virtue's sweet enlivening away !
But ah ! to guilt's outrageous rule resign'd,

"How hideous and forlorn ! when ruthless Care
With cankering tooth corrodes the seeds of life,
And deaf with passion's storms when pines Despair,
And howling furies rouse the eternal strife.

"O, by thy hopes of joy that restless glow,
Pledges of Heaven ! be taught by Wisdom's lore :
With anxious haste each doubtful path forego,
And life's wild ways with cautious fear explore.

"Straight be thy course : nor tempt the maze that
leads
Where fell Remorse his shapeless strength con-
And oft Ambition's dizzy cliff he treads, [ceals,
And slumbers oft in Pleasure's flowery vales.

"Nor linger unresolved : Heaven prompts the
choice ;
Save when Presumption shuts the ear of Pride :
With grateful awe attend to Nature's voice,
The voice of Nature Heaven ordain'd thy guide.

"Warn'd by her voice, the arduous path pursue,
That leads to Virtue's fane a hardy band :
What, though no gaudy scenes decoy their view,
Nor clouds of fragrance roll along the land !

"What, though rude mountains heave the flinty way !
Yet there the soul drinks light and life divine,
And pure ærial gales of gladness play,
Brace every nerve, and every sense refine.

"Go, prince, be virtuous, and be blest. The throne
Rears not its state to swell the couch of Lust :
Nor dignify Corruption's daring son,
To o'erwhelm his humbler brethren of the dust.

"But yield an ampler scene to Bounty's eye,
An ampler range to Mercy's ear expand :
And, midst admiring nations, set on high
Virtue's fair model, framed by Wisdom's hand.

"Go then : the moan of Woe demands thine aid :
Pride's licensed outrage claims thy slumbering
ire :
Pale Genius roams the bleak neglected shade,
And battenng Avarice mocks his tuneless lyre.

"Even Nature pines by vilest chains oppress'd :
The astonish'd kingdoms crouch to Fashion's
O ye pure inmates of the gentle breast, [nod.
Truth, Freedom, Love, O where is your abode !

"O yet once more shall Peace from Heaven return,
And young Simplicity with mortals dwell !
Nor Innocence the august pavilion scorn,
Nor meek Contentment fly the humble cell !

"Wilt thou, my prince, the beauteous train implore,
Midst Earth's forsaken scenes once more to bide !
Then shall the shepherd sing in every bower,
And Love with garlands wreath the domes of
Pride.

"The bright tear starting in the impassion'd eyes
Of silent gratitude : the smiling gaze
Of gratulation, faltering while he tries
With voice of transport to proclaim thy praise ;

"The ethereal glow that stimulates thy frame,
When all the according powers harmonious move,
And wake to energy each social aim,
Attuned spontaneous to the will of Jove ;

"Be these, O man, the triumphs of thy soul ;
And all the conqueror's dazzling glories slight,
That meteor-like o'er trembling nations roll,
To sink at once in deep and dreadful night.

"Like thine, yon orb's stupendous glories burn
With genial beam ; nor, at the approach of even,
In shades of horror leave the world to mourn,
But gild with lingering light the impurpled
Heaven."

Thus while she spoke, her eye, sedately meek,
Look'd the pure fervour of maternal love.
No rival zeal intemperate flush'd her cheek—
Can Beauty's boast the soul of wisdom move !

Worth's noble pride can Envy's leer appal,
Or staring Folly's vain applauses soothe !
Can jealous Fear Truth's dauntless heart enthral !
Suspicion lurks not in the heart of Truth.

And now the shepherd raised his pensive head :
Yet unresolved and fearful roved his eyes,
Scared at the glances of the awful maid ;
For young unpractised Guilt distrusts the guise

Of shameless Arrogance—His wavering breast,
Though warm'd by Wisdom, own'd no constant
While lawless Fancy roam'd afar, unblest [fire ;
Save in the oblivious lap of soft Desire.

When thus the queen of soul-dissolving smiles :
" Let gentler fate my darling prince attend ;
Joyless and cruel are the warrior's spoils,
Dreary the path stern Virtue's sons ascend.

" Of human joy full short is the career,
And the dread verge still gains upon your sight :
While idly gazing, far beyond your sphere,
Ye scan the dream of unapproach'd delight :

" Till every sprightly hour, and blooming scene,
Of life's gay morn unheeded glides away,
And clouds of tempests mount the blue serene,
And storms and ruin close the troublous day.

" Then still exult to hail the present joy,
Thine be the boon that comes unearn'd by toil :
No froward vain desire thy bliss annoy,
No flattering hope thy longing hours beguile.

" Ah ! why should man pursue the charms of Fame,
For ever luring, yet for ever coy ?
Light as the gaudy rainbow's pillar'd gleam,
That melts illusive from the wondering boy !

" What though her throne irradiate many a clime,
If hung loose-tottering o'er th' unfathom'd tomb ?
What though her mighty clarion, rear'd sublime,
Display the imperial wreath, and glittering plume !

" Can glittering plume, or can th' imperial wreath
Redeem from unrelenting fate the brave ?
What note of triumph can her clarion breathe,
T' alarm th' eternal midnight of the grave !

" That night draws on : nor will the vacant hour
Of expectation linger as it flies :
Nor Fate one moment unenjoy'd restore :
Each moment's flight how precious to the wise !

" O shun th' annoyance of the bustling throng,
That haunt with zealous turbulence the great ;
There coward Office boasts th' unpunished wrong,
And sneaks secure in insolence of state.

" O'er fancied injury Suspicion pines,
And in grim silence gnaws the festering wound ;
Deceit the rage-embitter'd smile refines,
And Censure spreads the viperous hiss around.

" Hope not, fond prince, though Wisdom guard thy
throne, [aim,
Tho' Truth and Bounty prompt each generous
Though thine the palm of peace, the victor's crown,
The Muse's rapture, and the patriot's flame :

" Hope not, though all that captivates the wise,
All that endears the good exalt thy praise :
Hope not to taste repose ; for Envy's eyes
At fairest worth still point their deadly rays.

" Envy, stern tyrant of the flinty heart,
Can aught of Virtue, Truth, or Beauty charm !
Can soft Compassion thrill with pleasing smart,
Repentance melt, or Gratitude disarm !

" Ah no. Where Winter Scythia's waste enchains,
And monstrous shapes roar to the ruthless storm,
Not Phœbus' smile can cheer the dreadful plains,
Or soil accursed with balmy life inform.

" Then, Envy, then is thy triumphant hour,
When mourns Benevolence his baffled scheme :
When Insult mocks the clemency of Power,
And loud Dissention's livid firebrands gleam :

" When squint-eyed Slander plies th' unhallow'd
tongue,
From poison'd maw when Treason weaves his
And Muse apostate (infamy to song !) [line,
Grovels, low-muttering at Sedition's shrine.

" Let not my prince forego the peaceful shade,
The whispering grove, the fountain and the plain :
Power, with th' oppressive weight of pomparray'd,
Faints for simplicity and ease in vain.

" The yell of frantic Mirth may stun his ear,
But frantic Mirth soon leaves the heart forlorn :
And Pleasure flies that high tempestuous sphere,
Far different scenes her lucid paths adorn.

" She loves to wander on th' untrodden lawn,
Or the green bosom of reclining hill,
Soothed by the careless warbler of the dawn,
Or the lone plaint of ever-murmuring rill.

" Or from the mountain-glade's ætrial brow,
While to her song a thousand echoes call,
Marks the wild woodland-wave remote below,
Where shepherds pipe unseen, and waters fall.

" Her influence oft the festive hamlet proves,
Where the high carol cheers the exulting ring ;
And oft she roams the maze of wildering groves,
Listening th' unnumber'd melodies of Spring.

" Or to the long and lonely shore retires ;
What time, loose-glimmering to the lunar beam,
Faint heaves the slumberous wave, and starry fires
Gild the blue deep with many a lengthening gleam.

" Then to the balmy bower of Rapture borne,
While strings self-warbling breathe 'elysian rest,
Melts in delicious vision, till the morn
Spangle with twinkling dew the flowery waste.

" The frolic Moments, purple-pinion'd, dance
Around, and scatter roses as they play :
And the blithe Graces, hand in hand, advance,
Where, with her loved compeers she deigns to
stray.

" Mild Solitude, in veil of rustic dye,
Her sylvan spear with moss-grown ivy bound :
And Indolence, with sweetly-languid eye,
And zoneless robe that trails along the ground.

"But chiefly Love—O thou, whose gentle mind,
Each soft indulgence Nature framed to share,
Pomp, wealth, renown, dominion, all resign'd,
O haste to Pleasure's bower, for Love is there.

"Love, the desire of gods! the feast of Heaven!
Yet to Earth's favour'd offspring not denied!
Ah, let not thankless man the blessing given
Enslave to Fame, or sacrifice to Pride.

"Nor I from Virtue's call decoy thine ear;
Friendly to Pleasure are her sacred laws:
Let Temperance's smile the cup of gladness cheer;
That cup is death, if he withhold applause.

"Far from thy haunt be Envy's baneful sway,
And Hate, that works the harass'd soul to storm;
But woo Content to breathe her soothing lay,
And charm from Fancy's view each angry form.

"No savage joy th' harmonious hours profane!
Whom Love refines, can barbarous tumults please!
Shall rage of blood pollute the sylvan reign?
Shall Leisure wanton in the spoils of Peace!

"Free let the feathery race indulge the song,
Inhale the liberal beam, and melt in love;
Free let the fleet hind bound her hills along,
And in pure streams the watery nations rove.

"To joy in Nature's universal smile
Well suits, O man, thy pleasurable sphere;
But why should Virtue doom thy years to toil?
Ah, why should Virtue's law be deem'd severe?

"What meed, Beneficence, thy care repays!
What, Sympathy, thy still returning pang!
And why his generous arm should Justice raise,
To dare the vengeance of a tyrant's fang!

"From thankless spite no bounty can secure;
Or froward wish of discontent fulfil,
That knows not to regret thy bounded power,
But blames with keen reproach thy partial will.

"To check th' impetuous all-involving tide
Of human woes, how impotent thy strife!
High o'er thy mounds devouring surges ride,
Nor rock thy baffled toils, or lavish'd life.

"The bower of bliss, the smile of love be thine,
Unlabour'd ease, and leisure's careless dream.
Such be their joys, who bend at *Venus*'s shrine,
And own her charms beyond compare supreme."

Warm'd as she spoke, all panting with delight,
Her kindling beauties breathed triumphant bloom;
And Cupids flutter'd round in circlets bright,
And Flora pour'd from all her stores perfume.

"Thine be the prize," exclaim'd th' enraptured youth,
"Queen of unrivall'd charms, and matchless joy."
O blind to fate, felicity and truth!—
But such are they, whom Pleasure's snares decoy.

The Sun was sunk; the vision was no more;
Night downward rush'd tempestuous at the frown
Of Jove's awaken'd wrath: deep thunders roar,
And forests howl afar and mountains groan;

And sanguine meteors glare athwart the plain;
With horror's scream the Ilian towers resound,
Raves the hoarse storm along the bellowing main,
And the strong earthquake rends the shuddering ground.

THE WOLF AND SHEPHERDS,

A FABLE.

(Written in 1787, and first published in 1706.)

Laws, as we read in ancient sages,
Have been like cobwebs in all ages.
Cobwebs for little flies are spread,
And laws for little folks are made;
But if an insect of renown,
Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,
Be caught in quest of sport or plunder,
The flimsy fetter flies in sunder.

Your simile perhaps may please one
With whom wit holds the place of reason:
But can you prove that this in fact is
Agreeable to life and practice?

Then hear what in his simple way
Old Æsop told me t' other day.
In days of yore, but (which is very odd)
Our author mentions not the period,
We mortal men, less given to speeches,
Allow'd the beasts sometimes to teach us.
But now we all are prattlers grown,
And suffer no voice but our own;
With us no beast has leave to speak,
Although his honest heart should break.
'Tis true your asses and your apes,
And other brutes in human shapes,
And that thing made of sound and show
Which mortals have misnamed a beau,
(But in the language of the sky
Is call'd a two-leg'd butterfly)
Will make your very heartstrings ache
With loud and everlasting clack,
And beat your auditory drum,
Till you grow deaf, or they grow dumb.

But to our story we return:
'Twas early on a summer morn,
A wolf forsook the mountain-den,
And issued hungry on the plain.
Full many a stream and lawn he pass'd,
And reach'd a winding vale at last;
Where from a hollow rock he spied
The shepherds drest in flowery pride.
Garlands were strow'd, and all was gay,
To celebrate a holiday.
The merry tabor's gamesome sound
Provoked the sprightly dance around.
Hard by a rural board was rear'd,
On which in fair array appear'd
The peach, the apple, and the raisin,
And all the fruitage of the season.
But, more distinguish'd than the rest,
Was seen a wether ready drest,
That smoking, recent from the flame,
Diffused a stomach-rousing steam.
Our wolf could not endure the sight,
Courageous grew his appetite:
His entrails groan'd with tenfold pain,
He lick'd his lips and lick'd again;
At last, with lightning in his eyes,
He bounces forth, and fiercely cries,
"Shepherds! I am not given to scolding,
But now my spleen I cannot hold in:
By Jove, such scandalous oppression
Would put an elephant in passion.

You, who your flocks (as you pretend)
By wholesome laws from harm defend,
Which make it death for any beast,
How much soe'er by hunger press'd,
To seize a sheep by force or stealth,
For sheep have right to life and health;
Can you commit, uncheck'd by shame,
What in a beast so much you blame!
What is a law if those who make it
Become the forwardest to break it!
The case is plain: you would reserve
All to yourselves, while others starve.
Such laws from base self-interest spring,
Not from the reason of the thing—"

He was proceeding, when a swain
Burst out:—"And dares a wolf arraign
His betters, and condemn their measures,
And contradict their wills and pleasures!
We have establish'd laws, 'tis true,
But laws are made for such as you.
Know, sirrah, in its very nature
A law can't reach the legislature,
For laws, without a sanction join'd,
As all men know, can never bind:
But sanctions reach not us the makers,
For who dares punish us though breakers!"

'Tis therefore plain beyond denial,
That laws were ne'er design'd to tie all;
But those, whom sanctions reach alone;
We stand accountable to none.
Besides, 'tis evident, that, seeing
Laws from the great derive their being,
They as in duty bound should love
The great, in whom they live and move,
And humbly yield to their desires:
'Tis just, what gratitude requires.
What suckling dandled on the lap
Would tear away its mother's pap!
But hold—Why deign I to dispute
With such a scoundrel of a brute!
Logic is lost upon a knave,
Let action prove the law our slave."

An angry nod his will declared
To his gruff yeomen of the guard;
The full-fed mongrels, train'd to ravage,
Fly to devour the shaggy savage.

The beast had now no time to lose
In chopping logic with his foes;
"This argument," quoth he, "has force,
And swiftness is my sole resource."

He said, and left the swains their prey,
And to the mountains scour'd away.

TRANSLATIONS.

ANACREON. ODE XXII.

Παρά τὴν σκίην, Βάβυλλε,
Κάθισον—κ. τ. λ.

BATHYLLUS, in yonder lone grove
All carelessly let us recline:
To shade us the branches above
Their leaf-waving tendrils combine;
While a streamlet inviting repose
Soft-murmuring wanders away,
And gales warble wild through the boughs:
Who there would not pass the sweet day!

THE BEGINNING OF

THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIIUS.

Æneadum Genetrix ——— v. 1—45.

MOTHER of mighty Rome's imperial line,
Delight of man, and of the powers divine,
Venus, all bounteous queen! whose genial power
Diffuses beauty in unbounded store
Through seas, and fertile plains, and all that lies
Beneath the star'd expansion of the skies.
Prepared by thee, the embryo springs to day,
And opens its eyelids on the golden ray.
At thy approach, the clouds tumultuous fly,
And the hush'd storms in gentle breezes die;
Flowers instantaneous spring; the billows sleep;
A wavy radiance smiles along the deep;
At thy approach, th' untroubled sky refines,
And all serene Heaven's lofty concave shines.
Soon as her blooming form the Spring reveals,
And Zephyr breathes his warm prolific gales,

The feather'd tribes first catch the genial flame,
And to the groves thy glad return proclaim.
Thence to the beasts the soft infection spreads:
The raging cattle spurn the grassy meads,
Burst o'er the plains, and frantic in their course
Cleave the wild torrents with resistless force.
Won by thy charms, thy dictates all obey,
And eager follow where thou lead'st the way.
Whatever haunts the mountains, or the main,
The rapid river, or the verdant plain,
Or forms its leafy mansion in the shades,
All, all thy universal power pervades,
Each panting bosom melts to soft desires,
And with the love of propagation fires.
And since thy sovereign influence guides the reins
Of nature, and the universe sustains;
Since nought without thee bursts the bonds of night,
To hail the happy realms of heavenly light;
Since love, and joy, and harmony are thine,
Guide me, O goddess, by thy power divine,
And to my rising lays thy succour bring,
While I the universe attempt to sing.
O may my verse deserved applause obtain
Of him, for whom I try the daring strain,
My Memmius, him, whom thou profusely kind
Adorn'st with every excellence refined.
And that immortal charms my song may grace,
Let war, with all its cruel labours, cease;
O hush the dismal din of arms once more,
And calm the jarring world from shore to shore.
By thee alone the race of man foregoes
The rage of blood, and sinks in soft repose:
For mighty Mars, the dreadful god of arms,
Who wakes or stills the battle's dire alarms,
In love's strong fetters by thy charms is bound,
And languishes with an eternal wound.

Oft from his bloody toil the god retires
To quench in thy embrace his fierce desires.
Soft on thy heaving bosom he reclines,
And round thy yielding neck transported twines ;
There fix'd in ecstasy intense surveys
Thy kindling beauties with insatiate gaze,
Grows to thy balmy mouth, and ardent sips
Celestial sweets from thy ambrosial lips.
O, while the god with fiercest raptures blest
Lies all dissolving on thy sacred breast,
O breathe thy melting whispers to his ear,
And bid him still the loud alarms of war.
In these tumultuous days, the Muse, in vain,
Her steady tenour lost, pursues the strain,
And Memmius' generous soul disdains to taste
The calm delights of philosophic rest ;
Paternal fires his beating breast inflame,
To rescue Rome, and vindicate her name.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE X.

Rectius vives, Licini—.

WOULDEST thou through life securely glide,
Nor boundless o'er the ocean ride ;
Nor ply too near th' insidious shore,
Scared at the tempest's threat'ning roar.

The man who follows Wisdom's voice,
And makes the golden mean his choice,
Nor plunged in antique gloomy cells
'Midst hoary desolation dwells ;
Nor to allure the envious eye
Rears his proud palace to the sky.

The pine, that all the grove transcends,
With every blast the tempest rends ;
Totters the tower with thund'rous sound,
And spreads a mighty ruin round ;
Jove's bolt with desolating blow
Strikes the ethereal mountain's brow.

The man, whose steadfast soul can bear
Fortune indulgent or severe,
Hopes when she frowns, and when she smiles
With cautious fear eludes her wiles.
Jove with rude winter wastes the plain,
Jove decks the rosy spring again.
Life's former ills are overpast,
Nor will the present always last.
Now Phoebus wings his shafts, and now
He lays aside th' unbended bow,
Strikes into life the trembling string,
And wakes the silent Muse to sing.

With unabating courage, brave
Adversity's tumultuous wave ;
When too propitious breezes rise,
And the light vessel swiftly flies,
With timid caution catch the gale,
And shorten the distended sail.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XIII.

O Fons Blandusie—.

BLANDUSIA ! more than crystal clear !
Whose soothing murmurs charm the ear !
Whose margin soft with flowrets crown'd
Invites the festive band around,

Their careless limbs diffused supine,
To quaff the soul-enlivening wine.

To thee a tender kid I vow,
That aims for fight his budding brow ;
In thought, the wrathful combat proves,
Or wantons with his little loves :
But vain are all his purposed schemes,
Delusive all his flattering dreams ;
To-morrow shall his fervent blood
Stain the pure silver of thy flood.

When fiery Sirius blasts the plain,
Untouch'd thy gelid streams remain.

To thee, the fainting flocks repair,
To taste thy cool reviving air ;
To thee, the ox with toil oppress'd,
And lays his languid limbs to rest.

As springs of old renown'd, thy name,
Blest fountain ! I devote to fame ;
Thus while I sing in deathless lays
The verdant holm, whose waving sprays,
Thy sweet retirement to defend,
High o'er the moss-grown rock impend,
Whence prattling in loquacious play
Thy sprightly waters leap away.

THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL.
PASTORAL I.¹

*Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod to imitari aveo—*

Lucr. lib. iii.

MELIBŒUS, TITYRUS.

MELIBŒUS.

WHERE the broad beech an ample shade displays,
Your slender reed resounds the sylvan lays,

¹ It has been observed by some critics who have treated of pastoral poetry, that, in every poem of this kind, it is proper that the scene or landscape connected with the little plot or fable on which the poem is founded, be delineated with at least as much accuracy as is sufficient to render the description particular and picturesque. How far Virgil has thought fit to attend to such a rule, may appear from the remarks which the translator has subjoined to every pastoral.

The scene of the first pastoral is pictured out with great accuracy. The shepherds Melibœus and Tityrus are represented as conversing together beneath a spreading beech-tree. Flocks and herds are feeding hard by. At a little distance we behold on the one hand a great rock, and on the other a fence of flowering willows. The prospect, as it widens, is diversified with groves, and streams, and some tall trees, particularly elms. Beyond all these appear marshy grounds and rocky hills. The ragged and drooping flock of the unfortunate shepherd, particularly the she-goat which he leads along, are no inconsiderable figures in this picture.—The time is the evening of a summer day, a little before sunset. See, of the original, v. 1, 5, 9, 52, 54, 57, 59, 81, &c.

This pastoral is said to have been written on the following occasion :—Augustus, in order to reward the services of his veterans, by means of whom he had established himself in the Roman empire, distributed among them the lands that lay contiguous to Mantua and Cremona. To make way for these intruders, the rightful owners, of whom Virgil was one, were turned out ; but our poet, by the intercession of Mæcenas, was reinstated in his possessions. Melibœus here personates one of the unhappy exiles, and Virgil is represented under the character of Tityrus.

O happy Tityrus ! while we, forlorn,
Driven from our lands, to distant climes are borne,
Stretch'd careless in the peaceful shade you sing,
And all the groves with Amaryllis ring.

TITYRUS.

This peace to a propitious god I owe ;
None else, my friend, such blessings could bestow.
Him will I celebrate with rites divine,
And frequent lambs shall stain his sacred shrine.
By him, these feeding herds in safety stray ;
By him, in peace I pipe the rural lay.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not, but wonder at your fate,
That no alarms invade this blest retreat ;
While neighbouring fields the voice of woe resound,
And desolation rages all around.
Worn with fatigue I slowly onward bend,
And scarce my feeble fainting goats attend.
My hand this sickly dam can hardly bear,
Whose young new-year'd (ah once a hopeful pair !)
Amid the tangling hazels as they lay,
On the sharp flint were left to pine away.
These ills I had foreseen, but that my mind
To all portents and prodigies was blind.
Oft have the blasted oaks foretold my woe ;
And often has the inauspicious crow,
Perch'd on the wither'd holm, with fateful cries
Scream'd in my ear her dismal prophecies.
But say, O Tityrus, what god bestows
This blissful life of undisturb'd repose !

TITYRUS.

Imperial Rome, while yet to me unknown,
I vainly liken'd to our country-town,
Our little Mantua, at which is sold
The yearly offspring of our fruitful fold ;
As in the whelp the father's shape appears,
And as the kid its mother's semblance bears :
Thus greater things my inexperienced mind
Rated by others of inferior kind.
But she, 'midst other cities, rears her head
High, as the cypress overtops the reed.

MELIBŒUS.

And why to visit Rome was you inclined ?

TITYRUS.

'Twas there I hoped my liberty to find.
And there my liberty I found at last,
Though long with listless indolence oppress ;
Yet not till Time had silver'd o'er my hairs,
And I had told a tedious length of years ;
Nor till the gentle Amaryllis charm'd¹,
And Galatea's love no longer warm'd.
For (to my friend I will confess the whole)
While Galatea captive held my soul,
Languid and lifeless all I dragg'd the chain,
Neglected liberty, neglected gain.
Though from my fold the frequent victim bled,
Though my fat cheese th' ungrateful city fed,
For this I ne'er perceived my wealth increase ;
I lavish'd all, her haughty heart to please.

MELIBŒUS.

Why Amaryllis pined, and pass'd away
In lonely shades the melancholy day ;

¹ The refinements of Taubmannus, De la Cerda, and others, who will have Amaryllis to signify Rome, and Galatea to signify Mantua, have perplexed this passage not a little: if the literal meaning be admitted, the whole becomes obvious and natural.

Why to the gods she breathed incessant vows ;
For whom her mellow apples press'd the boughs
So late, I wonder'd—Tityrus was gone,
And she (ah luckless maid !) was left alone.
Your absence every warbling fountain mourn'd,
And woods and wilds the wailing strains return'd.

TITYRUS.

What could I do ! to break th' enslaving chain
All other efforts had (alas !) been vain ;
Nor durst my hopes presume, but there, to find
The gods so condescending and so kind. [heheld,
'Twas there these eyes the Heaven-born youth¹
To whom our altars monthly incense yield :
My suit he even prevented, while he spoke,
"Manure your ancient farm, and feed your former
flock."

MELIBŒUS.

Happy old man ! then shall your lands remain,
Extent sufficient for th' industrious swain !
Though bleak and bare yon ridgy rocks arise,
And lost in lakes the neighbouring pasture lies,
Your herds on wonted grounds shall safely range,
And never feel the dire effects of change.
No foreign flock shall spread infecting bane
To hurt your pregnant dams, thrice happy swain !
You by known streams and sacred fountains laid
Shall taste the coolness of the fragrant shade.
Beneath yon fence, where willow-boughs unite,
And to their flowers the swarming bees invite,
Oft shall the lulling hum persuade to rest,
And balmy slumbers steal into your breast ;
While warbled from this rock the pruner's lay
In deep repose dissolves your soul away ;
High on yon elm the turtle wails alone,
And your loved ring doves breathe a hoarser moan.

TITYRUS.

The nimble harts shall graze in empty air,
And seas retreating leave their fishes bare,
The German dwell where rapid Tigris flows,
The Parthian banish'd by invading foes
Shall drink the Gallic Arar, from my breast
Ere his majestic image be effaced.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must travel o'er a length of lands,
O'er Scythian snows, or Afric's burning sands ;
Some wander where remote Oæxes laves
The Cretan meadows with his rapid waves ;
In Britain some, from every comfort torn,
From all the world removed, are doom'd to mourn.
When long long years have tedious roll'd away,
Ah ! shall I yet at last, at last survey
My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,
Where once I reign'd in walls of humble sod !
These lands, these harvests must the soldier share !
For rude barbarians lavish we our care !
How are our fields become the spoil of wars !
How are we ruin'd by intestine jars !
Now, Melibœus, now ingraft the pear,
Now teach the vine its tender sprays to rear !—
Go then, my goats !—go, once a happy store
Once happy !—happy now (alas !) no more !
No more shall I, beneath the bowery shade
In rural quiet indolently laid,
Behold you from afar the cliffs ascend,
And from the shrubby precipice depend ;
No more to music wake my melting flute,
While on the thyme you feed, and willow's whole-
some shoot.

¹ Augustus Cæsar.

TITIVUS.

This night at least with me you may repose
On the green foliage, and forget your woes.
Apples and nuts mature our boughs afford,
And curdled milk in plenty crowns my board.
Now from yon hamlets clouds of smoke arise,
And slowly roll along the evening skies ;
And see projected from the mountain's brow
A lengthen'd shade obscures the plains below.

PASTORAL II¹.

ALEXIS.

YOUNG Corydon for fair Alexis pined,
But hope ne'er gladden'd his desponding mind ;
Nor vows nor tears the scornful boy could move,
Distinguish'd by his wealthier master's love.
Oft to the beech's deep embowering shade
Pensive and sad this hapless shepherd stray'd ;
There told in artless verse his tender pain
To echoing hills and groves, but all in vain.

In vain the flute's complaining lays I try ;
And am I doom'd, un pitying boy, to die ?
Now to faint flocks the grove a shade supplies,
And in the thorny brake the lizard lies ;
Now *Thestylis* with herbs of savoury taste
Prepares the weary harvest-man's repast ;
And all is still, save where the buzzing sound
Of chirping grasshoppers is heard around ;
While I, exposed to all the rage of heat,
Wander the wilds in search of thy retreat.

Was it not easier to support the pain
I felt from *Amaryllis*' fierce disdain ?
Easier *Menalcas*' cold neglect to bear,
Black though he was, though thou art blooming fair !
Yet be relenting, nor too much presume,
O beauteous boy, on thy celestial bloom ;
The sable violet² yields a precious dye,
While useless on the field the withering lilies lie.
Ah cruel boy ! my love is all in vain,
No thoughts of thine regard thy wretched swain.
How rich my flock thou carest not to know,
Nor how my pails with generous milk o'erflow.

¹ The chief excellency of this poem consists in its delicacy and simplicity. Corydon addresses his favourite in such a purity of sentiment as one would think might effectually discountenance the prepossession which generally prevail against the subject of this eclogue. The nature of his affection may easily be ascertained from his ideas of the happiness which he hopes to enjoy in the company of his beloved Alexis.

O tantum libeat ———

O deign at last, amid these lonely fields, &c.

It appears to have been no other than that friendship which was encouraged by the wisest legislators of ancient Greece as a noble incentive to virtue, and recommended by the example even of *Agesilaus*, *Pericles*, and *Socrates* ; an affection wholly distinct from the infamous attachments that prevailed among the licentious. The reader will find a full and satisfying account² of this generous passion in *Dr. Potter's Antiquities of Greece*, book iv. ch. 2. *Mons. Bayle*, in his Dictionary, at the article *Virgile*, has at great length vindicated our poet from the charge of immorality which the critics have grounded upon this pastoral.—The scene of the pastoral is a grove interspersed with beech-trees ; the season, harvest.

² *Vaccinium* (here translated violet) yielded a purple colour, used in dyeing the garments of slaves, according to *Plin.* l. xvi. c. 26.

With bleat of thousand lambs my hills resound,
And all the year my milky stores abound.
Not *Amphion*'s lays were sweeter than my song,
Those lays that led the listening herds along ;
And if the face be true I lately view'd,
Where calm and clear the uncurling ocean stood,
I lack not beauty, nor could'st thou deny,
That even with *Daphnis* I may dare to vie.

O deign at last, amid these lonely fields,
To taste the pleasures which the country yields ;
With me to dwell in cottages resign'd,
To roam the woods, to shoot the bounding hind ;
With me the weanling kids from home to guide
To the green mallows on the mountain side ;
With me in echoing groves the song to raise,
And emulate even *Pan*'s celestial lays.
Pan taught the jointed reed its tuneful strain,
Pan guards the tender flock, and shepherd swain.
Nor grudge, Alexis, that the rural pipe
So oft hath stain'd the roses of thy lip :
How did *Amyntas* strive thy skill to gain !
How grieve at last to find his labour vain !
Of seven unequal reeds a pipe I have,
The precious gift which good *Damocles* gave ;
'Take this,' the dying shepherd said, 'for none
Inherits all my skill save thou alone.'
He said ; *Amyntas* murmurs at my praise,
And with an envious eye the gift surveys.
Besides, as presents for my soul's delight
Two beauteous kids I keep bestreak'd with white,
Nourish'd with care, nor purchased without pain ;
A ewe's full udder twice a day they drain.
These to obtain oft *Thestylis* hath tried
Each winning art, while I her suit denied ;
But I at last shall yield what she requests,
Since thy relentless pride my gifts detests.

Come, beauteous boy, and bless my rural bowers,
For thee the nymphs collect the choicest flowers :
Fair *Nais* culls amid the bloomy dale
The drooping poppy, and the violet pale,
To marigolds the hyacinth applies,
Shading the glossy with the tawny dyes :
Narcissus' flower with daffodil entwined,
And *cassia*'s breathing sweets to these are join'd,
With every bloom that paints the vernal grove,
And all to form a garland for my love.
Myself with sweetest fruits will crown thy feast ;
The luscious peach shall gratify thy taste,
And chestnut brown (once high in my regard,
For *Amaryllis* this to all preferr'd ;
But if the blushing plum thy choice thou make,
The plum shall more be valued for thy sake.)
The myrtle wreathed with laurel shall exhale
A blended fragrance to delight thy smell.

Ah Corydon ! thou rustic, simple swain !
Thyself, thy prayers, thy offers, all are vain.
How few, compared with rich *Iolas*' store,
Thy boasted gifts, and all thy wealth how poor !
Wretch that I am ! while thus I pine forlorn,
And all the livelong day, inactive mourn,
The boars have laid my silver fountains waste,
My flowers are fading in the southern blast.—
Fly'st thou, ah foolish boy, the lonesome grove ?
Yet gods for this have left the realms above.
Paris with scorn the pomp of Troy survey'd,
And sought the Idæan bowers and peaceful shade.
In her proud palaces let *Pallas* shine ;
The lowly woods and rural life be mine.
The lioness all dreadful in her course
Pursues the wolf, and he with headlong force

Flies at the wanton goat, that loves to climb
The cliff's steep side, and crop the flowering thyme;
Thee Corydon pursues, O beauteous boy:
Thus each is drawn along by some peculiar joy.

Now evening soft comes on; and homeward now
From field the weary oxen bear the plough.
The setting sun now beams more mildly bright,
The shadows lengthening with the level light.
While with love's flame my restless bosom glows,
For love no interval of ease allows.
Ah Corydon! to weak complaints a prey!
What madness thus to waste the fleeting day!
Be roused at length; thy half-pruned vines demand
The needful culture of thy curbing hand.
Haste, lingering swain, the flexile willows weave,
And with thy wonted care thy wants relieve.
Forget Alexis' unrelenting scorn,
Another love thy passion will return.

PASTORAL III.

MENALCAS, DAMETAS, PALEMON¹.

MENALCAS.

To whom belongs this flock, Dametas, pray:
To Melibœus?

DAMETAS.

No: the other day
The shepherd Ægon gave it me to keep.

MENALCAS.

Ah still neglected, still unhappy sheep!
He plies Neera with assiduous love,
And fears lest she my happier flame approve;
Meanwhile this hireling wretch (disgrace to swains!)
Defrauds his master, and purloins his gains,
Milks twice an hour, and drains the famish'd dams,
Whose empty dugs in vain attract the lambs.

DAMETAS.

Forbear on men such language to bestow.
Thee, stain of manhood! thee, full well I know.
I know, with whom—and where— (their grove
defiled
The nymphs revenged not, but indulgent smiled)
And how the goats beheld, then browsing near,
The shameful sight with a lascivious leer.

MENALCAS.

No doubt, when Mycon's tender trees I broke,
And gash'd his young vines with a blunted hook.

DAMETAS.

Or when conceal'd behind this ancient row
Of beech, you broke young Daphnis' shafts and bow,
With sharpest pang of rancorous anguish stung
To see the gift conferr'd on one so young;
And had you not thus wreaked your sordid spite,
Of very envy you had died outright.

¹ The contending shepherds, Menalcas and Dametas, together with their umpire Palemon, are seated on the grass, not far from a row of beech-trees. Flocks are seen feeding hard by. The time of the day seems to be noon; the season, between spring and summer.

² Throughout the whole of this altercation, notwithstanding the untoward subject, the reader will find in the original such a happy union of simplicity and force of expression and harmony of verse, as it is vain to look for in an English translation.

³ The abruptness and obscurity of the original is here imitated.

MENALCAS.

Gods! what may masters dare, when such a pitch
Of impudence their thievish hirelings reach:
Did I not, wretch, (deny it if you dare,)
Did I not see you Damon's goat ensnare!
Lycisca bark'd; then I the felon spied,
And 'Whither slinks yon sneaking thief!' I cried.
The thief discover'd, straight his prey forsook,
And skulk'd amid the sedges of the brook.

DAMETAS.

That goat my pipe from Damon fairly gained,
A match was set, and I the prize obtain'd.
He own'd it due to my superior skill,
And yet refused his bargain to fulfil.

MENALCAS.

By your superior skill—the goat was won!
Have you a jointed pipe, indecent clown!
Whose whizzing straws with harshest discord jarr'd,
As in the streets your wretched rhymes you marr'd.

DAMETAS.

Boasts are but vain. I'm ready, when you will,
To make a solemn trial of our skill.
I stake this heifer, no ignoble prize;
Two calves from her full udder she supplies,
And twice a day her milk the pail o'erflows;
What pledge of equal worth will you expose?

MENALCAS.

Aught from the flock I dare not risk; I fear
A cruel step-dame, and a sire severe,
Who of their store so strict a reckoning keep,
That twice a day they count the kids and sheep.
But, since you purpose to be mad to-day,
Two beechen cups I scruple not to lay
(Whose far superior worth yourself will own),
The labour'd work of famed Alcimedon.
Raised round the brims by the engraver's care
The flaunting vine unfolds its foliage fair;
Entwined the ivy's tendrils seem to grow,
Half-hid in leaves its mimic berries glow;
Two figures rise below, of curious frame,
Conon, and—what's that other sage's name,
Who with his rod described the world's vast
round,
Taught when to reap, and when to till the ground!
At home I have reserved them unprofaned,
No lip has e'er the glossy polish stain'd.

DAMETAS.

Two cups for me that skilful artist made;
Their handles with acanthus are array'd;
Orpheus is in the midst, whose magic song
Leads in tumultuous dance the lofty groves along.
At home I have reserved them unprofaned,
No lip has e'er their glossy polish stain'd.
But my pledged heifer if aright you prize,
The cups so much extoll'd you will despise.

MENALCAS.

These arts, proud boaster, all are lost on me;
To any terms I readily agree.
You shall not boast your victory to-day,
Let him be judge who passes first this way:
And see the good Palemon! trust me, swain,
You'll be more cautious how you brag again.

DAMETAS.

Delays I brook not; if you dare, proceed;
At singing no antagonist I dread.
Palemon, listen to the important songs,
To such debates attention strict belongs.

PALEMON.

Sing then. A couch the flowery herbage yields:
Now blossom all the trees, and all the fields;
And all the woods their pomp of foliage wear,
And Nature's fairest robe adorns the blooming year,
Dametas first the alternate lay shall raise:
The inspiring Muses love alternate lays.

DAMETAS.

Jove first I sing; ye Muses, aid my lay;
All Nature owns his energy and sway;
The Earth and Heavens his sovereign bounty share,
And to my verses he vouchsafes his care.

MENALCAS.

With great Apollo I begin the strain,
For I am great Apollo's favourite swain;
For him the purple hyacinth I wear,
And sacred bay to Phoebus ever dear.

DAMETAS.

The sprightly Galatea at my head
An apple flung, and to the willows fled;
But as along the level lawn she flew,
The wanton wish'd not to escape my view.

MENALCAS.

I languish'd long for fair Amyntas' charms,
But now he comes unbidden to my arms,
And with my dogs is so familiar grown,
That my own Delia is no better known.

DAMETAS.

I lately mark'd where midst the verdant shade
Two parent-doves had built their leafy bed;
I from the nest the young will shortly take,
And to my love a handsome present make.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy wildings, from a lofty bough,
That through the green leaves beam'd with yellow
I brought away, and to Amyntas bore: [glow,
To-morrow I shall send as many more.

DAMETAS.

Ah the keen raptures! when my yielding fair
Breathed her kind whispers to my ravish'd ear!
Waft, gentle gales, her accents to the skies,
That gods themselves may hear with sweet surprise.

MENALCAS.

What, though I am not wretched by your scorn!
Say, beauteous boy, say can I cease to mourn,
If, while I hold the nets, the boar you face,
And rashly brave the dangers of the chase!

DAMETAS.

Send Phyllis home, Iolas, for to-day
I celebrate my birth, and all is gay;
When for my crop the victim I prepare,
Iolas in our festival may share.

MENALCAS.

Phyllis I love; she more than all can charm,
And mutual fires her gentle bosom warm:
Tears, when I leave her, bathe her beauteous eyes;
'A long, a long adieu, my love!' she cries.

DAMETAS.

The wolf is dreadful to the woolly train,
Fatal to harvests is the crushing rain,
To the green woods the winds destructive prove,
To me the rage of mine offended love.

MENALCAS.

The willow's grateful to the pregnant ewes,
Showers to the corns, to kids the mountain-brows;
More grateful far to me my lovely boy,
In sweet Amyntas centres all my joy.

DAMETAS.

Even Pollio deigns to hear my rural lays;
And cheers the bashful Muse with generous praise:
Ye sacred Nine, for your great patron feed
A beauteous heifer of the noblest breed.

MENALCAS.

Pollio the art of heavenly song adorns;
Then let a bull be bred with butting horns,
And ample front, that bellowing spurns the ground,
Tears up the turf, and throws the sands around.

DAMETAS.

Him whom my Pollio loves may nought annoy,
May he like Pollio every wish enjoy;
O may his happy lands with honey flow,
And on his thorns Assyrian roses blow!

MENALCAS.

Who hates not foolish Bavius, let him love
Thee, Mævius, and thy tasteless rhymes approve!
Nor needs it thy admirer's reason shock
To milk the he-goats, and the foxes yoke.

DAMETAS.

Ye boys, on garlands who employ your care,
And pull the creeping strawberries, beware,
Fly for your lives, and leave that fatal place,
A deadly snake lies lurking in the grass.

MENALCAS.

Forbear, my flocks, and warily proceed,
Nor on that faithless bank securely tread;
The heedless ram late plunged amid the pool,
And in the sun now dries his reeking wool.

DAMETAS.

Ho, Tityrus! lead back the browsing flock,
And let them feed at distance from the brook;
At bathing-time I to the shade will bring
My goats, and wash them in the cooling spring.

MENALCAS.

Haste, from the sultry lawn the flocks remove
To the cool shelter of the shady grove:
When burning noon the curdling udder dries,
The ungrateful teats in vain the shepherd plies.

DAMETAS.

How lean my bull in yonder mead appears,
Though the fat soil the richest pasture bears!
Ah Love! thou reign'st supreme in every heart,
Both flocks and shepherds languish with thy dart.

MENALCAS.

Love has not injured my consumptive flocks,
Yet bare their bones, and faded are their looks:
What envious eye hath squinted on my dams,
And sent its poison to the tender lambs!

DAMETAS.

Say in what distant land the eye descries
But three short ells of all the expanded skies:
Tell this, and great Apollo be your name;
Your skill is equal, equal be your fame.

MENALCAS.

Say in what soil a wondrous flower is born,
Whose leaves the sacred names of kings adorn;
Tell this, and take my Phyllis to your arms,
And reign the unrival'd sovereign of her charms.

PALEMON.

'Tis not for me these high disputes to end;
Each to the heifer justly may pretend.
Such be their fortune, who so well can sing [spring.
From love what painful joys, what pleasing torments
Now, boys, obstruct the course of yonder rill;
The meadows have already drunk their fill.

PASTORAL IV.

POLLIO.

SICILIAN Muse, sublimer strains inspire,
And warm my bosom with diviner fire!
All take not pleasure in the rural scene,
In lowly tamarisks, and forests green.
If sylvan themes we sing, then let our lays
Deserve a consul's ear, a consul's praise.

The age comes on, that future age of gold
In Cuma's mystic prophecies foretold.
The years begin their mighty course again,
The Virgin now returns, and the Saturnian reign.
Now from the lofty mansions of the sky
To Earth descends a heaven-born progeny.
Thy Phœbus reigns, Lucina, lend thine aid,
Nor be his birth, his glorious birth, delay'd!
An iron race shall then no longer rage,
But all the world regain the golden age.
This child, the joy of nations, shall be born
Thy consulship, O Pollio, to adorn:
Thy consulship these happy times shall prove,
And see the mighty months begin to move:
Then all our former guilt shall be forgiven,
And man shall dread no more the avenging doom
of Heaven.

The son with heroes and with gods shall shine,
And lead, enroll'd with them, the life divine.
He o'er the peaceful nations shall preside,
And his sire's virtues shall his sceptre guide.
To thee, auspicious babe, the unbidden earth
Shall bring the earliest of her flowery birth;
Acanthus soft in smiling beauty gay,
The blossom'd bean, and ivy's flaunting spray.
The untended goats shall to their homes repair,
And to the milker's hand the loaded udder bear.
The mighty lion shall no more be fear'd,
But graze innoxious with the friendly herd.
Sprung from thy cradle fragrant flowers shall spread,
And, fanning bland, shall wave around thy head.
Then shall the serpent die, with all his race:
No deadly herb the happy soil disgrace:
Assyrian balm on every bush shall bloom,
And breathe in every gale its rich perfume.

But when thy father's deed thy youth shall fire,
And to great actions all thy soul inspire,
When thou shalt read of heroes and of kings,
And mark the glory that from virtue springs;
Then boundless o'er the far-extended plain
Shall wave luxuriant crops of golden grain,

¹ In this fourth pastoral no particular landscape is delineated. The whole is a prophetic song of triumph. But as almost all the images and allusions are of the rural kind, it is no less a true bucolic than the others; if we admit the definition of a pastoral, given us by an author of the first rank*, who calls it "A poem in which any action or passion is represented by its effects upon country life."

It is of little importance to inquire on what occasion this poem was written. The spirit of prophetic enthusiasm that breathes through it, and the resemblance it bears in many places to the Oriental manner, makes it not improbable that our poet composed it partly from some pieces of ancient prophecy that might have fallen into his hands, and that he afterwards inscribed it to his friend and patron Pollio, on occasion of the birth of his son Saloninus.

*The author of the Rambler.

With purple grapes the loaded thorn shall bend,
And streaming honey from the oak descend.
Nor yet old fraud shall wholly be effaced;
Navies for wealth shall roam the watery waste;
Proud cities fenced with towery walls appear,
And cruel shores shall earth's soft bosom tear:
Another Tiphys o'er the swelling tide
With steady skill the bounding ship shall guide;
Another Argo with the flower of Greece
From Colchos' shore shall waft the golden fleece;
Again the world shall hear war's loud alarms,
And great Achilles shine again in arms.

When riper years thy strengthen'd nerves shall brace,
And o'er thy limbs diffuse a manly grace,
The mariner no more shall plough the deep,
Nor load with foreign wares the trading ship;
Each country shall abound in every store,
Nor need the products of another shore.
Henceforth no plough shall cleave the fertile ground,
No pruning-hook the tender vine shall wound;
The husbandman, with toil no longer broke,
Shall loose his ox for ever from the yoke.
No more the wool a foreign dye shall feign,
But purple flocks shall graze the flowery plain,
Glittering in native gold the ram shall tread,
And scarlet lambs shall wanton on the mead.

In concord join'd with fate's unalter'd law
The Destinies these happy times foresaw,
They bade the sacred spindle swiftly run,
And hasten the auspicious ages on.

O dear to all thy kindred gods above!
O thou, the offspring of eternal Jove!
Receive thy dignities, begin thy reign,
And o'er the world extend thy wide domain.
See nature's mighty frame exulting round,
Ocean, and earth, and heaven's immense profound!
See nations yet unborn with joy behold
Thy glad approach, and hail the age of gold!

O would the immortals lend a length of days,
And give a soul sublime to sound thy praise;
Would Heaven this breast, this labouring breast
in flame
With ardour equal to the mighty theme;
Not Orpheus with diviner transports glow'd,
When all her fire his mother-muse bestow'd;
Nor loftier numbers flow'd from Linus' tongue,
Although his sire Apollo gave the song;
Even Pan, in presence of Arcadian swains,
Would vainly strive to emulate my strains.

Repay a parent's care, O beauteous boy,
And greet thy mother with a smile of joy;
For thee, to loathing languors all resign'd,
Ten slow-revolving months thy mother pined.
If cruel fate thy parents' bliss denies,
If no fond joy sits smiling in thine eyes,
No nymph of heavenly birth shall crown thy love,
Nor shalt thou share the immortal feast above.

¹ This passage has perplexed all the critics. Out of a number of significations that have been offered, the translator has pitched upon one, which he thinks the most agreeable to the scope of the poem and most consistent with the language of the original. The reader who wants more particulars on this head may consult Servius, De La Cerda, or Rasmus.

PASTORAL V.¹

MENALCAS, MOPBUS.

MENALCAS.

SINCE you with skill can touch the tuneful reed,
Since few my verses or my voice exceed;
In this refreshing shade shall we recline,
Where hazels with the lofty elms combine!

MOPBUS.

Your riper age a due respect requires,
'Tis mine to yield to what my friend desires;
Whether you choose the zephyr's fanning breeze,
That shakes the wavering shadows of the trees;
Or the deep-shaded grotto's cool retreat:—
And see you cave screen'd from the scorching heat,
Where the wild vine its curling tendrils weaves,
Whose grapes glow ruddy through the quivering leaves.

MENALCAS.

Of all the swains that to our hills belong,
Amyntas only vies with you in song.

MOPBUS.

What, though with me that haughty shepherd
Who proudly dares Apollo's self defy! [vie,

MENALCAS.

Begin; let Alcon's praise inspire your strains',
Or Codrus' death, or Phyllis' amorous pains;
Begin, whatever theme your Muse prefer.
To feed the kids be, Tityrus, thy care.

MOPBUS.

I rather will repeat that mournful song,
Which late I carved the verdant beech along;
(I carved and trill'd by turns the labour'd lay)
And let Amyntas match me if he may.

MENALCAS.

As slender willows where the olive grows,
Or sordid shrubs when near the scarlet rose,
Such (if the judgment I have form'd be true)
Such is Amyntas when compared with you.

MOPBUS.

No more, Menalcas; we delay too long,
The grot's dim shade invites my promised song.
When Daphnis fell by fate's remorseless blow',
The weeping nymphs poured wild the plaint of woe;
Witness, O hazel-grove, and winding stream,
For all your echoes caught the mournful theme.
In agony of grief his mother prest
The clay-cold carcass to her throbbing breast,
Frantic with anguish wail'd his hapless fate,
Raved at the stars, and Heaven's relentless hate.
'Twas then the swains in deep despair forsook
Their pining flocks, nor led them to the brook;
The pining flocks for him their pastures slight,
Nor grassy plains nor cooling streams invite.

¹ Here we discover Menalcas and Mopbus seated in an arbour formed by the interwoven twigs of a wild vine. A grove of hazels and elms surrounds this arbour. The season seems to be summer. The time of the day is not specified.

² From this passage it is evident that Virgil thought pastoral poetry capable of a much greater variety in its subjects than some modern critics will allow.

³ It is the most general and most probable conjecture, that Julius Cæsar is the Daphnis, whose death and deification are here celebrated. Some, however, are of opinion, that by Daphnis is meant a real shepherd of Sicily of that name, who is said to have invented bucolic poetry, and in honour of whom the Sicilians performed yearly sacrifices.

The doleful tidings reach'd the Libyan shores,
And lions mourn'd in deep repeated roars.
His cruel doom the woodlands wild bewail,
And plaintive hills repeat the melancholy tale,
'Twas he, who first Armenia's tigers broke,
And tamed their stubborn natures to the yoke;
He first with ivy wrapt the thyrsus round,
And made the hills with Bacchus' rites resound.
As vines adorn the trees which they entwine,
As purple clusters beautify the vine,
As bulls the herd, as corn the fertile plains,
The godlike Daphnis dignified the swains.
When Daphnis from our eager hopes was torn
Phœbus and Pales left the plains to mourn.
Now weeds and wretched tares the crop subdue,
Where store of generous wheat but lately grew.
Narcissus' lovely flower no more is seen,
No more the velvet violet decks the green;
Thistles for these the blasted meadow yields,
And thorns and frizzled burs deform the fields.
Swains, shade the springs, and let the ground be
drest

With verdant leaves; 'twas Daphnis' last request.
Erect a tomb in honour to his name,
Mark'd with this verse to celebrate his fame:
'The swains with Daphnis' name this tomb adorn,
Whose high renown above the skies is borne;
Fair was his flock, the fairest on the plain,
The pride, the glory of the sylvan reign.'

MENALCAS.

Sweeter, O bard divine, thy numbers seem
Than to the scorched swain the cooling stream,
Or soft on fragrant flow'rets to recline,
And the tired limbs to balmy sleep resign. [praise
Blest youth! whose voice and pipe demand the
Due but to thine, and to thy master's lays.
I in return the darling theme will choose,
And Daphnis' praises shall inspire my Muse;
He in my song shall high as Heaven ascend,
High as the Heavens, for Daphnis was my friend.

MOPBUS.

His virtues sure our noblest numbers claim;
Nought can delight me more than such a theme,
Which in your song new dignity obtains;
Oft has our Stimichon extoll'd the strains.

MENALCAS.

Now Daphnis shines, among the gods a god,
Struck with the splendours of his new abode.
Beneath his footstool far remote appear
The clouds aloof sailing, and the starry sphere. [ring.
Hence lawns and groves with gladsome raptures
The swains, the nymphs, and Pan in concert sing.
The wolves to murder are no more inclined,
No guileful nets ensnare the wandering hind,
Deceit and violence and rapine cease,
For Daphnis loves the gentle arts of peace.
From savage mountains shouts of transport rise
Borne in triumphant echoes to the skies;
The rocks and shrubs emit melodious sounds,
Through nature's vast extent the god, the god re-
bounds.

Be gracious still, still present to our prayer;
Four altars, lo! we build with pious care,
Two for the inspiring god of song divine,
And two, propitious Daphnis, shall be thine.

¹ This can be applied only to Julius Cæsar; for it was he who introduced at Rome the celebration of the Bacchanalian revels.—Servius.

Two bowls white-foaming with their milky store,
Of generous oil two-brimming goblets more,
Each year we shall present before thy shrine,
And cheer the feast with liberal draughts of wine;
Before the fire when winter-storms invade,
In summer's heat beneath the breezy shade:
The hallow'd bowls with wines of Chios crown'd,
Shall pour their sparkling nectar to the ground.
Damoetas shall with Lyctian¹ Ægon play,
And celebrate with festive strains the day.
Alphesibœus to the sprightly song
Shall like the dancing Satyrs trip along.
These rites shall still be paid, so justly due,
Both when the nymphs receive our annual vow,
And when with solemn songs and victims crown'd,
Our lands in long procession we surround.
While fishes love the streams and briny deep,
And savage boars the mountain's rocky steep,
While grasshoppers their dewy food delights,
While balmy thyme the busy bee invites;
So long shall last thine honours and thy fame,
So long the shepherds shall resound thy name.
Such rites to thee shall husbandmen ordain,
As Ceres and the god of wine obtain.
Thou to our prayers propitiously inclined
Thy grateful suppliants to their vows shalt bind.

MORPUS.

What boon, dear shepherd, can your song requite?
For nought in nature yields so sweet delight.
Not the soft sighing of the southern gale,
That faintly breathes along the flowery vale;
Nor, when light breezes curl the liquid plain,
To tread the margin of the murmuring main;
Nor melody of streams, that roll away
Through rocky dales, delights me as your lay.

MENALCÆ.

No mean reward, my friend, your verses claim:
Take then this flute that breathed the plaintive theme
Of Corydon²; when proud Damoetas³ tried
To match my skill, it dash'd his hasty pride.

MORPUS.

And let this sheep-crook by my friend be worn,
Which brazen studs in beamy rows adorn;
This fair Antigènes oft begg'd to gain,
But all his beauty, all his prayers were vain.

PASTORAL VI 4.

SILENUS.

My sportive Muse first sung Sicilian strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell in woods and lowly plains.
To sing of kings and wars when I aspire,
Apollo checks my vainly-rising fire.
'To swains the flock and sylvan pipe belong,
Then choose some humbler theme, nor dare heroic
The voice divine, O Varus, I obey, [song.
And to my reed shall chant a rural lay;
Since others long thy praises to rehearse,
And sing thy battles in immortal verse.

¹ Lyctium was a city of Crete.² See Pastoral second.³ See Pastoral third.

⁴ The cave of Silenus, which is the scene of this eclogue, is delineated with sufficient accuracy. The time seems to be the evening; at least the song does not cease till the flocks are folded, and the evening star appears.

Yet if these songs which Phoebus bids me write,
Hereafter to the swains shall yield delight,
Of thee the trees and humble shrubs shall sing,
And all the vocal grove with Varus ring.
The song inscribed to Varus' sacred name
To Phoebus' favour has the justest claim.

Come then, my Muse, a sylvan song repeat.
'Twas in his shady arbour's cool retreat
Two youthful swains the god Silenus found,
In drunkenness and sleep his senses bound,
His turgid veins the late debauch betray;
His garland on the ground neglected lay,
Fallen from his head; and by the well-worn ear
His cup of ample size depended near.
Sudden the swains the sleeping god surprise,
And with his garland bind him as he lies,
(No better chain at hand,) incensed so long
To be defrauded of their promised song.
To aid their project, and remove their fears,
Ægle, a beauteous fountain-nymph appears;
Who while he hardly opes his heavy eyes,
His stupid brow with bloody berries dyes.
Then smiling at the fraud, Silenus said,
'And dare you thus a sleeping god invade?
To see me was enough; but haste, unloose
My bonds; the song no longer I refuse;
Unloose me, youths; my song shall pay your pains;
For this fair nymph another boon remains.'

He sung; responsive to the heavenly sound
The stubborn oaks and forests dance around,
Tripping the Satyrs and the Fauns advance,
Wild beasts forget their rage, and join the general
Not so Parnassus' listening rocks rejoice, [dance.
When Phoebus raises his celestial voice;
Nor Thracia's echoing mountains so admire,
When Orpheus strikes the loud-lamenting lyre.

For first he sung of Nature's wond'rous birth;
How seeds of water, air, and flame, and earth,
Down the vast void with casual impulse hurl'd,
Clung into shapes, and form'd this fabric of the
Then hardens by degrees the tender soil, [world.
And from the mighty mound the seas recoil.
O'er the wide world new various forms arise;
The infant Sun along the brighten'd skies
Begins his course, while Earth with glad amaze
The blazing wonder from below surveys.
The clouds sublime their genial moisture shed,
And the green grove lifts high its leafy head.
The savage beasts o'er desert mountains roam,
Yet few their numbers, and unknown their home.
He next the blessed Saturnian ages sung;
How a new race of men from Pyrrha sprung¹;
Prometheus' daring theft, and dreadful doom,
Whose growing heart devouring birds consume.
Then names the spring, renown'd for Hylas' fate,
By the sad mariners bewail'd too late;
They call on Hylas with repeated cries,
And Hylas, Hylas, all the lonesome shore replies.
Next he bewails Pasiphaë (hapless dame!)
Who for a bullock felt a brutal flame.
What fury fires thy bosom, frantic queen!
How happy thou, if herds had never been!
The maids, whom Juno, to avenge her wrong²,
Like heifers doom'd to low the vales along,

¹ See Ovid. Met. lib. i.

² Their names were Lysippe, Ipponoe, and Cyrrinaam. Juno, to be avenged of them for preferring their own beauty to hers, struck them with madness, to such a degree, that they imagined themselves to be heifers.

Ne'er felt the rage of thy detested fire,
Ne'er were polluted with thy foul desire;
Though oft for horns they felt their polish'd brow,
And their soft necks oft fear'd the galling plough.
Ah wretched queen! thou roam'st the mountain-

waste,
While, his white limbs on lilies laid to rest,
The half-digested herb again he chews,
Or some fair female of the herd pursues.
'Beset, ye Cretan nymphs, beset the grove,
And trace the wandering footsteps of my love.
Yet let my longing eyes my love behold,
Before some favourite beauty of the fold
Entice him with Gortynian¹ herds to stray,
Where smile the vales in richer pasture gay.'
He sung how golden fruit's resistless grace
Decoy'd the wary virgin from the race.²
Then wraps in bark the mourning sisters round³,
And rears the lofty alders from the ground.
He sung, while Gallus by Permessus⁴ stray'd,
A sister of the Nine the hero led
To the Aonian hill; the choir in haste
Left their bright thrones, and hail'd the welcome
guest.

Linus arose, for sacred song renown'd,
Whose brow a wreath of flowers and parsley bound;
And 'Take' he said, 'this pipe, which heretofore
The far-famed shepherd of Ascrea's bore;
Then heard the mountain-oaks its magic sound,
Leap'd from their hills, and thronging danced
around.

On this thou shalt renew the tuneful lay,
And grateful songs to thy Apollo pay,
Whose famed Grynæan⁵ temple from thy strain
Shall more exalted dignity obtain.
Why should I sing unhappy Scylla's fate?⁶
Sad monument of jealous Circe's hate!
Round her white breast what furious monsters roll,
And to the dashing waves incessant howl:
How from the ships that bore Ulysses' crew⁷
Her dogs the trembling sailors dragg'd and slew.
Of Philomela's feast why should I sing⁸,
And what dire chance befel the Thracian king?
Changed to a lapwing by th' avenging god,
He made the barren waste his lone abode,
And oft on soaring pinions hover'd o'er
The lofty palace then his own no more.

The tuneful god renews each pleasing theme
Which Phœbus sung by blest Eurotas' stream;
When blest Eurotas gently flow'd along,
And bade his laurels learn the lofty song.
Silenus sung; the vocal vales reply,
And heavenly music charms the listening sky.
But now their folds the number'd flocks invite,
The star of evening sheds its trembling light,
And the unwilling heavens are wrapt in light.

¹ Gortyna was a city of Crete. See Ovid. *Ars. Am.* lib. i.

² Atalanta. See Ovid. *Met.* lib. x.

³ See Ovid. *Met.* lib. ii.

⁴ A river in Boeotia arising from Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses.

⁵ Hesiod.

⁶ Grynium was a maritime town of the Lesser Asia, where were an ancient temple and oracle of Apollo.

⁷ See Virgil. *Æn.* iii.

⁸ See Hom. *Odys.* lib. xii.

⁹ See Ovid. *Met.* lib. vi.

PASTORAL VII.

MELIBEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBEUS.

BENEATH a holm that murmur'd to the breeze,
The youthful Daphnis lean'd in rural ease;
With him two gay Arcadian swains reclined,
Who in the neighbouring vale their flocks had join'd,
Thyrsis, whose care it was the goats to keep,
And Corydon, who fed the fleecy sheep;
Both in the flowery prime of youthful days,
Both skill'd in single or responsive lays.
While I with busy hand a shelter form
To guard my myrtles from the future storm,
The husband of my goats had chanced to stray;
To find the vagrant out I take my way.
Which Daphnis seeing cries, 'Dismiss your fear,
Your kids and goats are all in safety here;
And if no other care require your stay,
Come, and with us unbend the toils of day
In this cool shade; at hand your heifers feed,
And of themselves will to the watering speed;
Here fringed with reeds slow Mincius winds along,
And round yon oak the bees soft murmuring throng.
What could I do! for I was left alone,
My Phyllis and Alcippe both were gone,
And none remain'd to feed my weanling lambs,
And to restrain them from their bleating dams:
Betwixt the swains a solemn match was set,
To prove their skill, and end a long debate.
Though serious matters claim'd my due regard,
Their pastime to my business I preferr'd.
To sing by turns the Muse inspired the swains,
And Corydon began the alternate strains.

CORYDON.

Ye nymphs of Helicon, my sole desire!
O warm my breast with all my Codrus' fire.
If none can equal Codrus' heavenly lays,
For next to Phœbus he deserves the praise,
No more I ply the tuneful art divine,
My silent pipe shall hang on yonder pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian swains, an ivy wreath bestow,
With early honours crown your poet's brow;
Codrus shall chafe, if you my songs commend,
Till burning spite his tortured entrails rend;
Or amulets, to bind my temples, frame,
Lest his invidious praises blast my fame.

CORYDON.

A stag's tall horns, and stain'd with savage gore
This bristled visage of a tusked boar,
To thee, O virgin-goddess of the chase,
Young Mycon offers for thy former grace.
If like success his future labours crown,
Thine, goddess, then shall be a nobler boon;
In polish'd marble thou shalt shine complete,
And purple sandals shall adorn thy feet.

¹ The scene of this pastoral is as follows. Four shepherd-herds, Daphnis in the most distinguished place, Corydon, Thyrsis, and Melibeus, are seen reclining beneath a holm. Sheep and goats intermixed are feeding hard by. At a little distance Mincius fringed with reeds appears winding along. Fields and trees compose the surrounding scene. A venerable oak, with bees swarming around it, is particularly distinguished. The time seems to be the forenoon of a summer-day.

THYRSIS.

To thee, Priapus¹, each returning year,
This bowl of milk, these hallow'd cakes, we bear;
Thy care, our garden, is but meanly stored,
And mean oblations all we can afford.
But if our flocks a numerous offspring yield,
And our decaying fold again be fill'd,
Though now in marble thou obscurely shine,
For thee a golden statue we design.

CORYDON.

O Galatea, whiter than the swan,
Loveliest of all thy sisters of the main,
Sweeter than Hybla, more than lilies fair!
If ought of Corydon employ thy care,
When shades of night involve the silent sky,
And slumbering in their stalls the oxen lie,
Come to my longing arms, and let me prove
The immortal sweets of Galatea's love.

THYRSIS.

As the vile sea-weed scatter'd by the storm,
As he whose face Sardinian herbs deform²,
As burs and brambles that disgrace the plain,
So nauseous, so detested, be thy swain,
If when thine absence I am doom'd to bear
The day appears not longer than a year.
Go home, my flocks, ye lengthen out the day;
For shame, ye tardy flocks, for shame, away!

CORYDON.

Ye mossy fountains, warbling as ye flow:
And softer than the slumbers ye bestow,
Ye grassy banks! ye trees with verdure crown'd,
Whose leaves a glimmering shade diffuse around!
Grant to my weary flocks a cool retreat,
And screen them from the summer's raging heat;
For now the year in brightest glory shines,
Now roddening clusters deck the bending vines.

THYRSIS.

Here's wood for fuel; here the fire displays
To all around its animating blaze;
Black with continual smoke our posts appear;
Nor dread we more the rigour of the year,
Than the fell wolf the fearful lambskins dreads,
When he the helpless fold by night invades;
Or swelling torrents, headlong as they roll,
The weak resistance of the shatter'd mole.

CORYDON.

Now yellow harvests wave on every field,
Now bending boughs the hoary chestnut yield,
Now loaded trees resign their annual store,
And on the ground the mellow fruitage pour;
Jocund, the face of Nature smiles, and gay;
But if the fair Alexis were away,
Inclement drouth the hardening soil would drain,
And streams no longer murmur o'er the plain.

THYRSIS.

A languid hue the thirsty fields assume,
Parch'd to the root the flowers resign their bloom,
The faded vines refuse their hills to shade,
Their leafy verdure wither'd and decay'd:
But if my Phyllis on these plains appear,
Again the groves their gayest green shall wear,
Again the clouds their copious moisture lend,
And in the genial rain shall Jove descend.

¹ This deity presided over gardens.

² It was the property of this poisonous herb to distort the features of those who had eaten of it in such a manner, that they seemed to expire in an agony of laughter.

CORYDON.

Alcides' brows the poplar-leaves surround,
Apollo's beamy locks with bays are crown'd,
The myrtle, lovely queen of smiles, is thine,
And jolly Bacchus loves the curling vine;
But while my Phyllis loves the hazel-spray,
To hazel yield the myrtle and the bay.

THYRSIS.

The fir, the hills; the ash adorns the woods;
The pine, the gardens; and the poplar, floods.
If thou, my Lycidas, wilt deign to come,
And cheer thy shepherd's solitary home,
The ash so fair in woods, and garden-pine,
Will own their beauty far excell'd by thine.

MELIBŒUS.

So sung the swains, but Thyrsis strove in vain;
Thus far I bear in mind th' alternatè strain.
Young Corydon acquired unrivall'd fame,
And still we pay a deference to his name.

PASTORAL VIII¹.

DAMON, ALPHESIBŒUS.

REHEARSE we, Pollio, the enchanting strains
Alternate sung by two contending swains.
Charm'd by their songs, the hungry heifers stood
In deep amaze, unmindful of their food;
The listening lynxes laid their rage aside,
The streams were silent, and forgot to glide.
O thou, where'er thou lead'st thy conquering host,
Or by Timavus², or th' Illyrian coast!
When shall my Muse, transported with the theme,
In strains sublime my Pollio's deeds proclaim;
And celebrate thy lays by all admired,
Such as of old Sophocles' Muse inspired?
To thee, the patron of my rural songs,
To thee my first, my latest lay belongs.
Then let this humble ivy-wreath enclose,
Twined with triumphal bays, thy godlike brows.
What time the chill sky brightens with the dawn,
When cattle love to crop the dewy lawn,
Thus Damon to the woodlands wild complain'd,
As 'gainst an olive's lofty trunk he lean'd.

DAMON.

Lead on the genial day, O star of morn!
While wretched I, all hopeless and forlorn,
With my last breath my fatal woes deplore,
And call the gods by whom false Nisa swore;
Though they, regardless of a lover's pain,
Heard her repeated vows, and heard in vain.
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mœnalian strain³.

Blest Mœnalus! that hears the pastoral song
Still languishing its tuneful groves along!

¹ In this eighth pastoral no particular scene is described. The poet rehearses the songs of two contending swains, Damon and Alphesibœus. The former adopts the colloquy of a despairing lover: the latter chooses for his subject the magic rites of an enchantress forsaken by her lover, and recalling him by the power of her spells.

² A river in Italy.

³ This intercalary line (as it is called by the commentators) which seems to be intended as a chorus or burden to the song, is here made the last of a triplet, that it may be as independent of the context and the verse in the translation as it is in the original.—Mœnalus was a mountain in Arcadia.

That hears th' Arcadian god's celestial lay,
Who taught the idly-rustling reeds to play !
That hears the singing pines ! that hears the swain
Of love's soft chains melodiously complain !
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Mopsus the willing Nisa now enjoys—
What may not lovers hope from such a choice !
Now mares and griffins shall their hate resign,
And the succeeding age shall see them join
In friendship's tie ; now mutual love shall bring
The dog and doe to share the friendly spring.
Scatter thy nuts, O Mopsus, and prepare
The nuptial torch to light the wedded fair.
Lo, Hesper hastens to the western main !
And thine the night of bliss—thine, happy swain !
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Exult, O Nisa, in thy happy state !
Supremely blest in such a worthy mate ;
While you my beard detest, and bushy brow,
And think the gods forget the world below :
While you my flock and rural pipe disdain,
And treat with bitter scorn a faithful swain.
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

When first I saw you by your mother's side,
To where our apples grew I was your guide :
Twelve summers since my birth had roll'd around,
And I could reach the branches from the ground.
How did I gaze !—how perish !—ah how vain
The fond bewitching hopes that soothed my pain !
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Too well I know thee, Love. From Scythians snows,
Or Lybia's burning sands the mischief rose.
Rocks adamantine nursed this forage bane,
This fell invader of the peaceful plain.
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Love taught the mother's! murdering hand to kill,
Her children's blood love bade the mother spill.
Was love the cruel cause? ! Or did the deed
From fierce unfeeling cruelty proceed ?
Both fill'd her brutal bosom with their bane ;
Both urged the deed, while Nature shrunk in vain.
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Now let the fearful lamb the wolf devour ;
Let alders blossom with Narcissus' flower ;
From barren shrubs let radiant amber flow ;
Let rugged oaks with golden fruitage glow ;
Let shrieking owls with swans melodious vie ;
Let Tityrus the Thracian numbers try,
Outrival Orpheus in the sylvan reign,
And emulate Arion on the main.
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Let land no more the swelling waves divide ;
Earth, be thou whelm'd beneath the boundless tide ;
Headlong from yonder promontory's brow
I plunge into the rolling deep below.
Farewell, ye woods ! farewell, thou flowery plain !
Hear the last lay of a despairing swain :
And cease, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Here Damon ceased. And now, ye tuneful Nine,
Alphesibœus' magic verse subjoin,
To his responsive song your aid we call ;
Our power extends not equally to all.

¹ Medea.

* This seems to be Virgil's meaning. The translator did not choose to preserve the conceit on the words *puer* and *mater* in his version ; as this (in his opinion) would have rendered the passage obscure and unpleasing to an English reader.

ALPHESIBŒUS.

Bring living waters from the silver stream,
With vervain and fat incense feed the flame ;
With this soft wreath the sacred altars bind,
To move my cruel Daphnis to be kind,
And with my phrensy to inflame his soul ;
Charms are but wanting to complete the whole.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

By powerful charms what prodigies are done !
Charms draw pale Cynthia from her silver throne ;
Charms burst the bloated snake, and Circe's guests
By mighty magic charms were changed to beasts.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Three woollen wreaths, and each of triple dye,
Three times about thy image I apply,
Then thrice I bear it round the sacred shrine ;
Uneven numbers please the powers divine.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Haste, let three colours with three knots be join'd,
And say, ' Thy fetters, Venus, thus I bind.'
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

As this soft clay is harden'd by the flame,
And as this wax is soften'd by the same,
My love, that harden'd Daphnis to disdain,
Shall soften his relenting heart again.
Scatter the salted corn, and place the bays,
And with fat brimstone light the sacred blaze.
Daphnis my burning passion slights with scorn,
And Daphnis in this blazing bay I burn.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

As when, to find her love, a heifer roams
Through trackless groves, and solitary glooms ;
Sick with desire, abandon'd to her woes,
By some lone stream her languid limbs she throws ;
There in deep anguish wastes the tedious night,
Nor thoughts of home her late return invite :
Thus may he love, and thus indulge his pain,
While I enhance his torments with disdain.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These robes beneath the threshold here I leave,
These pledges of his love, O Earth, receive.
Ye dear memorials of our mutual fire,
Of you my faithless Daphnis I require.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These deadly poisons, and these magic weeds,
Selected from the store which Pontus breeds,
Sage Mœris gave me ; oft I saw him prove
Their sovereign power ; by these, along the grove
A prowling wolf the dread magician roams ;
Now gliding ghosts from the profoundest tombs
Inspired he calls ; the rooted corn he wings,
And to strange fields the flying harvest brings.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These ashes from the altar take with speed,
And treading backwards cast them o'er your head
Into the running stream, nor turn your eye.
Yet this last spell, though hopeless, let me try.

¹ See *Hom. Odys. lib. x.*

But nought can move the unrelenting swain,
And spells, and magic verse, and gods are vain.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Lo, while I linger, with spontaneous fire
The ashes redden, and the flames aspire !
May this new prodigy auspicious prove !
What fearful hopes my beating bosom move !
Hark ! does not Hylax bark !—ye powers supreme,
Can it be real, or do lovers dream !—
He comes, my Daphnis comes ! forbear my charms ;
My love, my Daphnis flies to bless my longing arms.

PASTORAL IX¹.

LYCIDAS, MÆRIS.

LYCIDAS.

Go you to town, my friend ! this beaten way
Conducts us thither.

MÆRIS.

Ah ! the fatal day,

The unexpected day at last is come,
When a rude alien drives us from our home.
Hence, hence, ye clowns, th' usurper thus commands,
To me you must resign your ancient lands.
Thus helpless and forlorn we yield to fate ;
And our rapacious lord to mitigate
This brace of kids a present I design,
Which load with curses, O ye powers divine !

LYCIDAS.

'Twas said, Menalcas with his tuneful strains
Had saved the grounds of all the neighbouring
swains,

From where the hill, that terminates the vale,
In easy risings first begins to swell,
Far as the blasted beech that mates the sky,
And the clear stream that gently murmurs by.

MÆRIS.

Such was the voice of fame ; but music's charms,
Amid the dreadful clang of warlike arms,
Avail no more than the Chaonian dove,
When down the sky descends the bird of Jove.
And had not the prophetic raven spoke
His dire presages from the hollow oak,
And often warn'd me to avoid debate,
'And with a patient mind submit to fate,
Ne'er had thy Mæris seen this fatal hour,
And that melodious swain had been no more.

¹ This and the first eclogue seem to have been written on the same occasion. The time is a still evening. The landscape is described at the 97th line of this translation. On one side of the highway is an artificial arbour, where Lycidas invites Mæris to rest a little from the fatigue of his journey: and at a considerable distance appears a sepulchre by the way-side, where the ancient sepulchres were commonly erected.

The critics with one voice seem to condemn this eclogue as unworthy of its author: I know not for what good reason. The many beautiful lines scattered through it would, one might think, be no weak recommendation. But it is by no means to be reckoned a loose collection of incoherent fragments; its principal parts are all strictly connected, and refer to a certain end, and its allusions and images are wholly suited to pastoral life. Its subject, though uncommon, is not improper; for what is more natural, than that two shepherds, when occasionally mentioning the good qualities of their absent friend, particularly his poetical talents, should repeat such fragments of his songs as they recollected?

LYCIDAS.

What horrid breast such impious thoughts could
breed !

What barbarous hand could make Menalcas bleed !
Could every tender Muse in him destroy,
And from the shepherds ravish all their joy !
For who but he the lovely nymphs could sing,
Or paint the valleys with the purple spring !
Who shade the fountains from the glare of day !
Who but Menalcas could compose the lay,
Which, as we journey'd to my love's abode,
I softly sung to cheer the lonely road !
'Tityrus, while I am absent, feed the flock !
And, having fed, conduct them to the brook,
(The way is short, and I shall soon return)
But shun the he-goat with the butting horn.'

MÆRIS.

Or who could finish the imperfect lays
Sung by Menalcas to his Varus' praise !
' If fortune yet shall spare the Mantuan swains,
And save from plundering hands our peaceful plains,
Nor doom us sad Cremona's fate to share,
(For ah ! a neighbour's woe excites our fear)
Then high as Heaven our Varus' fame shall rise,
The warbling swans shall bear it to the skies.'

LYCIDAS.

Go on, dear swain, these pleasing songs pursue ;
So may thy bees avoid the bitter yew,
So may rich herds thy fruitful fields adorn,
So may thy cows with strutting dugs return.
Even I with poets have obtain'd a name,
The Muse inspires me with poetic flame ;
The applauding shepherds to my songs attend,
But I suspect my skill, though they commend.
I dare not hope to please a Cinna's ear,
Or sing what Varus might vouchsafe to hear.
Harsh are the sweetest lays that I can bring,
So screams a goose where swans melodious sing.

MÆRIS.

This I am pondering, if I can rehearse
The lofty numbers of that labour'd verse.
' Come, Galatea, leave the rolling seas;
Can rugged rocks and heaving surges please !
Come, taste the pleasures of our sylvan bowers,
Our balmy-breathing gales and fragrant flowers.
See, how our plains rejoice on every side,
How crystal streams through blooming valleys
glide :
O'er the cool grot the whitening poplars bend,
And clasping vines their grateful umbrage lend.
Come, beauteous nymph, forsake the briny wave ;
Loud on the beach let the wild billows rave.'

LYCIDAS.

Or what you sung one evening on the plain—
The air, but not the words, I yet retain.

MÆRIS.

' Why, Daphnis, dost thou calculate the skies,
To know when ancient constellations rise !
Lo, Cæsar's star its radiant light displays,
And on the nations sheds propitious rays.

¹ These lines, which Virgil has translated literally from Theocritus, may be supposed to be a fragment of the poem mentioned in the preceding verses; or, what is more likely, to be spoken by Lycidas to his servant; something similar to which may be seen *Past. 5, v. 20*, of this translation.—The original is here remarkably explicit, even to a degree of affectation. This the translator has endeavour to imitate.

On the glad hills the reddening clusters glow,
And smiling plenty decks the plains below.
Now graff thy pears ; the star of Cæsar reigns,
To thy remotest race the fruit remains.¹
The rest I have forgot, for length of years
Deadens the sense, and memory impairs.
All things in time submit to sad decay ;
Oft have we sung whole summer suns away.
These vanish'd joys must Mæris now deplore,
His voice delights, his numbers charm, no more ;
Him have the wolves beheld, bewitch'd his song²,
Bewitch'd to silence his melodious tongue.
But your desire Menalcas can fulfil,
All these, and more, he sings with matchless skill.

LYCIDAS.

These faint excuses which my Mæris frames
But heighten my desire.—And now the streams
In slumber-soothing murmurs softly flow ;
And now the sighing breeze hath ceased to blow.
Half of our way is past, for I descry
Bianor's tomb just rising to the eye³.
Here in this leafy arbour ease your toil,
Lay down your kids, and let us sing the while :
We soon shall reach the town ; or, lest a storm
Of sudden rain the evening sky deform,
Be yours to cheer the journey with a song,
Eased of your load, which I shall bear along.

MÆRIS.

No more, my friend ; your kind entreaties spare,
And let our journey be our present care ;
Let fate restore our absent friend again,
Then gladly I resume the tuneful strain.

PASTORAL X².

GALLUS.

To my last labour lend thy sacred aid,
O Arethusa : that the cruel maid
With deep remorse may read the mournful song,
For mournful lays to Gallus' love belong.
(What Muse in sympathy will not bestow
Some tender strains to soothe my Gallus' wo !)
So may thy waters pure of briny stain
Traverse the waves of the Sicilian main.
Sing, mournful Muse, of Gallus' luckless love,
While the goats browse along the cliffs above.
Nor silent is the waste while we complain,
The woods return the long-resounding strain.

¹ In Italia, creditur luporum visus esse noxios ; vocem-
que homini quem priores contemplantur adimere ad præ-
sens.—Plin. H. N. viii. 22.

² Bianor is said to have founded Mantua.—Servius.

³ The scene of this pastoral is very accurately delineated.
We behold the forlorn Gallus stretched along beneath a soli-
tary cliff, his flocks standing round him at some distance.
A group of deities and swains encircle him, each of whom
is particularly described. On one side we see the shepherds
with their crooks ; next to them the neatherds, known by
the clumsiness of their appearance ; and next to these
Menalcas with his clothes wet, as just come from beating
or gathering wintermast. On the other side we observe
Apollo with his usual insignia ; Sylvanus crowned with
flowers, and brandishing in his hand the long lilies and
flowering fennel ; and last of all Pan, the god of shepherds,
known by his ruddy smiling countenance, and the other
peculiarities of his form.

Gallus was a Roman of very considerable rank, a poet of
no small estimation, and an intimate friend of Virgil. He
loved to distraction one Cytheria, (here called Lycoris,) who
sighted him, and followed Antony into Gaul.

Whither, ye fountain-nymphs, were ye with-
drawn,

To what lone woodland, or what devious lawn,
When Gallus' bosom languish'd with the fire
Of hopeless love, and unallay'd desire !
For neither by the Aonian spring you stray'd,
Nor roam'd Parnassus' heights, nor Pindus' hallow'd
shade.

The pines of Mænalus were heard to mourn,
And sounds of wo along the groves were borne ;
And sympathetic tears the laurel shed,
And humbler shrubs declined their drooping head.
All wept his fate, when to despair resign'd
Beneath a desert cliff he lay reclined.
Lyceus' rocks were hung with many a tear,
And round the swain the flocks forlorn appear.
Nor scorn, celestial bard, a poet's name ;
Renown'd Adonis by the lonely stream
Tended his flock.—As thus he lay along,
The swains and awkward neatherds round him
throng.

Wet from the winter-mast Menalcas came.
All ask, what beauty raised the fatal flame.
The god of verse vouchsafed to join the rest ;
He said, ' What phrensy thus torments thy breast !
While she, thy darling, thy Lycoris, scorns
Thy proffer'd love, and for another burns,
With whom o'er winter-wastes she wanders far,
'Midst camps, and clashing arms, and boisterous
war.'

Sylvanus came, with rural garlands crown'd,
And waved the lilies long, and flowering fennel
Next we beheld the gay Arcadian god ; [round.
His smiling cheeks with bright vermilion glow'd.
' For ever wilt thou heave the bursting sigh !
Is love regardful of the weeping eye !
Love is not cloy'd with tears ; alas, no more
Than bees luxurious with the balmy flower,
Than goats with foliage, than the grassy plain
With silver rills and soft refreshing rain.'
Pan spoke ; and thus the youth with grief oppress ;
' Arcadians, hear, O hear my last request ;
O ye, to whom the sweetest lays belong,
O let my sorrows on your hills be sung :
If your soft flutes shall celebrate my woes,
How will my bones in deepest peace repose !
Ah, had I been with you a country-swain,
And pruned the vine, and fed the bleating train ;
Had Phyllis, or some other rural fair,
Or black Amyntas been my darling care ;
(Beauteous though black ; what lovelier flower is
Than the dark violet on the painted green !) [seen
These in the bower had yielded all their charms,
And sunk with mutual raptures in my arms :
Phyllis had crown'd my head with garlands gay,
Amyntas sung the pleasing hours away.
Here, O Lycoris, purls the limpid spring,
Bloom all the meads, and all the woodlands sing ;
Here let me press thee to my panting breast,
Till youth, and joy, and life itself be past.
Banish'd by love, o'er hostile lands I stray,
And mingle in the battle's dread array ;
Whilst thou, relentless to my constant flame,
(Ah could I disbelieve the voice of fame !)
Far from thy home, unaided and forlorn,
Far from thy love, thy faithful love, art borne,
On the bleak Alps with chilling blasts of pine,
Or wander waste along the frozen Rhine.
Ye icy paths, O spare her tender form !
O spare those heavenly charms, thou wintry storm !

' Hence let me hasten to some desert-grove,
 And soothe with songs my long-unanswer'd love.
 I go, in some lone wilderness to suit
 Euboean lays to my Sicilian flute.
 Better with beasts of prey to make abode
 In the deep cavern, or the darksome wood ;
 And carve on trees the story of my wo,
 Which with the growing bark shall ever grow.
 Meanwhile with woodland-nymphs, a lovely throng,
 The winding groves of Mœnalus along
 I roam at large ; or chase the foaming boar ;
 Or with sagacious hounds the wilds explore,
 Careless of cold. And now methinks I bound
 O'er rocks and cliffs, and hear the woods resound ;
 And now with beating heart I seem to wing
 The Cretan arrow from the Parthian string—
 As if I thus my phrensy could forego,
 As if love's god could melt at human wo.
 Alas ! nor nymphs nor heavenly songs delight—
 Farewell, ye groves ! the groves no more invite.
 No pains, no miseries of man can move
 The unrelenting deity of love.
 To quench your thirst in Hebrus' frozen flood,
 To make the Scythian snows your drear abode ;

Or feed your flock on Ethiopian plains,
 When Sirius' fiery constellation reigns,
 (When deep-imbrown'd the languid herbage lies,
 And in the elm the vivid verdure dies)
 Were all in vain. Love's unresisted sway
 Extends to all, and we must Love obey.'

'Tis done ; ye Nine, here ends your poet's strain,
 In pity sung to soothe his Gallus' pain.
 While leaning on a flowery bank I twine
 The flexile osiers, and the basket join.
 Celestial Nine, your sacred influence bring,
 And soothe my Gallus' sorrows while I sing :
 Gallus, my much beloved ! for whom I feel
 The flame of purest friendship rising still :
 So by a brook the verdant alders rise,
 When fostering zephyrs fan the vernal skies.

Let us be gone ; at eve, the shade annoys.
 With noxious damps, and hurts the singer's voice ;
 The juniper breathes bitter vapours round,
 That kill the springing corn, and blast the ground.
 Homeward, my sated goats, now let us hie ;
 Lo beamy Hesper gilds the western sky.

END OF DR. BEATTIE'S POEMS.

THE GRAVE.

A Poem.

BY ROBERT BLAIR.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage ;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life ; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the Tomb ;
The appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King ! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing !
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd : nature appalled
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah ! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes,
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
night,

Dark as was chaos ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound ! the sickly taper,
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome !
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant ! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs, and worms ;
Where light-beel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree ! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane ! the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were ;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! methinks,
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary.
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud, the gloomy aisles,
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
scutcheons

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead ! Roused from their
In grim array the grisly spectres rise, [slumbers,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night !
Again the screech owl shrieks ; ungracious sound !
I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds ; some rift half down
Their branchless trunks, others so thin a-top
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same
tree.

Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd
here.

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs ;
Dead men have come again, and walked about ;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrun, untouch'd !
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near the witching time of night.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpses of moon-shine, checquering through the
trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lies below.
Sudden he starts ! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels.
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave ; and, strange to tell,
Evanishes at crowing of the cock !

The new-made widow too, I've sometimes spied,
 Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :
 Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
 While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
 Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
 She drops ; while busy meddling memory,
 In barbarous succession, musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
 Nor needs the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave ! how dost thou rend in sunder
 Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one !
 A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
 Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !
 Sweetener of life and solder of society !
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
 Anxious to please. O ! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye ; and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the under-wood,
 Sweet murmuring ; methought, the shrill-tongued
 thrush
 Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note ;
 The eglantine smelt sweeter, and the rose
 Assumed a dye more deep ; whilst every flower
 Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress. O ! then the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste ; still the full heart
 Had not imparted half : 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

Dull Grave ! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
 blood,
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
 And every smirking feature from the face ;
 Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
 Where are the jesters now ! the men of health
 Complexionally pleasant ! where the droll,
 Whose very look and gesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
 And made e'en thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile
 Before she was aware ! Ah ! sullen now,
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them !

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war,
 The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
 The boast of story ! Where the hot-brain'd youth,
 Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
 From kings of all the then-discover'd globe ;
 And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
 And had not room enough to do its work !
 Alas ! how slim—dishonourably slim !
 And cramm'd into a space we blush to name—
 Proud royalty ! how alter'd in thy looks !
 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue !
 Son of the morning ! whither art thou gone !
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes,

Felt from afar ! Pliant and powerless now :
 Like new-born infant bound up in his swathe,
 Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
 That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife ;
 Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
 And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
 But only hoped for in the peaceful Grave—
 Of being unmolested and alone !
 Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
 And honours by the heralds duly paid
 In mode and form, e'en to a very scruple ;
 O cruel irony ! these come too late ;
 And only mock whom they were meant to honour !
 Surely, there's not a dungeon slave that's buried
 In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound, as he.
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
 Above the baser born, to rot in state !

But see ! the well-plumed hearse comes nodding
 Stately and slow ; and properly attended [on,
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
 By letting out their persons by the hour
 To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad !
 How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
 And glittering in the sun ! Triumphant entries
 Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
 Retard the unwieldy show ; whilst from the case-
 ments,
 And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close wedged
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste !
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
 That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
 Smells horrible ! Ye undertakers ! tell us,
 'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
 Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
 You make this mighty stir ! 'Tis wisely done ;
 What would offend the eye in a good picture,
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage ! now how little thou appear'st !
 Below the envy of the private man !
 Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
 Pursues thee e'en to death ! nor there stops short.
 Strange persecution ! when the Grave itself
 Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd ! to think to over-reach the Grave,
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours !
 The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
 Die fast away ; only themselves die faster.
 The far-famed sculptor and the laurel'd bard,
 These bold insurers of deathless fame,
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
 The tapering pyramid, the Egyptian's pride,
 And wonder of the world ! whose spiky top
 Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outlived
 The angry shaking of the winter's storm ;
 Yet, spent at last by the injuries of Heaven,
 Shatter'd with age and furrow'd o'er with years,
 The mystic cone, with hieroglyphics crusted
 At once gives way. O lamentable sight !
 The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
 A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins !
 Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
 With all-subduing Time : his cankering hand
 With calm deliberate malice wasteth them ;

Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge !
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale !

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood ;
The oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravaged kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest ; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert,
Vain thought ! to hide them from the general scorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injured ghost
Implacable. Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed,
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short ;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And griped them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery ;
(As if a slave were not a shred of nature,
Of the same common substance with his lord ;)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
kinsman ;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest ; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind,
The Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd
flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty ! thou pretty plaything ! dear deceit !
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before !
The Grave discredits thee. Thy charms expunged,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of. Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage !
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscared. For this was all thy caution !
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not ! Foul
feeder !
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look, how the fair one weeps ! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers :
Honest effusion ! the swollen heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too ! thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring !
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard ! deep groan indeed,
With anguish heavy laden ! let me trace it :
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath

Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick ! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play ! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
shoulders !

See, how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain ! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps hard,
Just like a creature drowning ! hideous sight !
O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly !
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan !
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawld itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty
boaster,

To vaunt of nerves of thine ! What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man ;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife !

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube ;
And, travelling through the boundless length of
space,

Marks well the courses of the far-scen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah ! proud man !
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head :
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails,
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies ! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to passers-by.
Great man of language ! whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head !
Though strong Persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly Insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue,
Alas how chop-fallen now ! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah ! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tuned voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase !
Ah ! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been !
Razed from the book of fame ; or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along—
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm, with red resentment, the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
Those mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate ! Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health !
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escaped thy rifling hand ! from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung't their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire ; nor fly, nor insect,

Nor writhy snake, escaped thy deep research.
But why this apparatus! why this cost!
Tell us, thou doughty keeper of the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures!
Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift!)
From back and belly too their proper cheer;
Eased of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodged,
By clamorous appetites no longer teased,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Aye! now you've made the rich man poor indeed!
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come!

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions!
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood, and every groan
She heaves is big with horror! but the foe,
Like a staunch murderer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting!
For part they must—body and soul must part!
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If when men died, at once they ceased to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung; then might the de-
bauchee,
Untrembling, mouth the Heavens; then might
the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear Death; then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tired of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleased,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel:—

Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could
force

The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes! Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But, if there's an hereafter—
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man—
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame;
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heaven! let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord! Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!
As if we challenged him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserved for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:
Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
And wait th' appointed hour till they're relieved.
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark—'tis mad!
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead! will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret!
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death. 'Twas kindly done
To knock and give th' alarm. But what means
This stinted charity! 'tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die! Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice! I'll ask no more.
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well—'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village
swain,
And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by!
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange, the living lay it not to heart!
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors! scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand.

The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years ;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale ; when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch ! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for ; fools that we are !
Never to think of Death and of ourselves
At the same time !—as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish !
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive ; when, for aught we know,
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in !
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world !
What, but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones !
The very turf on which we tread once lived ;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring : in their turns,
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet !
The shiv'ring Icclander, and sun-burnt Moor ;
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight ! Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts ;
Now vain their treaty-skill ! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders ; and, when the stern
tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate, and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant ; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters ;
The barren wife ; and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,

Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here !
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth ; the shrill-tongued
shrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;
The just, the good, the worthless, and the profane ;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean ;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years !

Poor man ! how happy once in thy first state,
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleased,
Smiled on his last fair work ! Then all was well :
Sound was the body, and the soul serene ;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head nor heart
Offer'd to ache ; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within. No fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom. Summer reas
Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern
winds,

Just ready to expire. Scarce importuned,
The generous soil, with a luxuriant hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days ! but, ah, how short !
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slippery state of things ! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history ! to-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject !
How scant the space between these vast extremes !
Thus fared it with our sire ; not long he enjoy'd
His paradise ! scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again ! And must he go !
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man ! Like one who is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth ; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God ! If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder—Man has sinn'd !
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try ; nor tried in vain.
Dreadful experiment !—destructive measure !—
Where the worst thing could happen, is success !
Alas ! too well he sped ; the good he scorn'd
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return ; or, if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short, and far between :
Whilst the black daemon, with his hell-scaped train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone ;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend ;

An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscribed, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big swollen inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these; sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Despatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, and loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin!
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendentally malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compared to thee are harmless! Sickneses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
While deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her
heels,
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow be struck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness and nature's shame.
Here let me pause; and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty, and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind! O great man-eater!
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!
The voracious gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite; thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full,
But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings;
As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
Famine, and War, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high interest too! they are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promised day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,

Day-light, and liberty.—

Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal the minds
That lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immured; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know
Th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our release from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to Heaven. Methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out; as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between: a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears;
But nor untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no bye-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
Which leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun! Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen upon a summer's even,
Fast by the rivulet's brink a youngster play;
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolved,
At last, he dips his foot; but, as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smiled so sweet of late. Thrice welcome
Death!

That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wish'd for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd,
Loses its fellness quite; all thanks to him
Who scourged the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
While the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest! Then—O then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!

'Tis done—and now he's happy ! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. E'en the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain : the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial-earth,
Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolat ; and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account ; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd ;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye pro-
fane !

Ask not, how this can be. Sure the same power
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more ; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days ; and what he can he will :
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.

When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring
dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake ;
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner ; but, amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, who having long been
absent,

With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting !
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night ;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone !

Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day ;
Then claps his well-fledged wings and bears away.

END OF THE GRAVE.

